THE SILENT READERS

FIFTH READER

LEWIS *and* ROWLAND

Gladys Burkeen

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THE
SILENT READERS

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FIFTH READER

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this series. This series of readers is definitely designed to provide working material for the development of efficient "silent reading". It is not planned to compete with the many excellent series of readers now available. The authors believe that it will efficiently supplement the well-nigh universal school practice of conducting all reading lessons aloud.

Oral reading not sufficient. In the majority of classes the pupils are all supplied with the same text. One pupil reads aloud while the others are supposed to follow his reading silently. When he has finished his portion of the text, the teacher or the pupils make corrections of his pronunciation or phrasing, and the teacher may ask questions or add comments or explanations. The incentive to adequate expression by the reader is lacking because his classmates all have the text before them; it is natural for the hearers to read on ahead of the oral reader if the material is of interest; and it is perfectly easy for them to gaze absently at the book while employing their minds with matters wholly unrelated to the class exercise. Perhaps most important of all, reading aloud is an experience of rare occurrence outside the classroom, while silent reading is a universal daily experience for all but the illiterate.

The mechanics of reading are fairly well mastered in the third—some authorities say the second—grade. Some oral reading is doubtless desirable beyond these grades, but the relative amount should diminish rapidly.

Experts have recognized the importance of silent reading for many years. Briggs and Coffman showed its value in their book, "Reading in Public Schools," published in 1908. Studies in this field have been made by Gray, Starch, Judd, Courtis, Monroe, Kelly, and many others. They have made no attempt to deny that oral reading has a place in the curriculum, but have merely pointed out that from the third grade

on its place is less and less important in comparison with silent reading.

Reading to get the thought quickly. Once the mechanics of reading are mastered, the problem becomes one of speed and accuracy in thought-getting. Upon these two qualities depends the pupil's progress in school and his use of the deluge of ideas that appeal only through the printed page. If he reads and understands, if he quickly grasps the important idea from a mass of details, if he arranges the relations of the ideas presented, we say that he is good in geography, history, science, or mathematics. If he comprehends only slowly or fails to understand, he is a dullard or a defective.

Speed usually goes with comprehension. At first glance it would seem that comprehension would be inversely proportional to speed; that is, the greater the speed the poorer the comprehension and *vice versa*. The standard tests of Gray, Courtis, Kelly, and Monroe, however, which have been given to thousands of children, prove exactly the reverse. The rapid silent readers have almost invariably shown the best understanding of the matter read. It would thus seem that concentrated effort on either speed or comprehension would tend to improve the other factor. It is necessary, however, to test speed results carefully to insure conscientious reading of the text.

The material in these books. In selecting the material for these books the authors have purposely avoided the established paths of literary reputation, and have selected from a wide variety of sources interesting material representative of the printed matter the child will inevitably read. Every effort has been made to avoid the necessity of explanation by the teacher to elucidate the text. In general, the exercises have been under- rather than over-graded, as the pupil should read for content and should be as far as possible relieved from technical grammatical or vocabulary difficulties. Occasionally, however, in each book exercises somewhat more difficult or of a more or less unusual nature have been included,

because everyone, old or young, is called upon to read a variety of material, and pupils should have some experience with selections that require special effort.

Why we read. Most of the reading which we do has one of three purposes: we read for information; we read for instruction; we read for appreciation or entertainment. These purposes are somewhat determined by the nature of the material read. Rarely do we read an encyclopedia article for appreciation. On the other hand, we lose ourselves in the quiet humor of Rip Van Winkle merely for entertainment through appreciation. Contrasted with this would be our reading of a biography of Irving in order to find out who were his American contemporaries. The boy who reads an explanation of how to make a rabbit trap with the purpose of making one is reading for instruction, while his father who scans the evening paper to see how his representative in Congress or the State Legislature voted on a bill is reading purely for information.

The Pedagogical Editing. The authors have kept constantly in mind the purposes of each selection in the directions they have given to the pupils. They have also had clearly in mind certain fundamental things that they wish pupils to learn and certain habits which they wish them to form by the use of these books. A perusal of the directions given before and after any given selection will suffice to make this purpose clear. For example, much attention is given to the writing of headings for certain parts of a selection or to the statement of the most important thought in a given paragraph. With increasing emphasis in the upper grades this type of exercise is developed into the complete outline. The authors believe that practice of this kind will develop in pupils the habit of looking for the important thought and of grouping around it related subordinate ideas. This is perhaps the habit most essential to good reading for instruction or information. On the other hand, selections which are of a purely literary character and which should be read for appreciation and entertainment are given without exhaustive notes or questions,

because minute discussion of this kind of reading would detract from its value.

Method of handling the books. Many teachers will prefer to keep the books in the class room, distributing them at the time of the silent reading lesson and collecting them again at its conclusion. In this way the material will remain fresh, and the drill exercises will always be under the control of the teacher.

In many places, however, text books are not supplied by the school authorities but are purchased by the pupils directly. Inasmuch as this series of books contains all the necessary instruction for the use of each exercise, they become peculiarly helpful where the pupil is thrown upon his own resources. He is able to test his own speed and comprehension and his ability to analyze or outline any of the material by the plain directions that are given for handling the books. Although the instructions accompanying various selections are addressed to the pupils, they contain suggestions for the teacher. It is, therefore, important that the teacher read in advance of the lesson such instructions or comments as appear before or after the text or the particular exercise to be read.

Speed drills. As much of the value of teaching silent reading lies in the development of speed, a number of exercises are designated as speed drills. For these drills it is suggested that the teacher prepare, on the mimeograph if possible, a considerable number of slips to be filled out arranged as follows:

10/4/22	5A	G. P. W.
Date	Grade	Teacher's Initials or Room Number.

Name of Exercise	Page
Pupils	Time in Minutes
Brown, Mary	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Carmalt, Joseph	3
Derr, Jane	4

Eldridge, Henry	5
Fisher, Mary	5½
Green, Alice	6
Hunt, Roy	8½
Knowlton, William	5
Manly, Rose	4
Morris, Mary	4½
Newton, George	5
Newton, Thomas	4½
Orr, Robert	5
Pierce, Helen	6
Porter, Clara	5
Roberts, John	4
Rowe, Gertrude	6
Smith, Fred	5
Vaughn, Lee	6
Wilson, Alice	3½

1–3, 1–3½, 3–4, 2–4½, 6–5, 2–5½, 4–6, 1–8½.

Class median 5 Class mode 5

For a speed drill the teacher should have one of these slips and a watch with a second hand. A stop watch would be valuable. Directions should be given for all the pupils to begin reading at the same moment and raise their hands as a signal to the teacher when they have finished. The teacher should give the signal for them to begin as the second hand of her watch reaches sixty. As each pupil raises his hand indicating that he has finished, the teacher should note the time in half minutes opposite that pupil's name on the drill sheet, Any pupil's time should be indicated at the nearest half minute space. For example, a pupil who finishes at two minutes ten seconds should be marked as two minutes; one who finishes at two minutes twenty seconds, at two and one-half.

Mode and Median. In the illustration above, the sheet has

been filled with names and scores of a supposed fifth grade class of twenty pupils. On this sheet three minutes occurs once, three and one-half minutes once, four minutes three times, four and one-half minutes twice, five minutes six times, five and one-half minutes twice, six minutes four times and eight and one-half minutes once. The number occurring the largest number of times is five.

This number is called the "mode".

If all the scores are arranged in order with the highest score at the top and the lowest score at the bottom, the middle score in this series is called the "median" and is in this case also "five".

Individual scores. The class median or mode is, however, not so significant as the individual scores. The class score is always determined by the ease or difficulty as well as by the length of the particular exercise read. This makes comparison with other exercises almost valueless. The only significant comparison in this case is between individuals of the same class, and between the score of this class and of other classes of parallel grade who have read the same exercise.

Important facts for G. P. W., the class teacher, in this case are the individual scores and their relative standing. Roy Hunt, who took eight and one-half minutes to read this exercise, is the slowest reader on this occasion. Is this true of other occasions? If so, Roy needs special help and training. It is also clear that Joseph Carmalt and Alice Wilson are rapid readers and it is important to see that their comprehension of the exercise is also adequate. Thus, for the class teacher the important facts are the relative scores of the pupils both in comparison with other pupils and with the former scores of the same pupils.

Scale of approximate speed. The following scale of speeds by grades is based roughly on the Courtis standard tests and may be somewhat helpful to the teacher who may desire such norms.

Grade	Words per minute
4	140–180
5	160–200
6	180–220
7	190–230
8	200–240

Of course it must be recognized that no standard speeds are possible without also standardizing the material. To be absolutely accurate, each separate exercise should be its own speed standard. This, although possible, would be a device so cumbersome as to defeat its own purpose. Every bit of reading presents its peculiar difficulties, its slow spots, its points of interest, its urge to hurry on. These in turn vary with the apperception of the reader, with his peculiarities, his interests, and his motives. These largely determine his speed. The authors have thought it unwise in the vast majority of cases to indicate with any degree of definiteness the time required for various exercises. Their experience in trying out these exercises with different classes showed so wide a variation that it was thought that specific statements would tend only to mislead the teacher.

Testing Comprehension. It is, however, equally important that the teacher know that the pupils are understanding what they read. As each pupil is reading silently, there is no guarantee of comprehension without some form of check. This may be as simple a device as watching the expression of the children's faces to see registered there appreciation of the exercise read; or it may be as complex as a dramatic reproduction of the incidents.

Devices for checking comprehension are suggested in connection with each exercise. The more usual and effective methods of teaching comprehension are dramatization, reproduction, writing of headlines, development of outlines, expression of opinion based upon facts read, topical analysis, the naming of characters and statements of their relationships, and appreciation of ethical or artistic appeal.

The test material. The drill exercises, although modeled in some cases upon the standard reading and intelligence tests, expressly disclaim any attempt to displace or supersede these tests. The function of the two is wholly different. The material in the readers is for drill and improvement in speed and comprehension. The standard tests are for the measurement of achievement. No devices can be used as a measure until it has been standardized by application in thousands of concrete cases without substantial variation.

Standard Tests. This is the case with a number of standard tests now in general use. In the field of reading the most notable are the Courtis Standard Tests devised by S. A. Courtis, Director of Instruction, Teacher Training and Research, and Dean of Teachers College, Detroit, Michigan, and Walter S. Monroe, University of Illinois. The necessary instructions, record blanks and test sheets giving these tests may be obtained as follows:

DIRECTIONS FOR ORDERING STANDARDIZED TESTS

Test.	How many tests to order.	How many directions, record sheets, and other accessories to order.	Used in what grades.	Publisher.	Price.
Monroe's Standardized Silent Reading Tests	One copy of the test for each pupil.	All directions are printed on either the test or on the class record sheet. One record sheet is furnished with each 25 copies of the test. Additional copies may be ordered if desired.	3 to 8	Bureau of Educational Measurements and Standards, Emporia, Kansas.	Including complete directions and record sheets, 60c per 100 copies; postage extra, 9c per 100.
Courtis's Silent Reading Test No. 2.	One copy of the test for each pupil.	Folder B, Series R, contains detailed directions for giving the test and for scoring by the pupils. One copy is needed for each person giving the test. Folder D, Series R, contains detailed directions for completing the scoring, for recording the scores, and for calculating class scores. One copy is needed for each person giving the test. A class record sheet for recording the scores of a class is needed for each class. A school record and graph sheet for Silent Reading No. 2 is needed for each school.	2 to 6	S. A. Courtis.	Test only, $1.80 per 100; Folder B, 5c; Folder D, 5c; Class Record Sheet, 1½c each; Record Sheet No. 3 and Graph Sheet 1½c each.

These tests should be given at least once a year and if possible semi-annually in order to determine progress in speed and comprehension in silent reading, as well as to measure the pupils by a well established standard.

Topical recitation. Particular emphasis, especially in the later grades, should be placed upon the complete presentation of a topic by a pupil standing in front of the class and making the group understand what he has to say without questions by the teacher. More and more this is coming to be emphasized as a means of good teaching everywhere; and pupils are being trained to stand before a group of their classmates and give an intelligent account of anything of which they have adequate knowledge without the painful tooth-pulling process of extracting ideas.

The philosophy of study. One of the most important results of efficient teaching of silent reading is the contribution which it makes to the whole problem of study in the school. Briggs says that the primary purpose of the school is to teach people to do better the desirable things that they are likely to do anyway. One of the desirable things that school children are not only likely but certain to have to do is to study. A large portion of the studying that the child as well as the adult does consists in the acquirement of information from the printed page. It is essentially silent reading. Much of the difficulty teachers now meet in the inability of their pupils to study will be dispelled by effective teaching of silent reading. Probably no use of the same amount of time would yield more definite and valuable results than will thorough instruction in the process of thought getting from a printed page—in other words—silent reading.

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SILENT READING

The book which you are now beginning is, as its title tells you, a *silent reader;* that is, a reader that you are to read to yourself, silently. It is much more interesting to read silently than to read aloud, and it is also much faster. With all the wonderful books and valuable articles that are being printed every day, it is important that you learn to read rapidly as well as to understand.

The purpose of this book is to help you to read fast and to understand clearly what you read. You will find all sorts of reading; animal stories, poems, fairy tales, problems, descriptions of strange places, puzzles, war stories, and lots of other things. We think you will find it very interesting, but the important thing is to use all this material to make yourself a rapid and at the same time a careful reader.

Of course you are much too old to move your lips when you read. If you have this habit you must break it at once, for you will never read rapidly as long as you continue to pronounce words even to yourself. It takes just as long to pronounce a word to yourself as to read it aloud. You must learn not to do so, if you are to gain speed in reading.

Your teacher is going to help you in every possible way and will frequently time you when you read and then test you to see if you have understood what you have read. But you will have to do the most yourself if you are really to learn to read rapidly and well.

IN FRONT OF THE INN

In the following story there are several words whose meaning you probably do not know. Without looking the words up in a dictionary, see if you can tell what each of the following words means from the way in which it is used:

crusader
chapman
long hose
troubadour
thatched pent
tunic
scabbard

Philip and Edith sat together on a wooden bench against the wall of a wayside inn of which their father was the keeper and their mother the mistress. They had just paused in their game of tag, which had flushed their cheeks and quickened their breath. At this moment they were eagerly watching for the approach of some of the travelers who frequently stopped for rest and refreshment, and passed under the thatched pent that projected over the low doorway.

The road stretched away from the inn door, a long dusty ribbon which lost itself over the brow of a distant hill. Out of a cloud of dust that had been coming nearer and nearer sounded the thumping of a horse's hoofs, and soon the figure of a horseman could be seen. He was dressed in armor with a metal helmet on his head. Over his coat of mail he wore a sleeveless brown linen tunic with a white cross sewed on both back and front. From his saddle hung a great two edged

In Front of an Inn

sword in a scabbard. As he dismounted and entered the door, Philip whispered to Edith,

"A crusader," and Edith nodded, her eyes wide with wonder.

Next came a chapman to the inn and the children clapped their hands for joy, for they knew that when he opened his dusty pack he would display an array of bright ribbons, shiny trinkets—

Bells and books,
Knives and hooks,
Silks and laces,
Paint for faces.
All that anyone might lack
Found within the chapman's pack.

Scarcely had the chapman entered the inn to refresh himself, when Philip heard the sound of music, and, looking, saw coming from the other direction a tall fellow dressed in gay colors with a wonderful cloak that must have been made from a dozen different pieces of silk. His long hose were red on one leg and black on the other, and on his head was a red cap with a black feather sticking jauntily out from it like a vane on a barn. Over his shoulder was slung by a yellow ribbon a musical instrument like a mandolin, on which he accompanied himself as he sang.

"He is a troubadour," said Edith. "Now will all the inn have entertainment, and everyone will prepare to make merry. Think you, Philip, we shall be allowed to sit with the others after supper and listen to the tales he will tell and the songs he will sing?"

"Let us go at once," said Philip, "and ask of mother that we may do so. No troubadour has come to the inn within a month."

The children eagerly sought their mother and, you may be sure, won her permission, for troubadours were rare, and seldom visited the inn with their wealth of song and story, and the latest news from distant lands. Fortunate, indeed, were the people of the inn, to have such a visitor.

Questions

1. How long did it take you to read this selection?
2. What points in this selection show that it tells about people we do not see to-day?

THE TRAINING OF A CRUSADER

The crusader who came to visit the inn had had to go through long years of training before he could go with his king to the Holy Land to fight against the Turks. When he was seven years old he was sent to the household of some nobleman as a *page*. Here he was educated in all the things a boy needed to know, such as riding, fencing, and hunting. He was taught to be brave, courteous, and honorable, for those were the three virtues required of a knight. When he was about thirteen he became a *squire*, and after that he was constantly the attendant of some knight. He cared for the knight's horse and weapons, helped him whenever he could, and learned from his example the things a knight should do. By the time he was twenty-one he was ready to be made a full-fledged knight.

AMERICA'S WASTEFUL HABIT

This picture tells a story of the truth of which we, as good American citizens, are rather ashamed. We do not like people to tell us that of all the civilized nations on earth we are the most careless. We do not like to hear that other people do some easy but very important things much better than we Americans even try to do them. Study these pictures. The figures beside each picture stand for the amount of loss by fire per person in that country. Why is the house representing the United States so large; and why are the others so small? Is it because the United States is a big country and Holland is one of the smallest? Why is the figure of Uncle Sam so large and that of the Dutchman so small? Why does Uncle Sam look so anxious? What should these pictures make us do?

A LITTLE STORY ABOUT SOME LITTLE PEOPLE

Here is a good story of two little mice who went on a picnic. They were almost drowned in a bucket of lemonade. You will enjoy their stirring adventures among grown-up folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Shortnose were out for the day. They had tacked up a sign on their front door, "Will return at eight o'clock," turned the key in the lock, and gone off to enjoy the sights. As Mr. Johnny well knew, sights there would be; for wasn't it the Fourth of July? Mrs. Johnny held fast to her husband's arm, for she was a timid little mouse lady; and after they had witnessed the toy soldier parade in the nursery, she begged her husband to return home.

"No, indeed!" squeaked Mr. Johnny Shortnose, "we're going out into the real street to watch these curious two-legged giants celebrate. They always have a lot of cake and candy in their pockets, and there'll be no end of crumbs." This cheered Mrs. Johnny up a bit, but she still felt nervous. They waited in the vestibule of the house where they lived till a boy opened the door; then out they scurried just in time to see a sure-enough giant parade. They sat on the curb and cheered and cheered; but nobody heard them because the band was making such a noise. Then a really terrible thing happened.

The little boy, whose daddy, I am sorry to say, did not believe in a safe and sane Fourth, threw a whole pack of firecrackers into the street. They exploded right back of Mr. and Mrs. Shortnose, and the little

couple rose straight in the air, and then fell into the gutter from the shock. Fortunately the only casualties were to Mr. Johnny's whiskers, which were singed, and to Mrs. Johnny's nerves, which were ruined. But after her husband had dusted her off with a maple leaf the little lady consented to cross the street and see what was going on in the square. Holding fast to one another, they rushed across and were soon mingling with the crowds. That's what Mr. Johnny called it; but they were so tiny that no one noticed them.

For a time they were content to sit in the grass and listen to a speech a very red-faced giant was making; but there were a number of cake stands and tables where lemonade was being served, and already the crumbs were beginning to fall about. Under the largest table, where it was shady and comfortable, they had a regular picnic; and after they had eaten as much as they could, Mrs. Johnny began putting in her bag the cake crumbs that were still about. Then the little lady went sound asleep, first telling Mr. Johnny not to stir till she awakened.

Mr. Johnny stood it as long as he could, but being an adventurous spirit he decided to do a very risky thing—no less, my dears, than to climb the table leg and peek at the people who were regaling themselves with lemonade. He reached the top safely and peeked over. The most delicious lemon peel lay almost within reach. Mr. Johnny was extremely fond of lemon peel; so he gave a little grab toward it, lost his balance, and fell, not on the ground, but spl-l-ash! into a bucket of lemonade that stood beside the table.

THERE HE SHIVERED AND SHOOK AND CALLED FOR HELP

Down he went, down, down, to the bottom of the bucket, and then he rose, but not to the top, for the lemonade was half gone. Spluttering and choking he clambered out on a big iceberg, or on what was an iceberg to him. And there he shivered and shook and called for help, till Mrs. Johnny awakened. Following his voice she climbed the side of the bucket, and almost fell backward from shock when she saw her poor, frost-bitten husband clinging to the ice. Quickly she tore her skirt into strips, tied them together, and lowered this improvised rope to Mr. Johnny. It was hard work pulling him up, but she tugged and tugged, and at last he reached the top. Then they both tumbled over the edge of the bucket into the grass, completely exhausted. And the people went on drinking the lemonade just as if a mouse had not nearly drowned under their very noses; but Mr. and Mrs. Johnny went home, for they had had enough excitement.

—*Courtesy of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger".*

This story can be divided into several parts. The first part may be called the *setting* of the story. It tells who, when, and where.

The second part tells of the adventure with the firecrackers.

The third part tells of Mr. and Mrs. Shortnose's picnic.

The fourth part tells of Mr. Johnny's adventure with the lemon peel.

After you have read the story over, your teacher will let several of you in turn come to the front of the class and tell parts of the story. Listen to each story-teller; and, when he is through, tell him what part of his story was most interesting, and suggest ways in which he could improve it.

THE HOME OF THE DWARFS

On this page you have a description of a scene such as you might see in a theatre. Read it through once; when you have read it, close your books. Your teacher will ask you the following questions. She may ask you to write your answers.

1. Where is the scene laid?
2. How many people live in the house? What facts make you think so?
3. Are those who live in the house careless and untidy, or are they neat and orderly?
4. Could you live comfortably in this house?
5. Do you think the owners of the house have been away from it long? Are they likely to return soon?

The scene is set for the second act of "Snow White". It is a forest. In the center of the stage, well toward the front, is a small two-storied house, about the size of a large play house for children. There is a door in the front which, when open, shows a table at which are seven tiny chairs. In front of each chair on the table is a bowl of porridge. On each side of the door is a small window through which may also be seen the interior of the same room. A similar window is shown on the second floor directly over the door. Through this window may be seen one or more of the seven little white beds which the room contains. All the windows are bright and shining and have neat white curtains at each side. The house is freshly painted and is thoroughly neat and clean. Coming out of the forest on the right, passing in front of the house, and again entering the forest on the left, is a well trodden path.

ACTING FOR THE "MOVIES"

A "movie star" takes a story and, with the help of stage settings and costumes, acts that story so well that you do not need to read any words in order to understand. It seems on the screen as real as though it were not a story at all, but an actual event happening right before your eyes.

This is a wonderful art; but before the actors can perform, they must read the story and know it so well that they can close their eyes and see the picture suggested by the words, and grasp the feeling expressed on the face or shown by the hands and body. In other words they "visualize" it.

You are to try that to-day. You will not have stage settings or costumes to help you, so that, although your task is not so long, it is quite as hard as that of a real actor.

Here are parts of ten stories, just one brief scene from each. Your teacher will assign one to you. Read it over carefully. You are to try to "visualize" it. Think of what the other boys and girls are to see as they watch you. Your task is to make them understand the story just as you do.

If you need anything in the room, easy to get and safe to use, you may have it to help your picture. A pointer might serve for a cane, or a staff, or a gun, while a chair might represent anything from a bush or tree to a mountain.

Your teacher will whisper to you which one of the ten acts you are to perform. You must try to do your part so well that your classmates can tell from your acting which of the ten acts was assigned to you. They will tell you if you have left out any important part of your stunt.

When you know how to act your own picture, read the scenes from other stories to find out what the other children will do. When they enact their parts, try to see, by referring to the reading, which story they picture.

1. Puss drew on the boots, slung the bag around his neck, and set off for the woods. When he got there he

filled his bag with lettuce leaves, and, stretching himself out beside it as if dead, waited until some young rabbit should be tempted into the bag. Soon a fat, thoughtless rabbit went in, and Puss jumped up, pulled the strings and caught him. Then he proudly carried the bag on his shoulder to the king's palace.

2. The good queen sat by the window sewing with busy fingers—but not sewing all the time, for often she stopped to gaze out at the falling snow, and often she stopped to watch the tiny prince that rocked in a cradle near. Now if you had seen the queen you would have known that she was sad, and you might even have guessed that the tiny prince had something to do with her sadness, although I am sure he could not help it.

3. The Indians crept through the underbrush until they reached the edge of the clearing, where, in the shelter of the trees, they were able to see anything that the unsuspecting whites were doing.

4. The next day the witch came in the shape of an old, old woman, bent over and walking with the help of a cane. She peered in at the window with a wicked grin, expecting to see the children changed to two little mice and running about. But when she saw Tom and his little sister playing happily on the floor and not changed even one little bit, she knew that some fairy had broken her charm. She fell into a rage, pounding with her cane and stamping furiously on the ground.

5. John emptied his pockets and counted over his small handful of change anxiously. He so much wanted that drum, but one dollar and twenty-five cents seemed

like an enormous sum, especially if you must count by pennies and nickels—with an encouraging quarter only at rare intervals.

6. Margaret carried the tray carefully, lest the dishes should clatter and announce her errand. Indeed, so carefully did she attend to it that she did not even remember the stool that she had left out in the doorway, until she struck it with her foot.

7. He groped his way cautiously about in the darkness of the great castle hall, listening all the while for some sound that would tell him of the whereabouts of his enemies, or of their prisoner for whose release he was thus risking his life.

8. Little Snow White sat down and cried, but not for long; because on looking up she saw a tiny cottage. Drying her eyes she tiptoed up to the window and looked in. Everything seemed so neat and quiet that she forgot to be afraid, and she marched right around to the tiny front door and knocked. Nobody answered, even when she knocked at the door with her shoe, so she opened the door and walked in.

9. The officer held up his hand and the traffic halted. Seeing Aunt Sallie and tiny Rebecca still hesitating on the corner, he beckoned to them cheerfully, and watched as they trudged across in front of restless horses and chugging autos. Then, with a good natured grin toward the impatient drivers and sharp jerk of his hand, he started them off again.

10. The poor abbot fell down before the king. "Pray say not so, Sir," he begged. "Your questions are deep and hard. I pray you for some time to think."

THE CLOCK

You have all felt at some time a friendly feeling toward some piece of furniture, a lamp, or perhaps a newel post with a nice shiny head, that has stood in your house for ever so long and become familiar to you. It is a cozy feeling to have, as though an old and tried friend were about and taking an interest in you. I am sure you will understand this little poem, and will realize how much comfort the little girl found in her clock, and how it helped her to sweet sleep.

What do you suppose the clock said to the little girl when she waked in the morning? or when she was late for breakfast?

I used to lie awake at night,
  And wish that it was day;
But now I am contented, quite,
  For on my last birthday
My mother gave a clock to me.
It ticks as loud as loud can be.
  "Tick—tock!" says my clock.
"Go to sleep; watch I'll keep;
Tick! tick! tock!"

It seems so good to see it there,
  Just hanging in its place;
It keeps me company, and smiles
  With such a pleasant face.
Why, think! I sometimes used to cry!
But how I hear this lullaby.
  "Tick—tock!" sings my clock.
"Watch I'll keep; go to sleep;
Tick! tick! tock!"

—Alice Van Leer Carrick.

Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion".

CLEAR THINKING

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line at the right, and your grade below it on the second line. Put nothing on the next line. Here are seven problems to be answered, not with figures, but with the word, *yes* or *no*. No other answer will be satisfactory. Put the answer to the first problem on the fourth line, and in the margin of your paper, mark it number 1. Use a new line for each new answer.

1. For my birthday, my mother gave me five dollars. If I put half of it in bank, shall I have enough left to buy a new cap for two dollars?

2. John is thirteen years old. His sister is almost ten. I am two years younger than John; am I older than his sister?

3. All the girls in the Fifth Grade have joined the Junior Red Cross. Edith is in the Fifth Grade. Is she a member of the Red Cross?

4. Coffee grows only in a very warm climate. If you were a farmer in Canada, would you try to raise much coffee?

5. John is older than Robert. I am younger than John. Do you know that Robert is older than I am?

6. All the boys in the Fifth Grade are members of the Junior Red Cross. John is a member of the Junior Red Cross. Are you sure that John is in the Fifth Grade?

7. I am saving to buy a pair of new ball-bearing roller skates. They will cost me $4.50. I have two-thirds of that amount already. If I earn two dollars by Saturday, can I then get the skates?

THE GARDEN THAT JACK MADE

This is the garden that Jack made.

These are the cabbage and corn and beets,
And big potatoes, both whites and sweets,
That grew in the garden that Jack made.

These are the caterpillars and slugs,
The beetles and aphids and other bugs,
That ate the cabbage, and corn, and beets,
And bit the potatoes, both whites and sweets,
That grew in the garden that Jack made.

These are nuthatches and chicadees,
Black and white woodpeckers, gray pewees,
Swallows and cuckoos and orioles,
The clumsy brown toads and the furry moles,
That caught the caterpillars and slugs,
Beetles and aphids and other bugs,
That ate the cabbage and corn and beets
And bit the potatoes, both whites and sweets,
That grew in the garden that Jack made.

—F. W. D. in "National School Service".

From the way they are used in the selection, tell what you think the following words mean: *aphids*, line 6; *nuthatches*, line 10.

After reading this poem, what service do you think birds perform in the farmer's garden?

How many birds helped in Jack's garden? Which of them have you seen? The color of two of them is mentioned; can you tell the colors of the others?

PIGEONS IN WAR SERVICE

A rapid reader can read this story in less than two minutes. See how long it takes you, and remember, you must miss none of the thought, for you will be asked questions to test your knowledge of the story when you have finished.

Carrier pigeons were often used as dispatch bearers in the World War. Thousands were trained for service.

At one point, twelve miles behind the French lines, sixty pigeons were housed in a London motor bus from Piccadilly. The outside had been roofed to form a cage. The crew, consisting of a chauffeur, a trainer, and an orderly, slept inside. An opening at the front was cleverly arranged to admit the birds when they returned from their flight. A board was deftly poised just inside the opening so that when the bird stepped on it an electric bell rang to let the men inside know that a bird had returned.

The pigeons were taken out to the trenches in baskets to bring back messages in case wire communications should be cut by enemy fire. If not used in twenty-four hours, they were released anyway, with some message, to keep them in practice. As soon as a bird arrived, a man crept into the cage, caught it, read the message, wrote it down, and sent it by orderly to the nearest signal corps station, where it was sent by wire to its destination. Birds were always sent in couples with the same message, so that if one happened to be killed the message might still arrive safely.

Now at least six of these sixty pigeons had come from all the way across the ocean. And the story of

F.R.

The Pigeons Flew to Perch on Their Shoulders

their coming to France dated back to a day in 1917 when a little boy and a little girl stood at a window, in a cosy American home, watching and listening.

At last, "Tinkle, tinkle," went a tiny bell. It was attached to a board on the side of a pigeon house in Robert's and Elizabeth's back yard. The occupants of the pretty house were His Lordship and Her Ladyship and their six children. The little mother and father pigeons had been given to Robert and Elizabeth by their grandfather. They were homing pigeons of the finest stock.

That morning the children's father had taken the parent pigeons away in their basket and had set them free in different places. The children had been watching all day for their return. So, when they heard the tinkle, tinkle of the door bell of the pigeon house, they ran out quickly out into the yard.

The pretty pigeon house was all a-flutter with excitement, as if the two returned travelers were telling their children all the news from the distant city. When Robert and his sister appeared, His Lordship and Her Ladyship flew to them and perched on their shoulders.

"They are darlings!" cried Elizabeth—"Especially His Lordship!" said Robert.

The children stood for a time playing with their pretty pets. Suddenly Robert became very thoughtful.

"Sister," he said, "let's enlist our pigeons in the war. You know Captain Reeves said the Government wanted young homers to train for the Army."

"Oh, Robert," cried Elizabeth, "send our darlings away! How could we! Besides, His Lordship and Her

Ladyship would fly straight back home. I believe they would come clear across the ocean."

"Yes, I know; but their children wouldn't. They would make great fliers, and help win the war. Let's do it, Elizabeth. We'd be proud of them!"

They broke the news to His Lordship and Her Ladyship very tenderly, and it must be said that the little father and mother, in their suits of soft blue feathers trimmed with white, took the news like patriots.

The children decided to take their pets to the neighboring camp, where they often visited officers they knew. The six young homers were placed in a roomy carrying-basket with plenty of food. Elizabeth and Robert carried the basket between them to the camp. Very soon the six young pigeons were enlisted in their country's service.

That evening the children's father noticed how quiet they were. Mother knew the reason; and after Robert and Elizabeth had gone to bed she took their father out into the yard and showed him the pigeon house. Over the top Robert had placed a rudely printed sign, "Liberty Loft". And over one window Elizabeth had hung a little service flag with six blue stars.

—*"National School Service."*

After reading the story answer the following questions.

1. How were pigeons used in the World War?
2. How did the soldiers in charge know when a bird had come back from the trenches with a message?
3. Why did Elizabeth hang a little service flag with six stars over the pigeon house, and why did Robert call it Liberty Loft?

HOW THE LILIES CAME TO FRANCE

We have all seen pictures or statues of Joan of Arc carrying the banner of France, have we not? Do you remember what was on that banner? Golden lilies upon a blue field. For hundreds of years that was the sign of France, blazoned upon shield and flag. It was draped over the king's throne; it waved above his castle; it was borne by his knights into battle.

But there was a time, over a thousand years ago, before the lilies became the sign of France, when the king—Clovis was his name—carried a strange shield into battle. Three black toads were blazoned upon it!

This Clovis was a brave and warlike king, and in the many battles he fought with his enemies, the Gauls, whom he was trying to make French subjects, he rode in front of his knights, leading them fearlessly into the thickest of the fight. And always, when he rode homeward, those three black toads were scarred and dented, and many times did the king narrowly escape a deadly wound.

Whenever, after a battle, the king rode back to his castle, the first thing he saw was a little lad standing on the roof of the highest turret watching for him. It was his son, Sigebert. As soon as the lad saw the flash of armor miles away and heard the sound of horses tramping and steel jingling, he knew his father was near; and when the drawbridge was lowered over the moat the first to cross was a little flying figure, crying, "My father, my father is coming home!"

Then the great king would rein in his black horse,

and lifting the boy in front of him on his saddle he would ride on over the bridge into the castle court.

"Those toads, father, those horrid toads got dented again today," the little prince would say. "Some day they will let an arrow or a spear go right through them to kill you!"

" 'Tis true, sire," said a knight riding beside them. "The toads bring you no safety; sometimes it seems as if they brought you defeat also."

That night Prince Sigebert had a dream. He thought he was standing in the field of golden lilies which grew close to the castle. They were shining in the sunshine and waving in the breeze. Sigebert thought he had never seen so splendid a sight. But even as he thought this, he saw something more wonderful. A gleaming angel with great silver wings stood before him and in his arms the angel carried a blue shield, as blue as the sky, on which were emblazoned three golden lilies like the lilies among which Sigebert stood.

"These are the flowers of France," said the angel. "Tell your father that if he carries a shield like this into battle, if he bears also the lilies upon his banner, then he may follow them safely through danger—the angels will be with him."

Was it a dream? Sigebert wondered. It seemed so real, that he still heard the echoes of the angel's voice as he hurried down the stone steps in the early dawn to find his father.

In the courtyard the horses were standing, pawing the ground impatiently, and in the castle hall all was

hurry and excitement. News had come that the Gauls, the bitter enemies of Clovis, had crossed the border of the land the Franks claimed for theirs, and a terrible battle must prove whether the Franks or the Gauls were the masters of France.

As the little prince entered, his father's page was handing the king his shield, upon which the three toads looked blacker and uglier than ever.

"Father, Father," cried Sigebert, "do not carry the toads; listen to my dream!"

In those days people thought more about dreams than we do today, and the king and his knights listened attentively to Sigebert's story of the angel of his dream.

"Carry the lilies, my lord!" cried the Queen. And "Carry the lilies!" was repeated by the knights.

"I will carry the lilies," said the King at last. "And if I win this victory I will carry them always."

So the army waited until a new shield was wrought, sky-blue and bearing three golden lilies, like the shield of Sigebert's dream. Bearing it the king rode forth.

All the next day and the next week the little prince stood upon the turret of the castle watching and listening for the return of his father. "Why don't they come?" he wondered. "Can they have been beaten? Has my father been wounded—killed?"

As the sun rose upon the third day the figure of the little lad could be seen dark against the glowing sky. His hand shaded his eyes as he gazed down the road.

Suddenly a blast of trumpets burst upon the still air, and through the dark trees the prince saw the flash of armor, the fluttering of banners, the figure

of—could it be? yes, it was his father, the great king, bearing upon his arm the shield with the golden lilies. As they rode nearer and the lad rushed out to meet them, he saw that the shield was undented, heard the story of the great victory, and rode before his father upon the royal war horse into the courtyard!

Soon after this joyful day a solemn service of thanksgiving was held in the chapel of the castle. Golden lilies filled the vases upon the altar, and the same flower was embroidered with golden thread upon the queen's robe and the king's mantle. When he knelt before the altar two knights knelt behind him bearing his sword and shield. And at his side, holding the new royal banner of sky-blue and golden lilies, stood the little prince, Sigebert, through whose dream and faith the lilies had come to France.

—By permission, from
"Tell Me A Story I Never Heard Before," by Mary Stewart.
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Here is a story that can be acted in three acts. How much of the story would be in the first act? Where would the second act begin? What would be the principal event in the third act?

Where will each scene be laid? We must have a make-believe castle with its frowning wall, a bridge over the moat and a space for the courtyard of the castle.

Who would be the chief characters in each act? Think of a good name for each act. Your teacher will then assign your parts. When you learn which part is to be yours, re-read the story so that you will be sure to know what you have to do and say.

HENRY HUDSON, THE LOST EXPLORER

Here is the true story of a great English sailor whose name you have often heard spoken, for it is the name of one of our most beautiful rivers. He lived in the days when Englishmen were sailing far and wide in their little ships to find new lands and plant new colonies for the mother country. They were days of heroism, and Henry Hudson was a real hero. See if you do not think so, and if you do not feel sorry for his fate.

This is a good chance to practice rapid reading. Remember the whole purpose of reading this story is to get the thought. Who can finish first and at the same time know thoroughly what has been read?

About the end of the sixteenth century, years before any Englishmen came to live in America, an Englishman named Henry Hudson began to win fame by his daring and skill as a sailor. When a little boy he heard many tales of the sea and of strange adventures in foreign lands. His grandfather was a merchant of London who bought and sold the goods which came in ships from far away. His father and uncles, too, were either merchants or captains of vessels, so that Henry early learned to love the sea. He had no fear of its dangers. As a young man he made many voyages and became skillful in navigation, which is the science of sailing ships.

Such a reputation did Henry gain that a company of English merchants chose him to make a voyage to the northeast around the top of Europe. They hoped he might find in that direction a way to the Pacific Ocean and the wonderful Spice Islands of the East which everyone was so anxious to reach. Two voyages he made in this direction, sailing nearer the North Pole

than any man had ever been before. If your teacher will point out on the map a place far north of Europe called Nova Zembla, you will see how far Hudson went. If you will remember that the farther north one goes the colder it gets, you will know how cold it must have been for him and his men as they fought their way through the ice of the Arctic Ocean. At last they could go no farther and had to turn back. They feared that they might be caught in those frozen waters and be unable ever to return.

Later on Hudson was employed by the Dutch East India Company, a company of merchants of the country of Holland. He was again to seek a passage across the north of Europe through the same frozen seas in which he had before sailed. In two small ships, the "Good Hope" and the "Half Moon," he set sail and again reached the land called Nova Zembla. Once more the ice stopped the progress of the vessels and Hudson was forced to give up the attempt. Should they sail back to Holland and say they had failed? The sailors said "What else can we do?" but Hudson determined to try another way.

When last in England he had received letters from Captain John Smith, another great sailor and traveler. In these letters Captain Smith told of voyages that he had taken and said that he believed there was a way by water through North America to the rich lands of the East. It had always seemed to the early explorers that there must be some such way, and Hudson now determined to find it if he could. He sent the "Good Hope" back to Holland with such of the sailors as

wished to return. Then he and the rest of his men set sail in the "Half Moon" to cross the Atlantic and find a northwest passage to India. The ship was even smaller than those which went with Columbus on his first voyage and only eighteen men were necessary to sail the little vessel. What reckless courage those men must have had to brave the ocean storms in such a craft!

After a voyage filled with danger in which they lost a mast and had their sails badly torn, they reached the rocky coast of Maine and found shelter in Penobscot Bay. There they made a new mast from a pine tree and spent a week in mending their sails and putting the little ship in order. They had no lack of food, as fish were plentiful, and they were even able to trade with the Indians, exchanging red cloth for game and beaver skins. When the ship was again in condition to sail, Hudson began to explore the coast. He sailed as far south as Virginia, but was afraid to land there. He was now sailing under the Dutch flag and was not sure he would be received as a friend, for by this time there were Englishmen living in Virginia. Turning north, he entered Delaware Bay and sailed some distance up the river on which Philadelphia now stands, long before there were any settlements of white men on its banks. But the river seemed too shallow even for the little "Half Moon," and Hudson, fearing the sand-bars, again put out to sea.

He next came to New York Bay and from there entered the great river which has been named after him, the Hudson River. This river was so broad and

Henry Hudson

deep and extended so far northward that he at first thought it might be the way to India that he wished to find. He sailed on and on far up the river. Several times he was attacked by Indians who came out from the shore in their canoes and shot arrows at the ship. One hundred and fifty miles they sailed, going beyond the site of the present city of Albany. At last the water became too shallow and they had to turn back. They had learned much, although they had not found a way to the East. Hudson then decided that, as winter was coming on and their provisions were running low, they had best return.

When they reached England, Hudson sent an account of his voyage to the merchants of Holland, telling them of his discoveries and asking for money and men to make a second voyage. King James of England had also heard of the bold sailor Henry Hudson. As he was an Englishman, King James now forbade Hudson to sail for Holland but gave him instead an English ship. He was ordered to make further discoveries in the name of England.

Henry was only too glad to do this, and in 1610 he again set sail for the new world. This time he kept farther to the north. Above and to the west of Labrador, he came upon a body of water so vast in extent he felt sure its distant shore would prove to be the coast of Asia. While he found this was not the fact, the great body of water upon which they were sailing has since been called "Hudson Bay" in honor of the man who first discovered it.

Weary of the voyage and disappointed at not finding

the riches of the East, a mutiny arose among the crew. Hudson, with two others, were set adrift in an open boat, while the vessel returned to England. On arriving, the men of this faithless crew were tried and put in prison and an expedition was immediately fitted out to find Hudson and his companions.

They reached Hudson Bay, but months had passed since those poor men had been left to perish on that cold and stormy sea. Although the rescuers searched far and wide, no more was ever seen or heard of the great explorer. No stone marks his grave, but of all the men who searched for new lands and new ways across the sea, he alone has given his name to three great bodies of water, Hudson Strait, Hudson Bay and the beautiful Hudson River.

—From "Heroes of Early American History", by Albert Lindsay Rowland. Courtesy of Franklin Publishing Company.

Questions

1. What do you think of the two men who were set adrift with Henry Hudson?
2. Why would you like to know their names too?
3. In a poem called "The Explorer" Rudyard Kipling, a great modern English poet, says that men who go in search of new land seem to hear a voice whispering to them:

"'Something hidden. Go and find it.
Go and look behind the Ranges—
'Something lost behind the Ranges.
Lost and waiting for you. Go!'"

Do you think that Henry Hudson heard such a voice? Did it say exactly the same thing? What was the lost thing that was waiting for him to find it?

LINCOLN CARRIED HER TRUNK

LINCOLN CARRIED HER TRUNK

Your teacher will help you to select two members of the class to act this story. What kind of boy do we want to represent Mr. Lincoln? Do you think the lady who told this story was grown up at the time the incident occurred? What kind of girl could best represent her?

"My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady of Springfield, "was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came; but as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized in a panic of grief that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate with my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, and I poured out all my story.

"'How big is the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big.' And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied.

"'Oh, ho,' he cried, 'wipe your eyes and come on quick'. And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was down stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went, as fast as his long legs could carry him. I trotted behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in

time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

MIXED CLASSIFICATION

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line at the right, and your grade below it on the second line. Skip the third line, but on the next six lines, in the margin, write the figures 1 to 6.

Here is an exercise that will let you see not only how well you can follow printed directions, but also how well you can arrange words in classes or groups. Read the first group of words at the bottom of the page. What kind of list does it seem to be? A list of several kinds of fruit, does it not? Or at least it would be a good list of fruit, if we could omit the word *rope*, which does not seem to belong to the list at all. After figure 1, on your paper, write the word *rope*.

In each of the other groups there is also a word that should be dropped out. You are going to write these words on your paper. Start with the next group, and when you find the word that should be omitted, write it after figure 2, and in the same way, finish the remaining groups in the exercise. When you finish wait quietly for the others.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
apple	river	leaves	smoke	picture	anvil
peach	lake	evening	flame	thimble	forge
rope	creek	branches	sparks	needle	strong
pear	steamship	fruit	heat	thread	hammer
grape	ocean	nuts	tree	spool	tongs

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

The following poem is a poem of good-bye. Good-byes are often sad. As you read this poem try to make up your mind whether the children who are going away are sad about it.

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Did the children have a good time at the farm? What were some of the things they did?

Why did they say good-bye so especially to the ladder of the hayloft? Did you ever play in a barn? If you did, perhaps your teacher will let you tell the class about it.

Were the children sorry to leave the farm?

Where do you think the children lived? Do you think they were happy in their own home?

HOW A TOWN WAS SAVED BY A CLOCK

In the old days when every city had to be well guarded the ancient town of Basel, in Switzerland, was surrounded by a high wall. There was only one gate. Beside it stood a tower with a clock in it, and at the foot of the tower lived the old man who kept the gate. It was his business to be always on the watch, that no enemy might get into the town.

The old man did his duty so well that for years no harm came to the city; but inside it were traitors who had long planned to turn it over to its enemies. The old guardian suspected that evil was hanging over the city, but there were no soldiers to help him, and so he could do nothing but watch and listen.

One night, when all the lights of the town had been put out, the old man's keen eyes caught sight of shadows near the tower. He knew it was the traitors, and that they were there for no good purpose.

It was even then nearly midnight, and his sharp ears caught the whisper, "When the clock strikes twelve". That meant, of course, that the stroke of twelve had been agreed upon as the signal for the traitors to fling open the gate and deliver the town into the hands of its enemies.

The old man, listening in his little room, wondered what he should do. There was no time to get help.

At last, when it lacked only five minutes of midnight, he thought of a plan. Climbing the stairs of the tower as fast as he could, he groped his way to the clock and opened its case with trembling hands.

A little later one long clear note struck from the top of the tower. Only one, then silence. The old man, leaning from the window, heard excited whispers below.

"Why doesn't it go on striking?"

"Has midnight come and gone while we slept?"

The enemy who waited beyond the great wall, fearing that they had missed the appointed signal, crept away. The traitors, too, did not dare to open the gate with the chance of no help from beyond.

The next morning the mayor sent to the gatekeeper to ask why the clock was an hour fast. When he heard what had happened, he ordered a great celebration in honor of the old man who had saved the town. Later on, the people set up a figure over the gate of the city to make them remember their deliverance; a curious figure that once in so often stuck out its tongue, as if to mock the memory of the traitors whose plans the quick wit of the old man had spoiled.

As for the clock itself, it was never set back. From that time on it remained an hour fast, in memory of the time when its single stroke saved the town.

—*Olive A. Smith.*

—*Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion".*

Be prepared to tell the part of the story that belongs under each of these headings:

The keeper of the gate.
The traitors' plot.
A plan to save the town.
The failure of the plot.

LOST IN THE WOODS

Early one morning Uncle Henry and Roger started off to spend the day looking over a tract of timber land where it was planned to do some lumbering during the winter. They drove about five miles and left the team at a farm-house. Then, with an ax and the box of luncheon which Aunt Mattie had prepared, they went off across a pasture and into the deep woods.

Uncle Henry was not familiar with the region, and he went slowly and paused often to look at the trees and the "lay" of the land. Roger found no end of interesting things to examine, but he kept close to the heels of his uncle, for the woods were thick, and he remembered the time when he and Uncle Henry had once seen a bear.

At noon they ate their luncheon on the bank of a little brook; and soon after Uncle Henry said, "I'm sorry it is so cloudy, Roger".

"Why?" asked Roger. "Do you think it will snow?"

"No, not that," said his uncle, "but I did not bring my compass, and I'm afraid we are getting all turned around in these strange woods. While the sun was shining I could get my bearings by that, for the woods are directly south of the road where we left the team."

Roger had too much faith in his uncle to be worried greatly about being lost; but after they had tramped a while longer, and Roger's legs were beginning to get very tired, his uncle spoke up again: "I'm afraid we are traveling in a circle, Roger. That is what people almost always do when they get confused in the woods.

Lost in the Woods

If we could only find an old wood road to follow, we should be all right."

As he grew more tired, Roger could not help beginning to worry, although he bravely plodded along at his uncle's heels. Once Uncle Henry climbed a very tall tree, but he could see only the forest in all directions. The afternoon was now well along, and the shadows were beginning to get deeper in the woods.

"Hello!" cried Uncle Henry. "Here is the brook again, and it is a good place to stop! It is lucky we have some of that lunch left. It will be fun to camp out here, even if we stay all night, and then in the morning we'll have no trouble at all."

Perhaps Uncle Henry did not feel as cheerful and confident as he talked, but Roger was glad enough to rest, and he tried hard to keep up his courage. Soon a huge fire was burning on the bank of the brook, and Uncle Henry began to cut cedar branches for a bed. Under the shelter of the roots of a giant tree which had blown down, a very comfortable resting place, dry and warm, was soon made ready. The darkness had not yet followed the dropping of the sun when Roger curled up his tired limbs on the big, fragrant bed of boughs.

It seemed only a little later that he was roused by being shaken by Uncle Henry. It was dark, and his heart jumped into his throat.

"Come on, Roger," said Uncle Henry with a laugh. "I guess it is time that we went home."

"But I thought we were lost," protested Roger, who was not sure whether he was awake or dreaming.

"We were, but we are not now," answered his uncle. "The clouds have cleared away, and the stars are all out. Do you see that bright star off there over the trees? That is the North Star. You can always find it, because it is on a line beyond the stars which form the outer edge of the Great Dipper. The woods are south of the road, and if we go straight toward that star we shall reach the road."

They put out the fire and started at once. Roger felt rested after his nap, and as long as his uncle talked and laughed, the woods did not seem much worse by night than by day.

Finally the woods became less dense, and Roger shouted for joy as they stepped into an open field and saw the road just beyond.

When the horse had been harnessed to the wagon and they were on the way home, Roger could keep awake no longer, and he leaned against his uncle and resumed the nap which he had begun on his bed of cedar boughs.

The next day Roger decided that it had been an adventure worth having, and that getting lost in the woods was not so bad as it sounded—if only Uncle Henry were along, too.

"But what should we have done if the stars had not come out?" he asked.

"In the morning we would have followed the stream until we came to the river," answered his uncle. "When one is lost in the woods there are several things worth remembering besides the position of the sun by day and the North Star by night. They are the wood roads, and the streams, and the natural landmarks.

And there is always another day coming. Few people would be really lost if they did not first lose their heads and get excited."

—*John Clair Minot.*
Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion".

From the map explain how Roger and Uncle Henry could find their way out of the woods by the North Star. How by the sun?

Explain two other ways by which they might have found their way home.

A SONG OF THE GREENWOOD

It was odd, was it not, that next day, when Roger went to school, his class began to learn the words and music of a song which the teacher said had been written more than three hundred years ago by the great Shakespeare. Roger felt sure that William Shakespeare must have known as much about the woods as his Uncle Henry, and loved them as well. Can you tell why Roger thought so?

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WHY THE TOWN HALL FELL

This story can be read in less than five minutes. A fast reader would read it in much less time. We want you to read it as rapidly as you can without missing any of the meaning. There are some questions at the end which can be answered only by those who have read the story carefully.

Once upon a time, in a great city which was the capital of a country to which many smaller lands were subject, there stood upon the roof of the Town Hall a ring of statues, each holding a bell in its hand. Each of the statues stood for the god of one of the subject lands, whose people every year paid heavy taxes to the men of this city. In the center of the ring of statues was the figure of the god of the central city. If the people of any of the lands under the rule of the city grew tired of obeying its commands and rose up to fight against the city, the statue of the god of that land turned its back upon the god in the center and rang its bell. Then the city folk would run to see which bell had sounded the alarm, and an army would march out to beat down the rebels.

This city was great and powerful because it was very rich. And whenever the chief men of the town met in the Town Hall they spoke of the wealth they possessed. One said, "Great is the trade that comes in and goes out at our gates".

And the next said, "Vast is the store of coin in the town chest".

And the next said, "Our shops are full of rich goods".

But a fourth sighed as he listened, and said, "In

this town all is not well, for some people are hungry or sick, and others have no hope. It is not right to think more of gold than of flesh and blood."

But the others laughed at him and would not listen to his words.

You may be sure that in the lands which had to pay taxes and obey the commands of this rich and powerful city, there was deep hatred for the magic ring of statues which always warned the rulers when one of the subject lands was going to rebel. Finally in one place—called the Land of Palms by the Sea—the people made a plot to destroy the statues. Three wise and bold men were sent to the great city, carrying with them much gold; and they announced that they had skill to tell the meaning of dreams, and of signs in the skies above and the earth beneath.

One night, when darkness covered the city, these three men dug a hole in the ground and buried a pot of pieces of gold. Thence they walked to the bridge across the river, and from the middle of the bridge they dropped into the water a barrel of gold.

When it was morning they begged that they might have leave to speak to the rulers in the Town Hall; and when permission was given, they said, "Oh ye rulers of the city, be it known unto you that we have seen a strange thing in a dream last night. We saw in our dream that a pot of gold lay hidden in the earth, and we come to ask if we may dig it up and spend the money for the good of this town."

The rulers granted the request. Then the three wise men took spades, and in the presence of a great

crowd they dug up the gold. They spent it with free hands, and all the people talked about their gifts, and wondered at their wisdom.

Not many days after, they came again to the Town Hall and said, "Oh ye rulers of this great and noble city, we have also seen in a dream a barrel of gold at the bottom of the river. We beg that you will let us take it up, that the people may be made happy."

Again the rulers were willing. So the three wise men took helpers with them, and rowed up and down the river in boats, making believe to search by means of spells and charms, until at length they hauled up the barrel. Some of the gold they gave to the lords of the city, whereat the lords were well pleased; but the rest they gave to the poor.

Again a few days after the wise men came to the Town Hall for the third time, and said, "Oh ye rulers of this proud and mighty land, we have seen in yet another dream a more marvelous thing than before We have seen, deep under the floor of this Town Hall, twelve big barrels of gold. If this treasure can be brought to the light of day there will be joy among the people, and you will be praised for your wisdom."

Once more the rulers believed the wise men from the Land of Palms by the Sea, and because they thought that gold was the best thing in the world to possess, they gave leave to dig beneath the Town Hall. So a multitude of people watched the opening of huge pits in the ground, even in the very foundations of the stately building, and the lords had hopes of getting great wealth. In two or three days the hole was like

a huge mine beneath the Town Hall, and still the workmen continued to dig, for no gold had yet been found. The building began to totter on its foundations, but no one noticed, so closely were their eyes fixed upon the hole, watching for the gold. When they saw that ruin was sure, the three wise men left the city by night, and took ship for the Land of Palms.

At dawn a dreadful noise was heard. The Town Hall, stately and beautiful, shook and shivered on its undermined foundations, and fell with a crash. In the midst of the heap of waste and wreck and broken beams and shattered stones lay strewn the fragments of the magic statues and of the god of the great city. No longer would the city be great or powerful. The people had loved gold, and the love of gold had brought destruction upon them. The magic statues could give no more warnings, and the subject peoples all rose up and threw off the rule of the cruel city, which was left weak and alone.

For the wealth of a country is not its money, but its folk that honestly do the work of each day, and that live in peace and kindness, none being in want and living alone in sorrow, and none asking help in vain, and all being brethren.

—Adapted from "Conduct Stories", by F. J. Gould.

What do you think was the name of the god of the city?

Why did the wise men bury the gold in two places?

Why were the rulers willing to allow them to dig in so dangerous a place as beneath the Town Hall?

Why did the Town Hall fall?

HOW WELL CAN YOU THINK?

Arrange your papers with your name and the date on the first line; and with your grade and your room or teacher's name on the second line. Leave the third line blank, and, beginning with the fourth line, number the lines from one to seven. This exercise is to help you to read quickly and accurately. See that you understand all the directions in each problem before you attempt to carry them out. On the other hand, work as quickly as you can.

1.

The general, who rode a black horse, was followed by company after company of faithful soldiers.

Who led the soldiers? Write your answer on the first line.

2.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.

What season of the year is this? Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Write your answer on the second line.

3.

Our camp was pitched near the canyon in whose depths flowed a swift river. Behind us rose a range of peaks whose tops were tipped with never melting snow.

What word best describes this country? Fertile, mountainous, flat, cold, desert. Write your answer on the third line.

4.

Thomas Jefferson believed that all men are born free and equal and that no man should be treated with

more respect than another. When he was president, he wore a plain brown suit, and rode his own horse when he attended public meetings.

George Washington believed that the president of the United States should be shown the greatest respect. He wore a special costume, had servants in handsome livery, and rode in a coach of state.

If you think these two men agreed with each other make a circle on the fourth line. If not, make a cross there.

5.

In the southwestern part of the United States, are great tracts of land which must be artificially watered before wheat and corn will grow there. This region used to be called the great American desert.

Would you expect to find many land owners there? Write your answer on the fifth line.

6.

In the first field was corn; in the second, wheat; and in the third the farmers were gathering the sweet smelling hay into stacks.

What was in the third field? Write your answer on the sixth line.

7.

If in the following words *s* is found with *p* more often than with *t*, write *spray* in the seventh line; but if *s* is found more often with *t*, than with *p*, write *stay* there.

strong spurn whisper mist spread

TOM'S TRIP TO THE MOON

Here is a thrilling story that is also very funny if you are wise enough to see the fun, as we are sure you must be or you would never have reached the fifth grade. Tom is going to be a friend of yours, for lots of you, both boys and girls, are very much like Tom. For instance, is there not some old comfortable looking chair in your home that you have pretended was alive and to which you have talked as you would to a kind old gentleman who was very much interested in you? Perhaps it is not a chair but a clock with a big, round, funny face, or it may even be the bed in which you sleep. But never mind; in Tom's case it was something else and he had quite an adventure out of it all.

We are specially anxious to know, when you have finished the story, if you can explain how they slipped, or perhaps we should say shot, off the crescent moon.

Remember, you are to read silently and enjoy it just as a first rate story. You should read rapidly, too; for if you don't your classmates may all get ahead of you, and you will not have time to finish. That would be very disappointing, as this is the kind of story that doesn't tell you what really happens until the very end.

CHAPTER I

Tom and the Andirons

It was perfectly natural in one respect, anyhow. There was really no reason in the world why Tom should not lie upon the great bear-skin rug in front of the library fire those cold winter nights if he wanted to, nor need anyone be surprised that he should want to. It was indeed a most delightful place to lie in. The bear-skin was soft and in every way comfortable and comforting.

And then there were many things in the library that interested Tom. There was a little Japanese ivory god that used to sit up on the mantel shelf and gaze wisely at him, as much as to say, "Dear me, boy, what a lot I could tell you if I only would!" Then, too, there was a very handsome vase on top of one of the bookcases that had two remarkable dragons climbing up its sides, the tail of one of them so fixed that if anyone chose to use the vase for a pitcher the tail would make a very convenient handle, at which the other dragon always appeared to be laughing heartily. But the things that, next to Jack the Giant Killer, and Beauty and the Beast, and Tom Thumb and his other heroes and heroines, Tom liked the most were two great brazen Andirons that stood in the fireplace. They had big, round, good-natured faces, that shone like so much gold. Their necks were slight and graceful, but as they developed downward toward their handsome feet the Andirons grew more portly, until finally they came to look very much like a pair of amiable sea serpents without much length. Tom's uncle said they looked like cats, with sunflowers for heads, swan necks for bodies, and very little of the cat about them save the claws. This description made Tom laugh, but the more he thought about it the more truthful did it seem to him to be.

For so long a time as Tom could remember, summer and winter, those Andirons had sat staring stolidly ahead in their accustomed place, and not until that December night had they even so much as winked at him—but on that occasion they more than made up

for all their previous silence and seeming unsociability. Tom was lying on the rug, as usual, and I am afraid was almost asleep. The logs were burning fiercely and at first Tom thought that the words he heard spoken were nothing but their crackling and hissing, but in a minute he changed his mind about that for the very good reason that the "Lefthandiron"—as Tom's uncle once called it—winked his eye at Tom and said:

"Hullo, Sleepyhead."

Tom only returned the wink. He was too much surprised to say anything.

"His name isn't Sleepyhead," said the Righthandiron, with a grin. "It's Thomas D. Pate."

"What's the D for?" asked the other.

"Dozy—Thomas Dozy Pate," exclaimed the Righthandiron. "His ancestors were Sleepyheads on his mother's side, and Dozy Pates on his father's side."

"'Tisn't so at all!" cried Tom, indignantly. My mama wasn't a Sleepyhead, and my name isn't Dozy Pate."

"He's such a Sleepyhead he doesn't know his own name," said the Lefthandiron.

"That's a curious thing about the Sleepyheads and the Dozy Pates. They very seldom know their own names—and even when they do they always deny that they are what they are. Why I really believe if I told Tom here that he was a Dormouse he'd deny it and say he was a boy."

"I am a boy," said Tom, stoutly, "and I'm not a Dormouse".

Both of the Andirons laughed heartily at this

"Get him a mirror," said the Lefthandiron. "We can't blame him for thinking he is a boy, because everybody has told him he is a boy except ourselves, and being a Sleepyhead he believes as a rule what he is told if it is pleasant to believe."

"Well, I can't see why he objects to being a Dormouse," said the Righthandiron. "I think Dormice are very handsome. They are much pleasanter mice than Windowmice and Stairmice—don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do," returned the Lefthandiron, "and Tom is about the finest Dormouse I ever saw, and I wish he'd let us get acquainted with him".

"So do I," said the other, "but if he doesn't it's his own loss. You and I can go off to Santa Clausville by ourselves and have quite as good a time, if not better, than if he were along with us. I've noticed one thing, my dear Lefty, two's best anyhow.

"Two people in an omnibus
Where there's but one settee,
Can both be seated with less fuss
Than if the twain were three.

"If there is candy for but four,
This maxim still holds true,
Each one will get so much the more
If there are only two.

"Two boys upon a teeter board
Can have just twice the fun
That any seesaw can afford
If there's another one.

"So I say, what if he doesn't come? You and I will enjoy ourselves just as much. There'll be more candy for us, we won't have to divide the good time we have up into more than two parts, and, what is more, neither of us will have to carry the Dormouse."

Here the two Andirons gave a sidelong glance at Tom, and saw that he was smiling.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Righthandiron. "Eh, Dormouse?"

"If I'll be a Dormouse will you take me off on your good time with you?" asked Tom.

"Certainly, but we can't take anybody who denies that he is what he is or who says that his name doesn't belong to him."

"But I can't tell a story," said Tom.

"Nobody asked you to," returned the Righthandiron. "All we ask is that you'll say nothing about it. If we say your name is Sleepyhead you needn't try to make people think we don't know what we are talking about by saying that your name isn't Sleepyhead, but Tommy Wideawake, or Billy Lemonstick, or something else; and when we choose to state that you are a Dormouse we want you to be a Dormouse and not go crying out through the street, 'I am a huckleberry'. In the countries we visit people think we are the wisest of the wise, and what we say no one ever dares dispute."

"So, you see, my dear Dormouse," said the other, "we couldn't possibly take you off with us unless you fall in with our plans and submit to our calling you anything we please".

"I don't see why you are not willing to admit that I am a boy, though," insisted Tom.

"You don't?" said the Lefthandiron. "Well, don't deny it—especially if you want to go off on our trip to the moon."

"Are you really going to the moon?" gasped Tom, breathless at the very idea.

"Perhaps," returned the Andiron.

"And may I go with you?" whispered Tom.

"You may if you will do whatever we tell you, and admit that you are a Dormouse," said Righty.

"All right, I'll obey," said Tom.

"And what did you say your name was?" asked Lefty.

"Sleepyhead Dozy Pate Dormouse," said Tom.

"You'll do," returned the Righthandiron, stepping lightly out of the fireplace. "Now sit astride of my back and take hold of Lefty's right claw."

Tom did as he was told, and in an instant he was flying up through space toward the stars, together with the Poker and the Bellows.

CHAPTER II

They Reach the Crescent Moon

Thus they traveled for some time when suddenly—slap! bang! the party plunged head first into a huge snowbank.

"Hurrah! Here we are!" cried Lefty, gleefully.

"Wh-where are we?" Tom sputtered, blowing the snow out of his mouth and shaking it from his coat.

Tom Rides Astride the Andiron

"Hi, there! Look out!" roared Righty, grabbing Tom and yanking him off to one side. A terrible swishing sound fell upon the lad's ears, and as he gazed doggedly about him to see what had caused it he saw a great golden toboggan whizzing down into the valley, and then slipping up the hill on the other side.

"You had a narrow escape that time," said Righty, as they excitedly watched the toboggan speeding on its way, filled with a lot of little youngsters no bigger than Tom himself, children of all colors, apparently, red, white and blue, green, yellow and black. "If I hadn't yanked you away you'd have been run over."

"But where are we?" Tom asked, bewildered.

"We're on the Crescent Moon at last," said Lefty. "It's the boss toboggan slide of the universe."

"A toboggan slide?" cried Tom.

"Yes," said the Poker, "only they don't call that machine a toboggan, they call it an oscycle. But let's quit talking and get a ride, eh?"

"I'm ready," said Tom eagerly. "Where do we start?"

"There's the station up on the hill. It's only about 700 miles. We can walk it in a year," said Righty.

"I move we take this cloud that's coming up," said the Bellows. "I'm winded."

Tom looked in the direction in which the Bellows had pointed, and, sure enough, there was a cloud coming slowly along, shaped very much like a trolley car, and on the front of it, as it drew nearer, the lad was soon able to discern the funny little figure of a Brownie acting as motorman.

"Why, it's really a trolley!" he cried.

"Certainly it is!" laughed Righty. "Didn't you know that? When you have watched the moon from your window at home and seen constant lines of clouds passing up to it and stopping before its face night after night what did you suppose they did it for? Fun? I guess not. They're clever people up here, these moonfolk are, and they make use of everything going. They've taken these electric clouds and turned 'em into a sort of Sky Traction Company, and instead of letting 'em travel all around the universe doing nothing and raising thunder, some of the richer Brownies have formed a company to control them."

By this time the cloud had reached the point where our little party stood, and the Motorman, in response to the Bellows' signal, brought it to a standstill.

"Step lively, please," the Conductor cried from the rear end.

Tom and the two Andirons and the Poker and Bellows clambered aboard.

The Conductor clanged a bell. The Motorman turned his wheel and the cloud moved rapidly on.

CHAPTER III

On the Trolley Cloud

What a queer crowd of folks there were on board that strange trolley cloud. Tom had never seen such an interesting group before. He found himself sitting beside a great Polar Bear, who sat in a corner asleep, with his fore legs folded over his breast. A Kangaroo

sat opposite Tom, and a Flamingo was crowded uncomfortably in between the Kangaroo and an old gentleman with one eye and a green beard, who, Tom learned later, was a leading citizen of Saturn. A monster Hippopotamus tried to sit down beside the Monkey, but because the Hippopotamus usually takes seat enough for three ordinary persons, he almost sat on the Monkey instead. However, the Monkey scampered up into the window-sill and was quite as well satisfied.

Tom had never ridden in a trolley car beside a real Polar Bear before, and he was not sure that he would like the company.

"I think we'd better get out," he said to Righty.

"You won't do anything of the sort," said the Conductor. "Nobody leaves this car until we get there."

"Get where?" demanded the Poker.

"Anywhere," returned the Conductor. "Fares, please."

"But we've all paid," said the Flamingo.

"Somebody hasn't," replied the Conductor. "There are twenty-two on this car and I've collected only twenty-one fares. I don't know who is the deadhead. Therefore you must all pay. It is better that there should be twenty-one lawsuits for a total damage of $1.05 than that this company should lose a nickel. Juries disagree. Fares, please."

"I decline to pay a second time," cried the Monkey.

"And I—and I," came from all parts of the car; from Lefty and Righty, from Tom, the Flamingo, the Hippopotamus and Polar Bear.

"Very well," said the Conductor, calmly. "I don't care. It isn't my money that's lost, but I'll tell you one thing, this car doesn't stop until you've all paid up!"

"What!" cried the Polar Bear. "I want to get off at the Toboggan slide."

"So do I—so do I—," cried everybody.

"No doubt," said the Conductor; "but that's your business, not mine. Double your speed, Moty," he added, calling forward to the Motorman. "These people want to get off. Of course, gentlemen and fellow beasts," he continued, "I can't keep you from getting off, but this car is traveling at the rate of four miles a minute, and if you try it, you do so at your own risk. Fares, please."

"It's an outrage!" said the Flamingo.

"I'm going to jump," said the Kangaroo.

"I think we'd better sit still, Tom," whispered Righty. "It would be smithereens if we tried to get off the car going at this rate."

"Don't mind me," said Tom. "I'm having a bully time. This is quite as good fun as oscillating, I guess."

"Say," interrupted the Hippopotamus, "I've got an idea. Somebody hasn't paid his fare, eh?"

"That's the point," said the Conductor.

"And unless he owns up we've all got to go on in this car forever?"

"You have," replied the Conductor, firmly.

"Well, let's be sensible about it," said the Hippopotamus. "We're all honest—at least I am—and I've paid once, and I admit I'm riding cheap considering

my weight. But who hasn't paid? Tom, did you pay?"

"I paid for our whole party," put in Righty.

"Good," said the Hippopotamus. "Did you pay, Monk?"

"Yes, I did," said the Monkey. "I paid for me and Polar Bear."

"Good," said the Hippopotamus. "Has the Flamingo paid?"

"I gave him a promissory note for my fare," said the Flamingo.

"Good," said the Hippopotamus. "And now for the main question. Conductor, have you paid your fare?"

"I?" cried the Conductor.

"Yes, you!" roared the Hippopotamus. "Have you paid your fare?"

"But—" the Conductor began.

"I won't but," returned the Hippo. "I'm a Hippopotamus, I am. Not a goat. Have you paid your fare?"

"Of course I haven't," returned the Conductor, "because—"

"That's it!" returned the Hippopotamus. "That's the whole point. He's the one that's shy, and because we won't consent to pay his fare out of our own pockets he's going to hold us up. I move we squash him."

"But I say," roared the Conductor

"Oh, pay your fare and shut up," growled the Polar Bear. "You began the row. What's the use?"

"Hear 'em quoting my poem," whispered the Poker to Tom.

"I've taken his number," said the Flamingo. "It's eight billion and seven. He's trying to beat his way."

"Pay up, pay up," came from all parts of the car, and before he knew it Tom found himself in the midst of an angry group surrounding the Conductor, insisting that he should pay his fare.

"Who are you that you should ride free?" demanded the Flamingo. "The idea of servants of the company having greater privileges than the patrons of the road!"

"If you don't pay up right away," roared the Polar Bear, "I'll squeeze you to death".

"And I'll sit on you," put in the Hippopotamus.

"I haven't the money," cried the Conductor, now thoroughly frightened.

"Borrow it from the company," said the Polar Bear, "and ring it up".

This the Conductor did, and a moment later, having reached the station, rang the bell, and the car stopped.

"All out!" he cried, and the whole party descended.

"Who paid his fare, anyhow?" asked the Flamingo.

"I didn't," said the Monkey.

"No more did I," said the Hippopotamus. "The Kangaroo did, though. Didn't you, Kangy?"

"Only once," said the Kangaroo," and that was the second time."

"Let's get away from this crowd," said the Bellows. "They're not honest."

"Right you are," said the Polar Bear. "They're a very bad lot. Come along; let's get aboard this toboggan, and leave 'em behind."

Whereupon Tom and his companions, accompanied

by the Polar Bear, stepped aboard the waiting Oscycle, and were soon speeding down the upper incline of the Crescent Moon.

CHAPTER IV

On the Oscycle—A Narrow Escape

"Well," said the Polar Bear, as the Oscycle started on its downward course, "I'm mighty glad we're off, and away from those other creatures on that Trolley. They were a dishonest lot."

"So am I," came a voice from behind him, that made the Bear jump nervously, for it was none other than the Flamingo.

"So are the rest of us," added a lot of voices in chorus, and Tom, turning to see who beside himself and his companions had got aboard, was hugely amused to see the Kangaroo, the Monkey, the Hippopotamus and all the other creatures from the Trolley, save only the conductor and motorman, seated there behind, as happy as you please.

"It doesn't pay to associate with conductors," said the Flamingo. "They don't think of anything but money all the time, and they're awfully rude about it sometimes. Why, I knew a conductor once who refused to change a $100 bill for me."

"I don't believe you ever had a $100 bill," growled the Hippopotamus.

"I've got one I wouldn't sell for $1,000," said the Flamingo. "It's the one I eat with," he added.

"That's not legal money," said the Polar Bear.

"You couldn't change it if it was," sneered the Flamingo.

"I could change it in a minute if I wanted to," said the Polar Bear, with a chuckle.

"What with, cash?" demanded the Flamingo, scornfully.

"No—with one whack of my paw," said the Bear, shaking his fist menacingly at the Flamingo. "I could change your whole face, for that matter," he added, with a frown.

"I was only fooling, Poley, old man," said the Flamingo, a trifle worried. "Of course you could, but you wouldn't, would you?"

"Not unless I had to," replied the Bear; "but, gee, aren't we just whizzing along? Are you cold, Tom?"

"Yes," said Tom, with a shiver, "just a little".

"Well, come sit next to me and I'll let you use my furs. I don't need 'em myself. I'm a pretty warm Bear, considering where I come from."

"Sit close, gentlemen," cried the man in charge of the Oscycle. "We're coming to a thank-you-marm. Look out! Look out! Hang together. By jove, there goes the Monkey."

And sure enough, off the Monkey flew as the Oscycle crossed the hump at an enormous rate of speed.

"Hi, there, you fellows," the Monkey shrieked, as he landed in the soft snow, "wait a minute. Hi, you! Stop! Wait for me!"

"Can't do it," roared the man in charge. "Can't stop—going too fast."

"But what am I going to doo-oo-oo?" shrieked the Monkey excitedly.

"Get inside of a snowball and roll down. We'll catch you on the way back," the Kangaroo yelled, and as they now passed out of hearing of the monkey's voice no one knew how the little creature took the suggestion.

"I'm glad he's gone," said the Hippopotamus. "He was a nuisance—and I tell you I had a narrow escape. He had his tail wound around my neck a minute before. He might have yanked me off with him."

"Yanked you?" said the Old Gentleman from Saturn, gazing contemptuously at the Hippopotamus. "Bosh! The idea of a seven-pound monkey yanking a three-ton Hippopotamus!"

"What?" roared the man in charge. "A what how much which?"

"Three-ton," said the Old Gentleman from Saturn. "That's what he weighs. I know because he stepped on my toe getting off the Trolley."

"But it's against the law!" cried the Man in Charge. "We're not allowed to carry more than 1,000 pounds on these machines."

"Humph!" laughed the Kangaroo. "It's very evident, Hippy, that you'll have to go way back and lose some weight."

"I can't help weighing three tons," said the Hippopotamus. "I'm built that way."

"That's all right," said the Man in Charge, wringing his hands in despair; "but you'll have to get off. If you don't we'll go over the edge."

Tom's heart sank and he half rose up.

Sit still," said the two Andirons, grabbing him by the arms. "We're in for it. We've got to take what comes."

"Right you are," said the Bellows. "Don't you bother, Tom. We'll come out all right in the end."

"But what's the trouble, Mr. Man?" asked the Poker. "What's the Hippo's weight got to do with our going over the edge?"

"Why, can't you see?" explained the Man in Charge. "His 6,000 pounds pushing the machine along from behind there gives us just so much extra speed, and all the brakes in the world won't stop us now we've got going unless he gets off."

The announcement caused an immediate panic, and the Polar Bear began to cry like a baby.

"Oh, why did I ever come?" he moaned as the tears trickled down his nose and froze into a great icicle at the end of it. "When I might have stayed home riding around on my own private iceberg?"

"Stop your whimpering," said the Kangaroo. "Brace up and be a man."

"I don't want to be a man," blubbered the bear. "I'm satisfied to be a miserable little Polar Bear."

"You've got to jump, Hippy," said the Flamingo. "That's all there is about it."

"Sir," replied the Hippopotamus solemnly, "I shall not jump. It would ill comport with my dignity for me to try to jump as if I were merely a Kangaroo. No, sir. Here I sit, firm as a rock. You might as well ask an elephant to dance a jig."

"Well, if you won't jump, I will," said the Man from Saturn angrily. "If I'm hurt I'll take it out of your hide when we meet again."

"All right," retorted the Hippopotamus. "You'll have to get a steam drill and blast it out. By-by."

The man from Saturn jumped and landed head first in the snow, but whether he was hurt or not the party never knew, for their speed was now so terrific that he had barely landed before they whizzed past the bottom of the hill and up the other incline. It became clear, too, as they sped on that at such a rate of progress nothing could keep the Oscycle from going over the edge, and the others began to lay plans for safety.

"I'm going to jump for a passing trolley cloud the minute we get to the edge," said the Kangaroo.

"I don't know what I shall do," said the Polar Bear. "If I land on my feet I'll be all right, for they're big and soft, like sofa cushions, but if I land on my head—"

"I'm not afraid for myself," said the Poker. "I can drop any distance without serious injury, being made of iron, and my friends, the Andirons, are equally fortunate. The Bellows, too, is comparatively safe. The worst that can happen to him is to have the wind knocked out of him. But—"

"It's Tom we're bothered about," said the Right-handiron, with an anxious glance at Lefty. "You see, we invited him to come off here with us, and—"

"Who is he, anyhow?" demanded the Flamingo, glancing at Tom in such a way that the youngster began to feel very uncomfortable.

"I'm a Dormouse," said Tom, remembering the agreement.

"Not for this occasion," put in the Poker. "This time you're a boy, and we've got to save you somehow or other and we'll do it, Tom, so don't be afraid."

"What kind of boy is he?" demanded the Flamingo. "One of these bean-snapping boys that go around shooting robins and hooking birds' eggs when they haven't anything else to do?"

"Not a bit of it," said Righty. "He never snapped a bean at a bird in all his life."

"Humph!" said the Flamingo. "I suppose he's been too busy pulling feathers out of peacocks' tails to decorate his room with to be bothering with robins and eggs."

"Never did such a thing in all my born days," retorted Tom indignantly.

"Probably not," sneered the Flamingo. "And why? Because you were so well satisfied keeping a canary locked up in a cage for your own pleasure that you hadn't any time to chase peacocks".

"I've lived in the family forty years," said the Righthandiron, "and to my knowledge there was never a caged bird in the house."

"Really?" said the Flamingo, looking at Tom with interest. "Rather a new kind of boy this. Very few boys have a good record where birds are concerned."

"Tom's no enemy to birds," observed the Bellows. "I know that because I've been in his family longer than he has, and I've watched him."

"Well," said the Flamingo, "if that's the case,

maybe I can help him. One good turn deserves another. If he is good to birds I may be able at this time to do good to him. This trouble ahead of us doesn't bother me, because I have wings and can fly—" Here the Flamingo flapped his wings proudly—"and I could take Tom on my back and fly anywhere with him, for I am an extremely powerful bird. But I want to know one more thing about him before I undertake to save him. We birds must stand together, you know, and I'm not going to befriend a foe to my kind under any circumstances. Thomas!"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, all of a tremble, for he hadn't the slightest idea what was coming, and as a truthful boy he knew that whatever the consequences to himself might be he must give the correct answer.

"Do you have Sunday breakfast at home?" asked the Flamingo.

"Yes, sir," Tom replied respectfully.

"You have coffee and hominy and toast and fried potatoes and all that?" queried the bird.

"Yes, sir," Tom answered, turning pale, however, for he was in great dread of what he now saw was likely to come next.

"And—ah—fruit?" said the Flamingo.

"Oh, yes, plenty of fruit," replied Tom very nervously.

"And now, sir," said the Flamingo, severely, and ruffling his feathers like an angry turkey, "now for the main point. Thomas—and, mind you I want a truthful answer—did you ever eat a broiled Flamingo for your Sunday morning breakfast?"

Tom breathed a sigh of relief as the Flamingo blurted out the last part of his question.

"No, sir. Never!" he replied.

"Then hurry and climb up on my shoulders here," the Flamingo cried. "You're a boy after my own heart. I believe you'd be kind to a stuffed parrot. But hurry—there's the edge right ahead of us. Jump—"

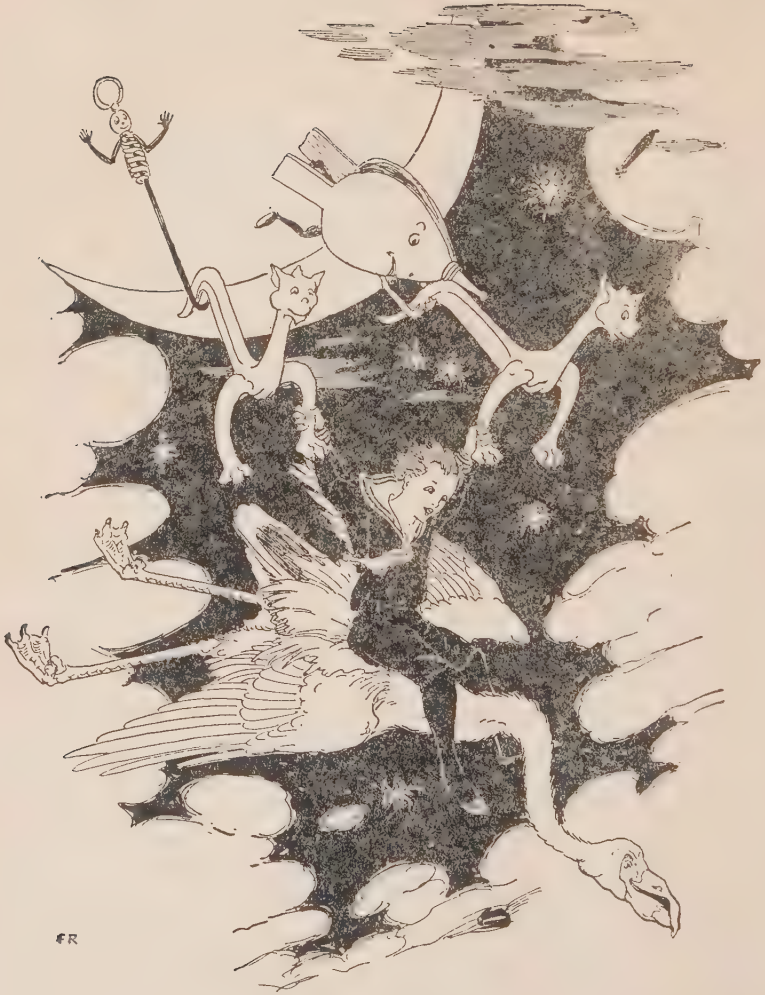
Tom jumped and in a moment was sitting astride of the great bird's neck. In his right hand he grasped the claw of Righty, in his left that of Lefty, while these two clutched tightly hold of the Bellows and the Poker respectively. A moment later the Oscycle reached the edge and dashed wildly over it, the Kangaroo following out his plan of jumping higher still and fortunately for himself catching a passing trolley cloud by which he was borne back to the starting point again.

As for the Polar Bear and the Hippopotamus, they plunged out into space, while the group comprising our little party from home and the Flamingo soared gracefully back to earth again, where the generous-hearted bird deposited them safely on top of the most convenient Alp.

"Thanks very much," said Tom, as he clambered down from the bird's neck and stood upon solid ground.

"Don't mention it," said the Flamingo. "It's a pleasure to serve a bird-defender and his friends," and with this he soared away.

"I'm glad he didn't ask me if I ever ate broiled chicken for Sunday breakfast," said Tom.



Tom Rides on a Flamingo

"Why?" asked the Poker. "Do you?"

"Do I?" cried Tom. "Well, I guess. I don't do anything else."

"And now," said the Lefthandiron, as the Flamingo flew off, "here we are home again".

Tom sat up and rubbed his eyes, for there was no Flamingo, no Polar Bear, nor any of his strange fellow-travelers in sight. Only a friendly pair of andirons stared fixedly at him out of the fireplace of his father's library: the poker stood like a soldier at one side, and the bellows hung from a brass-headed nail on the other. Beside these, lying on the rug beside him, his head cocked to one side, his eyes fixed intently upon Tom's face, and his tail wagging furiously, was Jeffy, a shaggy little Sctoch terrier.

"Hello, Jeffy!" said Tom, as he rubbed his eyes a second time. "Where have you been all this time?"

—Adapted from "Andiron Tales",
by John Kendrick Bangs.
Courtesy of the John C. Winston Co.

That trip on the trolley cloud in Chapter III would be lots of fun to act. We wonder if you could do it. Your teacher will help you by assigning the parts to different members of the class. It would be easy to make a trolley car out of two rows of class room seats. The conductor could be at one end of the aisle and the motorman at the other. But, of course, you know as much about this as we do.

That coast on the Oscycle would be exciting to act and lots of fun too. Why do you not try that?

When your teacher gives you a part go back to the story and re-read the whole scene, noting especially the things which are said and done by the character which you are to represent.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE COLT

As far as we know this is a true story of George Washington. As you read it think of the cherry tree story about George Washington which is probably not a true story. Decide which story you like better and whether both show George to have been the same kind of boy.

George Washington's mother had some fine horses, and the finest of them all was a young colt. No one had ever ridden it, and it was allowed to gallop about the pasture, doing no work until it should grow to its full size. "That will be the best horse on this farm. You must help me to take the best of care of it, George," his mother said.

One day George and some other boys were playing down in the pasture. They were catching the horses and riding them. They all rode well, but George rode best of them all. He was very proud of his riding. "I can ride any horse on the farm. No horse can throw me," he boasted.

"You can't ride that colt," one of the other boys said.

"Of course I can ride him, but my mother allows no one to get on his back," George answered.

"How could you hurt him? He is almost full grown, and you are not heavy. It's only that you know you can't ride him," they jeered.

George's face flushed angrily, and as the colt galloped past him he sprang out and caught him by the mane. Then he swung up on his back.

The horse was terribly frightened and rushed round and round the field. George clamped his knees tight

to the horse's sides and clung to him. The colt kicked and plunged, but George still held on to him. At last the colt reared in the air and fell over backward. George jumped clear of him as he fell, and then stood waiting for him to get up. But the colt did not move. George began to feel frightened. He went over to the horse and tried to make him stand up, but the colt was dead; he had burst a blood vessel.

As George stood looking down at the horse, he began to think how sorry his mother would be because he had disobeyed her. "She'll never trust me again, either," George thought miserably. "I should have known better than to be so foolish. I was afraid to have the boys laugh at me. How can I tell my mother?"

The more he thought of it the harder it seemed. At last he turned and walked away toward the woods. "I can't tell her," he thought. But suddenly he lifted his head and said: "Nonsense, I'm not a coward; I can tell my mother anything."

He walked quickly to the house. When he came into his mother's room she looked up from her sewing and smiled at him. "Where have you been, George?" she asked.

"Down to the pasture, Mother," he answered.

"Did you see our young colt? I think we must begin training him soon."

George could not answer for a moment. His mother looked at him and said: "What's the matter, my son?"

"Mother," he said, "the colt is dead".

"Dead!" Mrs. Washington exclaimed. "Why, I

saw him only this morning, and he was not sick then."

"It was my fault, Mother," George said. Then he told her all that had happened.

Mrs. Washington listened without saying a word. When George finished she walked to the window and stood looking out until she controlled her indignation and disappointment. Then she came over to George.

"My son," she said, "I am glad you came and told me. Remember, you can always tell your mother anything. You were foolish to mind what the boys said. Do the thing you know to be right, but if you do make a mistake, be brave enough to admit it."

Many times when he grew to be a man George Washington remembered his mother's words.

—From "Stories for Children and How to Tell Them".
Courtesy of J. Berg Esenwein.

CAN YOU DO THIS ONE?

Here is a little nonsense test; but do not be too sure that you will get everything right.

If Monday always comes after Sunday, skip the rest of this paragraph. But if not, make a cross in the center of your paper. Under the cross write the figure 3, and over it the letter B.

Read the following sentence: Was Lincoln the first President of the United States? Be sure not to write the answer, but instead, sign only your first name at the bottom of your paper. Now, whether London is in Ohio or not, put a cross after your name, but if you are sure it is in some other place make two crosses there.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

This poem can best be understood by little folks who have pretended things until they seemed more real than real things. While you read, try to feel as the little boy in the poem felt.

You have been told that when you read silently you need care nothing for the pronunciation of the words. This is true most of the time, but it is not true with poetry. Poetry is like music, and much of its value lies in the sound of the words. This does not mean that you must read it aloud, but merely that you must hear the sound of the words in your mind as you read. A skillful musician can look at a sheet of music and merely from seeing the notes can hear the tune although no sound is made by anyone. So it is with reading poetry.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
  Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
  And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun I crawl
  All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
  Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
  All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
  Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
  These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
  The roaring lions come to drink.

GOLDS
ADVENTURE

I see the others far away
  As if in fire lit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
  Around their party prowl about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
  Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
  At my dear land of story-books.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

HOW STEVENSON "MADE BELIEVE"

Robert Louis Stevenson was a frail little boy, so that he could not play the romping, noisy games that children love. Much of the time he played by himself, pretending to have the adventures that he had read about in the story-books. Sometimes, however, in summer, he played out-of-doors with his cousins. They lay behind bushes with toy guns, watching for a drove of antelopes to go by; or they were shipwrecked sailors on a desert island, with nothing to eat but buttercups. When Louis had to eat things he didn't like, he turned that into a game, too. An uninteresting plateful of porridge he pretended was an island with snow on it (that was the sugar), and with the sea (that was the cream) cutting deeper and deeper into its shores as the little boy ate. And cold beef, which he didn't like, he made believe was venison, which he had shot while hunting deer in the forest. Making-believe, you see, is a good way to help make unpleasant things pleasant.

GOOD THINKING

Arrange your papers as usual with your name and grade and the date at the top of the paper. Then number the lines which follow from 1 to 9.

This is another test of good thinking. Be sure that you thoroughly understand each problem before you attempt to solve it. It is more important to be right than to be quick, but be as quick as you can.

1. The man at whom we looked was handsomely dressed in a velvet robe. A chain of gold was about his neck and on his head, a crown. He sat upon a throne and all who approached him fell upon their knees.

Of the five following words write the word which best describes the man on the first line.

president policeman king captain secretary

2. If Pennsylvania is a larger state than Rhode Island write the word *ocean* on the second line. If not, write *land* there.

3. A certain clerk who lives on Third Street walks every day to his office on First Street and back again when his work is done. How many times does he pass Second Street in a week? Write your answer on the third line.

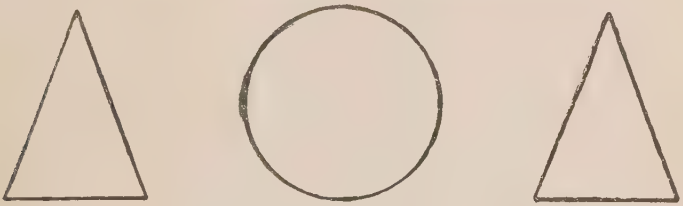
4. Very few buildings are more than twenty stories in height. If you would expect to have a good view of a city from the top of a twenty-five story building draw an arrow on the fourth line. If not, make a black square there.

5. There was a shortage of sugar. Each member of the family had a sugar bowl of his own and all were

of the same size. John needed sugar for his fruit, his cereal, his coffee, and his hot cakes. Mary ate a cold cereal with salt and did not drink coffee. Whose sugar bowl was emptied first, John's or Mary's? Write your answer on the fifth line.

6. Three men plan to drive by automobile from Albany to New York. The car of the first man has a speed of 45 miles an hour, the car of the second a speed of 60 miles, and the car of the third a speed of 30 miles. Which must start first if they are all to arrive at the same time? Write your answer on the sixth line.

7. Draw a circle and two triangles on the seventh line of your paper just like the figures below.



Then draw a line from the top of the first triangle to the top of the second triangle without going over the circle.

8. The boy scouts' motto is "Be prepared." George is a boy scout. Dick is not. If the house were to catch on fire would you depend more on George than on Dick? Write *yes* or *no* on the eighth line.

9. I have eighteen marbles. If I keep seven for myself shall I have seven to give to each of my two brothers? Write *yes* or *no* on the ninth line.

BEYOND THE GAP

Have you ever looked and looked at something, thinking how much better it is than what you have? And then some day have you seen it more closely, or even come to have it for your own, and found it was not nearly so fine as you thought it? Or have you wished and wished for something, and at last have gotten it for your own, and have found you didn't care nearly so much about it as you thought you would? If you have had any of these things happen to you, you can sympathize with the little girls in this story.

Laura and Jean lived in the city, but they had two beautiful things that most little city girls miss. Their home faced the shining water of a broad ripply river, a river that ran swiftly over half-hidden rocks, and made a gentle singing noise as it ran. In summer when the water was low the children could count a dozen little green islands on its bosom, and in early spring sand barges went busily up and down, and log rafts floated past. Then at all times of year there were beautiful sunsets to see, and after dark a long line of lights came out on the opposite shore.

When the children were good, mother would raise the nursery shades, and the last sight that two sleepy pairs of eyes could see were the many lights that blinked and twinkled at them across the dark water.

Beyond the river to the north stretched the Blue Ridge Mountains, the other delight of the two little city girls. Clear and blue they were on some days, on others shadowy, but always beautiful and always the boundary of the world where the children lived.

On clear days they could see the gap in the mountains where their dear river passed through and went

away far off out of sight. Laura's skillful little fingers had drawn the outlines of the mountains as they sloped down to make the gap. Both children loved river and mountains dearly, and were always wondering how the river looked in the country beyond.

When chestnuts were ripe in the fall and the big boys and girls went out to gather them, it was always beyond the gap in the mountains. When Aunt Bessie went out sleighing in the winter, it was always up the river and through the gap she went. Even mother, who was usually too busy with home cares and baby to take her two little girls very far from home, had gone beyond the gap once, and left them behind. That was when grandmother was sick, and a fast train had taken mother swiftly away up the river, and through the gap in the mountains to a distant city.

"If we were only birds we could see it all," sighed the children, giving expression to their dearest wish, to see how it looked beyond the gap.

One sunny afternoon in August Laura and Jean were playing in the shade of the big willow tree when father's cheery voice called to them from the house, "Where are my girls?" It was so unusual for father to be home early in the afternoon that they knew something was going to happen, and ran to the house in joyful anticipation. Clinging to him wherever they could catch hold, they cried eagerly, "Oh, father, where are you going? Take us!"

"How do you midgets know I am going anywhere? Mother, you told," he added, and turned reproachfully to mother, who stood smiling near by.

"Then there is something to tell; oh, what is it?" cried Laura.

"I am going to take a long drive up the river on business, and I have just room in the carriage for two small girls if they can get ready quickly, and if mother will put up some lunch."

"Beyond the gap," they both cried with one voice, "so we can really see the other side?"

"Yes, indeed; run away and get ready."

By the time two eager little girls had helped each other into clean frocks, mother appeared with a small basket, neatly covered with a napkin.

"Now, don't peep at the lunch till you get there, chicks," warned mother.

A drive in itself was a great treat, but a drive with father up the river and beyond the gap, with a picnic at the end, was undreamed-of good fortune.

Every bit of the way was delightful. The river and sky were never so blue before, nor the mountains so clear; the air was fresh and sweet; butterflies chased each other along the roadsides, and flowers nodded at them from the meadows, as they drew nearer and nearer the gap in the mountains. Father, absorbed in the business he was to transact, hardly noticed their gay chatter, and at last drew up in front of an old-fashioned brick house standing among tall trees, with a brisk "Here we are, girls; hop out."

"But, father, you said we would go through the gap first."

"Sure enough, so we did, girlies."

"And are we beyond now?" This from Laura.

"It doesn't look any different on this side," Jean objected plaintively.

It was beautiful everywhere, but the mountains still stretched on and on, and here and there the heights dipped down into a hollow for the river to pass through, just as they did at their own gap. It was so disappointing to think that there was no wonderful change after they passed through the gap. They had almost expected the exact spot to be marked by a signboard. Father, taking in the wonder and disappointment in the two little faces, thought of the lunch basket and handed it out, saying briskly,

"Go over there under the trees and have your picnic while I go up to the house."

One never knows what good things mother has hidden away in a lunch basket. The little girls skipped away to the big oak tree their father had pointed out, and seated themselves on the ground. There was thin bread and butter, a jar of strawberry jam, two lemon tarts, and an apple for each, and it all tasted much better than it would at home on the supper table. The time was all too short before father's cheery voice was heard calling them.

"Now, girls, I'll show you the exact spot where the river goes through the gap in the mountains going home," said father, when they were on their way once more.

"No, father, please don't," they both cried, and Laura added, "It doesn't look any different beyond, and we'd rather not know, 'cause then we can make believe better".

FIRE-FLIES IN JAPAN

You have seen the fire-flies lighting their tiny lamps, now here, now there, across the grass or among the trees on summer evenings. Perhaps you have caught one and held it in the cup that you made of your hand, watching its light come and go. So you will like to read the stories which the Japanese tell about these little candles of the summer nights.

The people of Japan, with their love for what seem to us unusual kinds of beautiful things, feel a great admiration for the fire-fly. When a garden party is given on a summer evening, in one of the quaint, dainty Japanese gardens with its tiny lakes and bridges and clumps of shrubbery, the scene is made still more charming by the fire-flies which are let loose to delight the guests with the fitful twinkling of their little stars. In order that people may always be able to decorate their gardens in this way, some of the shops in the large cities keep fire-flies for sale, and fire-fly catching is a regular occupation, often for children. As soon as it is dark, the hunter sets out for the woods and waits patiently until the tiny lights begin to twinkle among the branches. He then strikes at the tree with a long pole, and, as the startled insects drop to the grass, he gathers them up before they have time to take flight, and throws them into a large bag. Late in the night they begin to leave the trees and disport themselves upon the dewy grass. The man then brushes the ground gently with a broom. At the least touch the poor, hunted insects glow brightly and are easily captured. A skillful "catcher" has been known to take from two to three thousand in one night.

Sometimes people go fire-fly hunting as a pastime. Of course the sport must take place in the evening.

The hunters gather, after sundown, in some cool, shady spot near to pure, fresh water, where the insects are likely to be plentiful; choosing, if possible, a stream overhung by willow trees, as the fire-fly has a peculiar fondness for the willow, clustering in such numbers upon the branches that the trees are said to be "budding fire". The children run hither and thither singing little songs to entice the insects, and, when they fly within reach, striking at them lightly with fans and bunches of bamboo grass. Checked thus in their flight they fall to the ground and are easily secured.

In a country where fire-flies are so admired, it is not strange that there should be many pretty legends told about the "Genji", as the little insect is called. One story tells of the origin of the fire-fly. It seems that a woodcutter, returning from work one evening in the twilight, saw on the branch of a bamboo tree a tiny moon-child, glistening in the dusk like a beautiful star. He took her home to his wife, and they brought her up as their daughter. She grew up to be a maiden of such wondrous beauty that the humble little cottage fairly shone with her loveliness. At last the Emperor heard of her charms, and came to see for himself. He found that the reports were far less than the truth, and so deeply in love did he fall that he begged the maiden to marry him immediately.

"Alas!" said the maiden, who loved the handsome Emperor in return, "it is impossible. My stay on

earth is almost over, for when I am twenty years old, next week, I must return to the moon."

So, when the next week came, the moon-child bade them all good-bye, and, weeping bitterly, mounted upon a moonbeam and flew away from this earth forever. But her falling tears took to themselves wings and flew hither and thither, seeking for the beloved Emperor; until at last they turned into fire-flies.

Another story is that of Hotaru, the eldest daughter of the king of the fire-flies, who lived among the water lilies on the margin of a little lake. Her home was among the petals of a great pink lotus, on whose edge she loved to sit in the warm sunshine, gazing across the waters to the mysterious world beyond. One night her father took her for a long flight across the nearest rice fields, and all the wonders and joys of life opened before her longing eyes. Never had the little Hotaru dreamed that the world was half so lovely, and absorbed in the beauty around her, she remained blind to her own charms and ignorant of the fact that she was the most brilliant and star-like fire-fly around the moat. Scores of suitors followed her on every flight, begging in vain for the favor of a word; and the princess, annoyed by the buzzing crowd, hit at last upon a way to rid herself of them.

The next night she stayed at home in the center of her own lotus and waited for her suitors. Scarcely had the sun set when a magnificent green and gold beetle alighted upon the lily, and, bowing low offered his hand, his heart and all that he possessed to the princess.

Hotaru glowed and sparkled like a star. "Bring me fire," she whispered softly, "and I will be your bride".

This seemed to the lover an easy task. With a whirr he rose from the lotus and flew swiftly to the bank. As soon as he was gone other eager suitors came—a wasp, a dragon-fly, a moth, a butterfly, insects of every sort. To each the princess assigned the same task, and each, certain of success, darted away in search of a lamp, a torch, a candle, some flame from which to get fire for Hotaru. Never were lovers more cruelly deceived. In the morning their charred and blackened bodies, burned to death in their vain attempt, were collected on the bank of the lake for a grand funeral.

Just as the funeral ceremonies were beginning, there passed by a large and handsome fire-fly, Prince Himaro, lord of a distant rice field. He stopped to inquire why so large a crowd of insects was gathered on the bank.

"They are burying the unlucky suitors of Princess Hotaru," piped up a little bird. "Have you not heard of her wondrous beauty?"

The prince determined to lose no time in seeking out the king of the fire-flies and making him a formal offer for the hand of Hotaru in marriage. The king approved the handsome appearance of the prince; but it seemed only fair to make for him the same condition as for the previous suitors.

"You may marry my daughter," said the king, "if when you come to claim her you bring fire for your bride".

That night Himaro arrived with all his shining courtiers in his train; and, shedding a flood of golden light across the waters, lit upon the petals of the lotus and claimed the hand of the beautiful princess.

—*Adapted.*

QUESTIONS

What facts about insects had been noticed by the teller of the story of Hotaru?

Next time you see a fire-fly, of what will it remind you?

MIXED CLASSIFICATION

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line to the left and your grade on the first line to the right. On the next line write the date under your name. On the third line write nothing. Beginning with the fourth line number the lines from 1 to 5.

Here is another exercise to test your ability to have things where they belong. In the first group of words below is a word which does not belong with the others. The list is a list of fruit, but *rope* is not a fruit and, therefore, does not belong in the list. On line one write the word *rope*.

In each of the other lists there is also a word which has no place in such a list. Find this word and in each case write it after the proper number on your paper.

When you have finished, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher. Then wait quietly for your classmates.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
apple	book	wool	Indian	geography
peach	king	desk	Eskimo	spelling
rope	duke	cotton	Chinese	arithmetic
pear	prince	silk	Spaniard	hippopotamus
grape	earl	rubber	Philadelphia	composition

SAINT FRANCIS AND THE WOLF

This story can be read easily by an ordinary reader in five minutes. A good silent reader would take less time than this. You will be interested to see how long it takes you. Your teacher will tell you when to begin and will then take the time of each boy and girl as you finish. You must raise your hand when you come to the end of the story so that your teacher will know you have finished. It is important, however, that you do not think about the time as you read, for this will spoil your enjoyment of the story and will also cause you to miss some of the meaning of the sentences. Just read ahead as fast as you can.

Once upon a time—which is the right way for all stories to begin—there lived in a town of Italy called Gubbio a man named Francis, so wise and kind and loving that people called him a saint. Never a day passed that one did not hear of some deed of helpfulness done by Saint Francis; and not only was he kind and good himself, but he taught other people how to be kind and good also. He called even the birds and animals his brothers, because he and they were all the children of the Father God.

Now in the country near that town there lived a huge wolf, of whom all the folk in town and country were afraid. Stories were told of how he killed the sheep, and attacked travelers, and prowled around outside the city wall waiting for his prey. At last, after he had seized a little boy who was walking along the road with his father's cows, and had torn him to pieces, all the people became so afraid that nobody dared to venture outside the city gates.

At last in their fear the people went to Saint Francis

to ask him if he could help them. They knew that he loved all animals, and that all the animals loved him, and they thought he might know a way to tame even this wicked wolf. They were not disappointed.

"There is no creature," he said, "so wicked but that kindness can find a way to his heart. Yes, my brothers, I will tame the wolf for you."

Followed by men, women, and children, all anxious to see how this great deed would be done, Saint Francis set out to meet the savage beast. He went out at the gate of the city that led straight to the wolf's lair. The townsfolk followed a little way; but when they saw the wolf come bounding along the road in the distance, they were frightened at his fierce look, and stopped on a little hill to watch from afar off what would happen. Saint Francis alone was not at all afraid, and went straight on, although he could see plainer and plainer the open jaws and cruel teeth. When he was near enough he called to the wolf,

"Brother Wolf, come hither. I command you in the name of God not to hurt me, or any of the people whom you see yonder."

Wonderful to relate, the wolf stopped running. He stood for a moment glaring with fierce eyes at this strange man who dared to speak thus to him; then he shut his jaws, and came and lay down meekly at Saint Francis' feet. He liked the sound of the gentle voice, for he had never before been spoken to gently.

"Brother Wolf," Saint Francis went on, "you have done a great deal of mischief in these parts. You have robbed people who never hurt you. You have killed

Come Hither, Brother Wolf

the helpless sheep who could not defend themselves. The sheep and the men, like you, are creatures of God. Now I know well that you have done all this harm because you were hungry and had no other way to get food. Is it not so?"

The wolf whined, as if in assent. The saint went on, "I would gladly make peace between you and your neighbors, so that you will not hurt them any more, and so that they may not be afraid of you. It is because they are afraid that the men and dogs pursue and try to catch you. Will you make peace?"

The wolf nodded his head and wagged his tail, just as a dog would do, to show that he was willing to agree.

"Well, Brother Wolf," said Saint Francis, "if you will make this peace, I will see that the folk of this town give you food as long as you live, so that you need not steal and kill to get food. Will you in your turn promise not to hurt anyone any more?"

The wolf promised, by lifting up his right paw and laying it gently on the outstretched hand of the good man, as a pledge to keep his word. Then, the saint started back to the town with the wolf at his heels.

Immediately the news spread through the town that Saint Francis was bringing the wolf into the market place to make an agreement of peace with the people. Everybody, old and young, big and little, went hurrying to the public square to see for themselves what was going to happen. Leading the tamed wolf with him, Saint Francis came into the middle of the square, stood still, and said to the people.

"Brother Wolf has promised that he will do no more

harm to anyone; and now you must promise to give him every day something to eat."

All the people promised solemnly that they would give the wolf plenty to eat as long as he lived. And the wolf knelt down and bowed his head, to show them all that he would keep his word. Then all the people cried out in thanksgiving to God, who had sent Saint Francis to close the cruel jaws of the wolf.

Not long after this Saint Francis went away from Gubbio, to teach and help the people in another place. But the wolf lived on in the town for two years, going like a tame beast in and out of the houses, without doing harm to anyone, or anyone's doing harm to him. The people fed him as they had promised, and not even a dog barked at him. But he was a very old wolf, and so, after two years spent in this way, he died of old age. The townsfolk all mourned for him, because the sight of him going so gently and tamely about the streets had kept in their minds the memory of Saint Francis, who loved both beasts and birds and men, and whose kindness and gentleness had taught them to be kind and gentle even to a wolf.

—*Adapted by Mabel Dodge Holmes.*

Your teacher may ask two or three of you to come to the front of the class and tell this story. If she does, she will not say a word from the time you begin until you finish.

She may ask you to write the substance of the story. If she does, the following topics will help you:

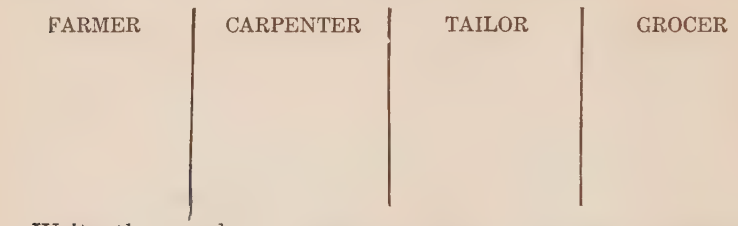
What kind of man St. Francis was.

What harm the wicked wolf did.

How St. Francis tamed the wolf.

CLASSIFICATION DRILL

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second line. Divide the rest of your paper into four parts with lines drawn as shown below. Let the lines be drawn up as far as the third line of your paper.



Write the words, FARMER, CARPENTER, TAILOR, GROCER, at the top of the four spaces on the fourth line, as shown above.

Below is a long list of words that is not very well arranged. On your paper rearrange the words so that every word that concerns the FARMER is placed in the first list, and every word that concerns the CARPENTER is placed in the second list, and every word that concerns the TAILOR or the GROCER, is placed in its proper list. If you finish before the others, wait quietly for them to complete their work.

saw	sugar	buttons	needle
woolen	suit	door	lumber
clerk	scales	coffee	spools
seed	window	cattle	barn
plane	sewing-machine	foundations	spices
shingle	harvest	grain	accounts
plough	flooring	crackers	sheep
scissors	stitches	silk	stairs
weight	orchard	thimble	cashier
horses	pound	roof	calf
thread	chickens	nails	hammer
tea	tape-measure	hay	rice

MOLLIE PAYS A VISIT TO THE UNWISEMAN

We are not going to suggest anything about this story. We only hope you like nonsense once in a while, for we think this is most delicious nonsense. Perhaps you have never heard anything called "delicious" that was not good to eat like ice cream or chocolate candy or cream puffs or something like that. But it is quite all right when you are talking about nonsense to call it "delicious" and we are sure when you have read this story you will agree that it is delicious.

"Whistlebinkie," said Mollie, one afternoon, as she and he were swaying gently to and fro in the hammock, "do you remember the little red house under the oak tree?"

"Yessum," whistled Whistlebinkie, "I mean yes—ma'am," he added hurriedly.

"And the Unwiseman who lived there?"

"Yes, I remember him puffickly," said Whistlebinkie. "I think he knows less than any person I ever sawed."

"Not sawed, but saw, Whistlebinkie," said Mollie, who was very anxious that her rubber doll should speak correctly.

"Oh, yes!" cried Whistlebinkie. "I think he sawed less than any man I ever knew—or rather—well—I guess you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Mollie, with a smile. "But tell me, Whistlebinkie dear, wouldn't you like to go with me, and pay the Unwiseman a visit?"

"Has he sent you a bill?" asked Whistlebinkie.

"What for, pray?" queried Mollie, with a glance of surprise at Whistlebinkie.

"To tell you that you owed him a visit, of course,"

said Whistlebinkie. "There isn't any use of our paying him anything unless we owe him something, is there?"

"Oh, I see!" said Mollie. "No, we don't owe him one, but I think we'd enjoy ourselves very much if we made him one."

"All right, let's," said Whistlebinkie. "What'll we make it of, worsted or pasteboard?"

"Whistlebinkie," observed Mollie, severely, "you are almost as absurd as the old man himself. The idea of making a visit out of worsted or pasteboard! Come along. Stop your joking and let us start."

The rubber doll was quite willing to agree to this, and off they started. In a very little while they were down under the spreading branches of the great oak tree, but, singular to relate, the little red house that had stood there the last time they had called was not to be seen.

"Dear me!" cried Mollie, "what can have become of it, do you suppose, Whistlebinkie?"

"I give it up," said the rubber doll, scratching his hat so that he could think more easily. "Haven't an idea—unless the old man discovered that its roof was made of strawberry icing, and ate it up."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed some one from behind them.

Mollie and Whistlebinkie turned quickly, and lo and behold, directly behind them stood the little Unwise-man himself, trying to dig the oak tree up by the roots with a small teaspoon he held in his hand.

"The idea of my eating up my house! Hoh! What nonsense. Hoh!" he said, as the visitors turned.

TRYING TO DIG UP THE OAK TREE

"Well, what has become of it, then?" asked Mollie.

"I've moved it, that's what," said the Unwiseman. "I couldn't get any apples on this oak tree, so I moved my house over under the willow tree down by the brook."

"But you can't get apples on a willow tree, either, can you?" asked Mollie.

"I don't know yet," said the Unwiseman. "I haven't lived there long enough to find out, but I can try, and that's all anybody can do."

"And what are you doing with that teaspoon?" asked Whistlebinkie.

"I'm digging up this oak tree," said the Unwiseman. "I want to get the acorn it grew out of. I'm very fond of acorns, but I'm afraid to eat them, unless the tree that's in 'em has grown out. You see, I don't want to swallow an acorn, and have a great big tree like that grow up in me. It wouldn't be comfortable."

Whistlebinkie said he thought that was a very good idea, because there could not be any doubt that it would be extremely awkward for any man, wise or unwise, to have an oak tree sprouting up inside of him.

"What are you so anxious to know about my house for?" asked the Unwiseman, suddenly stopping short in his work with the teaspoon. "You don't want to rent it for the summer, do you?"

"Whistlebinkie and I have come down to call upon you, that's all," explained Mollie.

"Well now, really?" asked the Unwiseman, rising, and dropping the teaspoon. "That's too bad, isn't it? Here you've come all this way to see me and I am

out. I shall be *so* disappointed when I get home and that you have been there and I not there to see you. Dear! Dear! How full of disappointments this world is. You couldn't come again last night, could you? I was home then."

"Not very well," said Whistlebinkie. "Mollie's father doesn't like it if we turn the clock back."

"Dear me! That's too bad, too! My!" said the old fellow, with a look of real sadness on his face. "What a disappointment, to be sure. You call and find me out! I *do* wish there was some way to arrange it so that I might be at home when you call. You can't think of any, can you, Miss Whistlebinkie?"

"Perhaps now that you know we are coming," said Mollie, who, while her last name was *not* Whistlebinkie, did not think it necessary to pay any attention to the old man's mistake, which amused her very much, "perhaps now that you know we are coming you might run ahead and be there when we arrive."

"That's the scheme!" said Whistlebinkie.

"Yes, that's a first-rate plan," said the old man. "There's only one thing against it, perhaps."

"What's that?" asked Whistlebinkie.

"That I don't know," replied the Unwiseman, "which is very unfortunate, because it may be serious. For instance, suppose the objection should turn out to be in the shape of a policeman, who had a warrant to arrest me for throwing stones at somebody's pet tiger. What could I do?"

"But you haven't been throwing stones at anybody's pet tiger, have you?" asked Mollie.

"Not while I was awake," said the Unwiseman. "But I may have done it in my sleep, you know. People do lots of things in their sleep that they never do while awake. They snore, for instance; and one man I know, who always rides when he is awake, walks in his sleep."

"Let's try it, anyway," said Whistlebinkie. "It may be that there won't be any trouble, after all."

"Very well," assented the Unwiseman. "I'm willing if you are, only if I am arrested it will be all your fault, and you must promise to tell the policeman that it was you who threw the stones at the tiger and not I."

Mollie and Whistlebinkie, feeling sure that nothing of the kind would happen, readily made the promise, and the queer little old man started off for his house as fast as his legs could carry him.

The two small visitors followed slowly, and in a few minutes had reached the Unwiseman's door down by the willow tree. The door was tightly closed, so they knocked. For a while there was no answer, and then they knocked again. In response to this they heard a shuffling step within, and a voice which they recognized as that of the Unwiseman called out:

"Is that a policeman? Because if it is, I'm not at home. I went out three weeks ago and won't be back again for six years, and, furthermore, I never threw stones at a pet tiger in my life unless I was asleep, and that doesn't count."

"We aren't policemen," said Mollie. "We're Mollie and Whistlebinkie come to see you."

"Oh, indeed!" cried the Unwiseman from within, as

Won't You Kindly Sit on the Table?

he threw the door open wide. "Why, what a pleasant surprise! I had no idea you were coming. Walk right in. So glad to see you."

Whistlebinkie giggled slightly through his beaver hat as he and Mollie, accepting the invitation, walked in and seated themselves in a droll little parlor that opened on the left-hand side of the hall.

"So this is your house, is it?" said Mollie, glancing about her with much interest.

"Yes," said the Unwiseman; "but, Miss Whistlebinkie, won't you kindly sit on the table instead of on that chair? So many people have been hurt by chairs breaking under them—many times more than are hurt from sitting on tables—that I have to be very careful. I have no doubt the chairs are strong enough to hold you, but I don't want to take any chances.

"I think it will rain next year, don't you?" he added. "And you haven't brought any umbrellas! Too bad, too bad. If you should get wet, you'd find it very damp. Really, you ought never to go out without an umbrella. I always do, but then I know enough to go in when it rains, so of course don't need one."

"I see you have a piano," said Whistlebinkie, taking in the furniture of the parlor.

"Yes," replied the Unwiseman. "It's a very fine one too. It has lots of tunes locked up in it."

"Are you fond of music?" asked Mollie.

"No, I hate it," said the Unwiseman. "That's why I have the piano. There's just so much less music in the world. Nobody can get at the keys of that piano,

so you see it's never played, which pleases me very much. If I were rich enough, I'd buy all the pianos, and organs, and fiddles, and horns, and drums in the world, and I'd keep 'em all locked up so that there never would be any more music at all."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Mollie. "I love music."

"Well," said the old man, generously, "you can have my share. Whenever anybody brings any music around where I am hereafter, I'll do it up in a package, and send it to you."

"Thank you very much," said Mollie. "It's very good of you."

"Oh, it's no favor to you, I am sure!" put in the Unwiseman, hastily. "In fact, it's the other way. I'm obliged to you for taking it off my hands. If you want to you can open the piano right away, and take out all the tunes there are in it. I'll go off on the mountains while you are doing it, so that it won't annoy me any."

"Oh, no!" said Mollie. "I'd a great deal rather have you to talk to than all the tunes in the piano."

"Very well," said the old man, with a smile of pleasure. "What shall we talk about, frogs?"

"I don't know anything about frogs," said Mollie.

"Neither do I," returned the Unwiseman. "I don't know the difference between a frog and a watch-chain, except that one chains watches and the other doesn't, but which does and which doesn't I haven't a notion."

"I see you have all your pictures with their faces turned to the wall," said Mollie, looking about the

room again so as to avoid laughing in the Unwiseman's face. "What is that for?"

"That's to make them more interesting," replied the Unwiseman. "They're a very uninteresting lot of pictures, and I never could get anybody to look at 'em until I turned them hind side before, that way. Now everybody wants to see them."

Mollie rose up, and turned one of them about so that she could see it. "It's very pretty," she said. "What is it a picture of—a meadow?"

"No. It's a picture of me," said the Unwiseman. "And it's one of the best I ever had taken."

"But I don't see you in it," said Mollie. "All I can see is a great field of grass and a big bowlder down in one corner."

"I know it," said the Unwiseman. "I'm lying on my back behind the bowlder asleep. If you could move the bowlder you could see me, but you can't. It's too heavy, and, besides, I think the paint is glued on."

"I hope you don't lie on the ground asleep very much," said Mollie, gravely, for she had taken a great liking to this strange old man who didn't know anything. "You might catch your death of cold."

"I didn't say I was lying on the ground," said the Unwiseman. "I said I was lying on my back. People ought not to catch cold lying on a nice warm back like mine."

"And do you live here all alone?" asked Mollie.

"Yes, I don't need anybody to live with. Other people know things, and it always makes them proud, and I don't like proud people."

"I hope you like me," said Mollie, softly.

"Yes, indeed, I do," cried the Unwiseman. "I like you and Whistlebinkie very much, because neither of you knows anything, and so, of course, you aren't stuck up like some people I meet who think just because they know the difference between a polar bear and a fog horn while I don't that they're so much better than I am. I like you, and I hope you will come and see me again."

"I will, truly," said Mollie.

"Very well—and that you may get back sooner you'd better run right home now. It is getting late, and, besides, I have an engagement."

"You?" asked Mollie. "What with?"

"Well, don't you tell anybody," said the Unwiseman; "but I'm going up to the village to the drug store. I promised to meet myself up there at six o'clock, and it's quarter past now, so I must hurry."

"But what on earth are you going to do there?" asked Mollie.

"I'm going to buy myself a beaver hat just like Whistlebinkie's," returned the Unwiseman, gleefully, "I've got to have something to keep my tablecloth in, and a beaver hat strikes me as just the thing."

Saying which the Unwiseman bowed Mollie and Whistlebinkie out, and sped off like lightning in the direction of the village drug store, but whether or not he succeeded in getting a beaver hat there I don't know, for he never told me.

—From "Mollie and the Unwiseman",
by John Kendrick Bangs.
Courtesy of the John C. Winston Co.

DO YOU THINK CLEARLY?

Arrange your papers as usual with your name, grade, date, etc. On the first clear line place the number 1 in the margin and number the following lines in order up to 7.

Here is another chance to do some clear thinking. You must have your wits about you as you solve the seven problems which follow.

1. On the first line write the two numbers before 6 and the third number after 4.

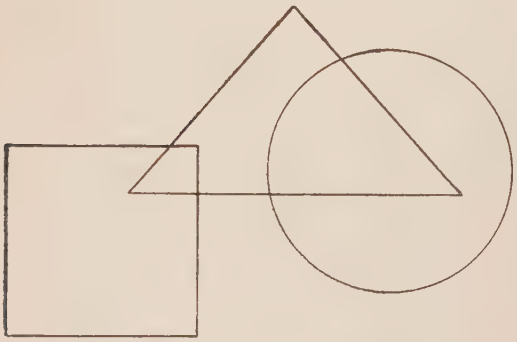
2. Write on your paper on the second line all the words in this sentence that contain the letter *e*.

3. If dough is better to eat than bread, write the word *loaf* on the third line, but if bread is better, write the word *baker* there.

4. If judges wear robes, what do soldiers wear? Write your answer on the fourth line.

5. There is a word in the following list which does not belong there. If you can find it, write this word on the fifth line:

dog pig bear cat cow horse



6. Here is a figure made up of a triangle, a square and a circle. If there is more of the triangle in the square than there is in the circle, write *yes* on the sixth line. If not, draw a triangle there.

7. Write on the seventh line a sentence containing these words:

aeroplane France soldier

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A QUARREL

This story is short enough for you to make it a speed test. Do not start to read until your teacher gives you a signal. Then read as rapidly as you can, but not so rapidly that you do not understand all the story. When you finish raise your hand as a signal to your teacher, then turn your book over.

Once upon a time, there lived in a nice, dry, comfortable cave two monks, named Brother Hilarius and Brother Boniface. Most of their time they spent in prayer or in praise; and, for the rest, they smiled all summer and laughed all winter. They loved God and they loved each other, and so they were happy.

But one day Brother Hilarius grew tired of being good. He wanted a change. "Brother," said he to his companion, "life is very dull, with every day the same. I am tired of seeing you look so cheerful, and of always being cheerful and kindly myself. Let us have a quarrel."

"Very well," said Brother Boniface, looking rather grave, for he did not quite like the idea. "But what can we quarrel about?"

"Well," said Brother Hilarius doubtfully, "I can't tell you to get out of my side of the cave, for you never come in it. And I can't steal your food, for you always want me to eat yours as well as my own. I have it," he cried after a moment's thought; "do you see that big white stone out there? You say it's yours and I'll say it's mine, and so we'll get up a squabble."

"All right," said the other monk, "only you must begin." And he clenched his fist behind his back.

Brother Hilarius scowled, and looked ugly and black,

and Brother Boniface did the same. They were quite changed from the kindly, smiling men they had been a moment before. Brother Hilarius pointed to the stone and said gruffly, "I want you to understand that stone is mine, and if I catch you sitting on it I'll crack your bald pate with it."

Such fierceness made Brother Boniface jump. "I beg your pardon, my dear brother," he said in amazement.

"Don't call me 'dear'," was the rough reply. "Behave respectfully to your betters. Understand, that white stone is mine. Do you deny it?"

At this Brother Boniface could hardly get his breath, but he managed to stammer out, "Your stone, is it?"

"Yes," shouted the other monk; "my stone! and mind, it belongs to me and I'm going to have it."

"Why," faltered Brother Boniface, "of course it is yours, my dear friend. And if you'll wait a minute I'll find you another, and you can have two."

At that they both burst out laughing. "I suppose we must give it up," said Hilarius. "It takes two to make a quarrel, and you are such an amiable old rascal that you won't disagree."

Then they went into the cave and sat down happily together to their supper of bread and water, and lived peacefully ever after.

—*Adapted.*

Some boys and girls can read this story in less than one and a half minutes. Ask your teacher whether you are one of the slow or the rapid or the average readers.

HOW TO MAKE A FIRE IN THE STOVE

Dorothy was a little girl who was always sure that she knew how to do everything better than anyone could tell her. So one day when her mother was suddenly called away for a day and a night, Dorothy offered quite confidently to look after the housekeeping for her father and big brother.

"Oh, yes, mother," she said. "Of course I can get supper and breakfast. Why, I've watched you over and over, and helped you, too."

"It's been such a warm day that I've let the fire go out," said her mother doubtfully, "and I'm afraid ——"

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Dorothy loftily. "Just paper and kindling and wood—I know how."

Her mother started off, and at five o'clock the little daughter began to make preparations for supper. She filled the stove with paper and kindling and wood, and set a match to it. The paper blazed up, but the wood didn't catch. She stuffed in more paper; she poked and rearranged; but no fire would burn. It was half past five—nearly time for father to come. Discouraged, Dorothy sat down and began to cry.

A knock came at the kitchen door. It was friendly Mrs. Allen from next door, come to find out how her young neighbor was getting along.

"The fire won't burn? Of course it won't. The stove is all choked up with ashes. Now come here, child, and I'll show you how to make a fire. Watch and listen carefully.

"First of all, we must brush out all these ashes from

below. A fire won't burn unless the air can get to it from underneath. Now do you see this little handle that opens a little sliding door, at the front of the stove near the bottom? That's a damper, to let the air from outside pass up through the fire. The other little handle at the top of the stove toward the back opens the chimney damper, which allows the draught of air to pass through the fire and up the chimney. You must always open both these dampers until you have your fire burning well.

"Now give me some newspaper. That's it—we'll crumple it up and cover the grate with it. Now some kindling on top of the paper; and now we're ready for the larger pieces of wood. You must lay them criss cross, and some of them slanting, so there will be plenty of space between the pieces. They must be firm enough to make a bed for the coal. Now we'll put the coal in, light the paper, and put on the lid."

In a few minutes there came a roaring sound from the stove. Mrs. Allen lifted the lid and peeped in. "It's going nicely; the coal is kindled already. Now in a little while close the dampers, so the heat will stay in and not all go up the chimney, and so your fuel won't burn away too quickly."

Dorothy was very grateful to Mrs. Allen. Thanks to her aid, she was able to have her father's supper ready for him; and in the morning she found she remembered perfectly how to make the fire.

Do you think you can rem mber well enough to tell or write what you have just read? Make a list of eight things you must be sure to remember when you have to build a fire.

OPPOSITES

This drill will show you how well you can follow printed directions, and will help you to be careful in observing and using words. Follow each direction very carefully.

1. Arrange your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second. Then, beginning on the fourth line, in the margin, write, one under the other, the figures 1 to 10.

2. Below are ten sets of words. In each set, the first word in small capitals is followed by four other words. One of these four words is just opposite in meaning to the first word. Look at the first set. HIGH is the first word. Now read the four words that follow it (sky, low, above, deep). Which of these words means just the opposite to HIGH? LOW, of course. Write these two words with opposite meanings after figure 1 on your paper, as follows:

1. HIGH LOW

3. Pick out the word in the second set that has an opposite meaning to the word GREAT, and write it after figure 2.

4. Now finish the exercise by picking out the two opposite words in each remaining set, and writing them after the proper figure. When you have finished, wait quietly for the others.

1. HIGH (sky, low, above, deep).
2. GREAT (less, large, small, beautiful).
3. YOUNG (child, old, growing, small).
4. FORGET (remember, think, lessons, copy).
5. POLITE (courtesy, gentleman, rude, thoughtless).
6. GO (get, quickly, come, send).
7. WAR (soldiers, treaty, fight, peace).
8. SILENCE (confusion, noise, loud, quiet).
9. ROUGH (smooth, rocks, noisy, ice).
10. GIVE (package, present, gift, receive).

WHY THE BUTTERFLY'S WINGS ARE PAINTED

An ordinary reader can read this little story in from three to four minutes. How long will it take you? Remember you must miss none of the points of the story.

Of all the lovely out-of-door things that we admire for their pretty colors—the flowers, the sunset clouds, the blue water of a mountain lake—none has more exquisite coloring than the dainty, filmy wings of the butterfly. Sometimes striped, sometimes spotted, sometimes with delicate pinks and blues and purples and browns and yellows all shading into each other like the hues of an opal, the butterfly floating over the meadow is like a flower come to life. And there is a reason. Let me tell you a story, and you will know what the reason is.

Long, long ago, when the world was young, people had a separate god or goddess to take care of everything in the world. They thought that the goddess of love and beauty was named Venus. Because she was the goddess of love she expected to be loved more than any other creature in the world; and because she was the goddess of beauty she insisted upon being thought the most beautiful of all women or goddesses. You can see at once that she was probably a very vain goddess, and that everyone had to be very careful not to offend her.

Venus had a son, whom she loved very dearly. He was Cupid, the god of love. You have seen pictures of him—a little winged boy, with a bow and

arrows. Venus loved him so dearly that she was very much afraid of having any fair maiden come near him, for fear she might steal his affection away from his mother. So, though she had many fair maidens to wait upon her, she never let Cupid play with them.

One day in spring, when all the flowers were in blossom—violets and buttercups and daisies and forget-me-nots and roses—Dame Venus went out into the meadow with her maidens. As they danced along over the soft grass, full of the happiness of spring, the goddess told the maidens to gather as many flowers as their hands could hold, and to see which of them could weave the prettiest garland for their lady's head. Now the most beautiful of all these maidens was named Aster, which means a star. Not only was she the prettiest, but she also had the most charming manners, and was the cleverest at any task these maidens had to do. The others were rather jealous of her, because they thought their queen loved her best; and oh, dear, what a lot of trouble jealousy does make in this world! It made trouble for poor Aster. For as usual, she was the quickest of all in gathering the flowers, and had sat down to begin weaving the garland, with her lap full of beautiful blossoms of all colors, before the other maidens had gathered nearly enough.

Jealous as usual, the maidens saw that again Aster was going to be more praised than the rest of them. So two of them did the thing that they knew in their spiteful hearts would make Dame Venus angrier than anything else. They whispered to the goddess that

the reason Aster had so many flowers was because Cupid had helped her gather them, out of sight of the rest; and the reason he helped her was because he thought she was so beautiful that he loved her more than anyone in the world.

Dame Venus was just as jealous of her son as the maidens were of Aster. She thought that she would very quickly put an end to any such thing as this that was whispered to her. Of course a goddess had power to do all kinds of magic things. Before Aster knew what was happening to her, she found her body and head growing smaller and smaller, and her arms spreading out wider and wider, until they were no longer arms, but wings! She felt herself lifted into the air and floating gently along above the meadow. She was a butterfly! the first butterfly that ever was known. But because she had been so beautiful a maiden, Venus could not bear to rob her of all her grace and charm; so she took the flowers, pink and blue and purple and yellow, which had filled the maiden's lap as she sat weaving the garland, and put them into her filmy wings.

So that is why the butterfly's wings are painted.

—*Mabel Dodge Holmes.*

QUESTIONS

1. If you were an artist, what picture would you make to illustrate this story? Tell all the things you would show in the picture.

2. Next time you are out walking and see a butterfly, maybe you will want to tell your friends the reason why the butterfly looks like a flower. Without re-telling the whole story, what reason can you give?

THE GOLDEN BIRD

This story is a Russian fairy tale. Of course, fairy tales are intended most of all for enjoyment. Read straight along as you would if you were at home reading a library book to amuse yourself. But read thoughtfully enough so that at the end you will be able to discuss some interesting questions.

There once was a king of a far country who had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. These apples were counted every day, but about the time when they began to grow ripe, it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this and ordered the gardener to keep watch all night under the tree. The gardener set his eldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch; and at midnight he, too, fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone.

Then the youngest son offered to keep watch, but the gardener at first would not let him for fear some harm should come to him; however, at last he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve, there was a rustling noise in the air, and there came flying a bird that was of pure gold. Looking up just at this moment, the youngest son discovered the golden bird pecking at the golden apple; then he jumped up and shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm; only it dropped a golden feather from its tail and then flew away. The golden feather was brought

to the king in the morning, and all the council was called together. Every one agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom; but the king said, "One feather is of no use to me; I must have the whole bird".

Then the gardener's eldest son set out and thought to find the golden bird very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting; so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then the fox said, "Do not shoot me, for I will give you good counsel; I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening, and when you get there, you will see two inns opposite each other, one of which is very pleasant and beautiful to look at. Go not in there, but rest for the night in the other, though it may appear to you to be very poor and mean."

But the son thought to himself, "What can such a beast as this know about the matter?" So he shot an arrow at the fox, but he missed it, and it curled up its tail above its back and ran into the wood. Then he went his way and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were; and in one of these were people singing, and dancing, and feasting, but the other looked very dirty and poor. "I should be very silly," said he, "if I went into that shabby house and left this charming place." So he went into the smart house and ate and drank at his ease and forgot the bird and his country too.

Time passed on, and as the eldest son did not come

back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met the fox who gave him the same good advice; but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merrymaking was and called to him to come in. He could not withstand the temptation but went in and forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner.

Time passed on again, and the youngest son, too, wished to set out into the wide world to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not listen to it for a long while, for he was very fond of this son and was afraid that some ill luck might happen to him also and prevent his coming back. However, at last it was agreed he should go, for he would not rest at home; and as he came to the wood, he met the fox and heard the same good counsel. But he was thankful to the fox and did not attempt his life as his brothers had done; so the fox said, "Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down, and the fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone so quickly that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the son followed the fox's counsel, and without looking about him went to the shabby inn and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, "Go straight forward, till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep and snoring; take no notice of them, but go into the castle and pass on and on till you come to a room where the golden

The Youngest Son Sits on the Fox's Tail

bird sits in a wooden cage; close by it stands a beautiful golden cage; but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will repent it." Then the fox stretched out his tail again, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said; so the son went in and found the chamber where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage, and below stood the golden cage, and the golden apples that had been lost were lying close by it. Then thought he, "It will be a very droll thing to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage"; so he opened the door and took hold of the bird and put it into the golden cage. But the bird set up such a loud screaming that all the soldiers awoke, and they took him prisoner and carried him before the king. The next morning the court sat to judge him; and when all was heard, it sentenced him to die, unless he should bring the king the golden horse which could run as swiftly as the wind; and if he did this, he was to have the golden bird given him for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, sighing, and in great despair, when on a sudden his good friend the fox met him, and said, "You see now what has happened on account of your not listening to my counsel. I will still, however, tell you how to find the golden horse, if you will do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall; by his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring; take away the horse quietly,

but be sure to put the old leathern saddle upon him and not the golden one that is close by it." Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the groom lay snoring with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leathern saddle upon it. "I will give him the good one," said he; "I am sure he deserves it". As he took up the golden saddle the groom awoke and cried out so loud that all the guards ran in and took the youngest son prisoner, and in the morning he was again brought before the court, and was sentenced to die. But it was agreed, that, if he could bring thither the beautiful princess, he should live and have the bird and the horse given him for his own.

Then he went his way again very sorrowful; but the old fox came and said, "Why did not you listen to me? If you had, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse; yet will I once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At twelve o'clock at night the princess goes to the bathing-house. Go up to her and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away, but take care you do not suffer her to go and take leave of her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and so away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled again.

As they came to the castle, all was as the fox had said, and at twelve o'clock the young man met the princess going to the bath and gave her a kiss, and

she agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he refused, but she wept more and more and fell at his feet, till at last he consented; but the moment she came to her father's house, the guards awoke and the son was taken prisoner again.

Then he was brought before the king, and the king said, "You shall never have my daughter unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window". Now this hill was so big that the whole world could not take it away; and when he had worked for seven days, and had done very little, the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep; I will work for you". In the morning he awoke and the hill was gone; so he went merrily to the king, and told him that now he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess. Then the fox came and said to him, "We will have all three, the princess, the horse, and the bird". "Ah!" said the young man, "that would be a great thing, but how can you contrive it?"

"If you will only listen," said the fox, "it can soon be done. When you come to the king, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is!' Then he will be very joyful; and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you and put out your hand to take leave of them; but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on to the horse behind you; clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went right. Then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king; and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird; but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird; and when you get it into your hand, ride away."

This, too, happened as the fox said. They carried off the bird; the princess mounted again, and they rode on to a great wood. Then the fox came, and said, "Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my feet." But the young man refused to do it; so the fox said, "I will at any rate give you good counsel: beware of two things; ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no river." Then away he went. "Well," thought the young man, "it is no hard matter to keep that advice."

He rode on with the princess till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he heard a great noise and uproar; and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, "Two men are going to be hanged." As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers; so he said, "Cannot they in any way be saved?" But the people said "No," unless he would bestow all his money upon the rascals and buy their liberty. Then he did not stay to think about the matter, but paid what was asked, and his brothers were given up and went on with him towards their home.

And as they came to the wood where the fox first met them, it was so cool and pleasant that the two brothers said, "Let us sit down by the side of the river, and rest awhile, to eat and drink." So he said, "Yes," and forgot the fox's counsel and sat down on the side of the river; and while he suspected nothing, they came behind, and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said, "All this have we won by our labor". Then there was great rejoicing made; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess wept.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the river's bed; luckily it was nearly dry, but his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out. Then the old fox came once more and scolded him for not following his advice; otherwise no evil would have befallen him. "Yet," said he, "I cannot leave you here, so lay hold of my tail and hold fast". Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set watch to kill you if they find you in the kingdom". So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came secretly to the king's court and was scarcely within the doors when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. Then he went to the king, and told him all his brothers' roguery; and they were seized and punished, and he had the princess given to him again; and after the king's death he was heir to his kingdom.

A long while after, he went to walk one day in the

wood, and the old fox met him, and besought him to kill him and cut off his head and feet. And at last he did so, and in a moment the fox was changed into a man and turned out to be a brother of the princess who had been lost a great many, many years.

—From "Fairy Tales of All Nations".
Courtesy of The John C. Winston Co.

Well! Well! That was certainly a fairy story. The elder brothers deserved to be punished; but did you not feel how much better it would have been had the youngest son followed the good advice which the fox so often gave? Who can tell the story as it would have been had the young man taken the advice of the fox about the wooden cage?

Suppose he had not followed the good advice about the bird; but in the trouble which resulted, had learned to respect the fox's counsel and had done so when he came to the horse. What would the story then have been?

Who can tell the story if the princess had not returned to bid her father goodbye?

Who can say what would have happened had the young man chopped off the fox's head and feet when he first requested it? And who will tell the story had the older brothers been left to their fate?

What change would have been made in the story had the travelers not stopped by the river to rest?

ANSWER QUICKLY

Three trains run from Chicago to St. Louis, each on a different railroad. The distance by the first railroad is 394 miles, by the second, 415 miles and by the third, 375 miles. In order that all these trains arrive in St. Louis at the same time which train must start first?

CLEAR THINKING

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line at the right, and your grade below it on the second line. Put nothing on the next line. Here are eight problems to be answered, not with figures, but with the word, *yes* or *no*. No other answer will be satisfactory. Put the answer to the first problem on the fourth line, and in the margin of your paper, mark it number 1. Use a new line for each new answer, and if you are not sure of the answer, guess at it, and pass on to the next.

1. John earned seven dollars selling papers. If he puts half of it in bank will he be able to buy a tennis racket for four dollars?

2. I am two years older than John, Mary is a year younger than I. Is Mary older than John?

3. All the members of the Garden Club are in the Fifth Grade. Craig is in the Fifth Grade. Are you sure that he is a member of the Garden Club?

4. Seals are found only in cold waters. Would you look for seals in the Gulf of Mexico?

5. Mary is younger than Edith. Grace is older than Mary. Do you know that Edith is younger than Grace?

6. Money buys more in France than in the United States. Are things cheaper in the United States than in France?

7. Henry is saving to buy a sled for $1.75. He has over half of the money. If he earns ninety cents this week will he have enough to buy the sled?

8. The Amazon Valley is hot and damp. Would you expect to find a dense growth of trees and plants there?

WHAT SHALL I READ?

In the time of your great-grandparents there were very few children's books, and they were about such strange, stiff, prim children that you would smile to read some of them. But now! Why, there are so many books that you can only read a small part of them, excluding school books; those, of course, you have to read. But what of books that are given you in other ways, some that are lent by friends, and others borrowed from the library? There are nice story-books and silly story-books; fairy tales and tales of adventure; lives of famous people; stories from history; stories of great inventors, explorers, artists, musicians, missionaries, and scientists; and books of travel and poetry.

A well-known poet said about reading: "Readers may be divided into four classes. The first may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a trace behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which sucks in everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows everything that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems."

It is a great mistake to think that because a book is a book, and is in a shop window or library, that, therefore, it is good, interesting and profitable to read.

Quantities of books are trash; many are worse than that—really harmful! They put wrong thoughts into the mind, such as people, when they are older, would give much never to have had. Then there are books about grown-ups that you cannot fully understand until you are a man or woman. It is waste of time for you to read them and they make you old in thought before your time. Childhood and youth are precious things; keep them in books as well as in life as long as you can.

The books it is wise to read are those that tell us about the wonders of the world; the men and women of past ages; the thoughts of the greatest thinkers; the lives of great workers and heroes; books of imagination that lift us into the realms of pure fancy; stories that teach and inspire us to live up to our possibilities; funny, amusing tales to make us laugh; useful books that tell us how to make things, how to take care of our bodies, how we are governed, what is going on in the world, how other nations work and play. The choice is so large, that any boy or girl, so long as he or she can read, is able to travel in imagination into most parts of the globe—into the Arctic and Antarctic regions, into India, Japan, Russia, the South Seas, Australia, Africa, New Zealand. Pictures, too, make these countries all seem real. Besides, you are taken into all these interesting places in the company of travelers and venturesome spirits so that you seem to form one of the party, and live through their experiences.

Or you may like to read historical tales about

people who lived in the time of the Romans or Greeks, during the period of the Crusades, while America was being explored and settled, or in Revolutionary or Civil War times. The more books read about other lands and peoples, provided they give faithful pictures of them, the better for the widening of the mind's horizon and the deepening of sympathy.

Perhaps you like to read lives of noted men and women, those who have stood head and shoulders above their fellows because they have done something morally great, heroic, or patriotic. Such books encourage others to follow in the footsteps of the great, and to try to make their lives also helpful in their day and generation.

Suppose you take interest in music or art. On both these subjects you will like to read not only books of practical information, but lives of famous artists and musicians.

Natural science, especially nature books, may have an attraction, particularly if you live in the country and want to read about trees, plants, animals and birds.

Talking over what you read, and telling it to the younger children is capital practice. You remember it better, amuse the little ones, and get into the way of expressing yourself clearly. And it is a good plan to make a list of the books you read, the date when finished, and just a word or two saying what you think of them, such as: Dry; very interesting; funny; read again.

You are probably very particular about the food

you eat, but everyone is not nearly so particular about the food that is given to the mind; yet how important that is! When Abraham Lincoln was a boy living in a log hut in the backwoods, he had very few books; so when he saw anything he wished to remember in a book away from home, he would scratch the extract on stone or a piece of wood—on anything where he could keep it till he committed it to his commonplace book, and finally learned it by heart. It is not the quantity but the quality of what we read, and how we retain and use it that are important.

—From "Talks With Children About Themselves", by Amy B. Barnard.

With what did the poet compare the four classes of readers? Make a list of ten kinds of books worth reading.

OBEY ORDERS

Below are three circles. Copy them on your paper. If the middle circle is the smallest, put a figure 2 inside the first circle. If the first circle is the largest put a figure 3 inside the middle circle, but if the last circle is the largest put a figure 1 inside it.

CAN YOU PLAY A PART?

Here is another set of "movie" scenes. If you forget how we played the first set, look on page 12 and see just what to do.

1. Just as the last fairy was about to offer her gift, there was a great knocking at the door; and before anyone could get there to open it, the thirteenth fairy, the wicked one who was not invited, burst the door open and stormed into the room in a furious rage.

2. Goldilocks soon came to the house where lived the three bears. First she peeped through the keyhole; then she peeped through the window. Then she lifted the latch and peeped through the doorway, and seeing nobody in the house, she walked in.

3. The box was still on the chair when Janet came in, but now there was a card on it which read,

"To Janet from
Uncle Jack."

She carried the box to the table and with impatient fingers started to untie the string.

4. The merchant had lost himself in a thick wood. As darkness came on, he began to be afraid that he would have to spend the night under a tree. Suddenly he saw a bright light shining in the distance and he hurried toward the light.

5. When the knight reached the door of the palace, to his surprise he found it open, though nobody seemed to be about. He knocked repeatedly, but no one answered, and at last he marched boldly in.

6. The Prince hunted about until he came to a little house on the outskirts of a thick wood. There he hoped

to find the beautiful Princess, and so he went round to the tiny kitchen door and asked the kind cook for a drink of water. While he was drinking it, he asked who lived there.

7. Old Mose made several trips back to the wagon, each time returning with mysterious bundles and baskets. Then he busied himself about a fire that he had made back in the bushes. Just when everyone was beginning to feel that dinner would never come, he climbed up on a great stump and pounded on the biggest pan with his soup ladle. "You-all come to dinner," said Mose.

8. Running away from home had been great fun; but now when the sun began to go down, Morty remembered that so anxious had he been to run away, he had brought no dinner along. Now he got up from the grass by the creek and started for home. He went ever so slowly, because he was sick and hungry and his feet hurt him. And when the sun had gone the shadows reached out from behind every bush and tree, and that would have scared even good boys who had never run away.

9. The Indian suddenly stepped from behind the giant oak and held up his empty hand as a token of peace. Leaning his rifle carefully against the great trunk, he advanced slowly down the path.

10. The next morning Mary was up bright and early. Long before the dwarfs came down, she swept up the hearth, and straightened out the rug, and then at each place around the long table, she placed the tiny dishes that the dwarfs liked so well.

THE SMALLEST SOLDIER OF ALL

Of all the dogs enlisted in the dog army in France, the sentinels and the dispatch dogs were most important. The sentinel dogs went into advance posts with their masters and were trained to give the alarm by a low growl at the approach of any other person. The dispatch dogs were used for sending orders. They shared all the dangers of life at the front and they shared too, the "wooden cross", or military honors.

Mignon was the name of one of these army dogs. She was a small, fuzzy-haired little dog with round black eyes and a restless tail. She could walk on her hind legs and shake hands and do other cunning tricks. She had left a very pleasant home in the country, where she was the pet of the whole household, to come to a training camp for dogs behind the fighting line. Her new master was a kind soldier in blue who spent much of his time patiently teaching her new tricks.

First, she had to get used to the noise of the big guns. Then she must learn to crouch close to the ground or hide in a deep hole when a shell screamed. Most important of all, she had to be taught to go swiftly from one place to another with a message in a little pouch which was tied around her neck.

One morning, before daybreak, as little Mignon was dreaming pleasantly, she heard her master's voice calling, "Come, Mignon! You and I must fight this day for France."

With a glad little cry, she sprang up and followed him as his regiment marched to the firing line. The

battle was terrible, but she never left her master's side. At last word came that the German guns had destroyed the French telephone wires. Unless the French commander could get a message to his men on the other side of the field, the battle would be lost.

"That is easy," said Mignon's master, as he patted her head. "Here is a brave little messenger."

As he fastened the pouch with the message at her neck, Mignon's master whispered in her ear: "Go, little Mignon. I know you will not fail. Have I not taught you myself? Go! You fight for France!"

Off she darted. The soldiers watched her run swiftly for a few yards and then crouch as a shell exploded overhead. Once they thought she had been killed by a German gun, but when the smoke lifted they saw her far in the distance, running forward. At last she arrived safely with the message. The day was won.

Later, Mignon's regiment was paraded before the great general to be honored for bravery. And Mignon was there. She, too, received a "Cross of War". "For," said the soldiers, "if it had not been for Mignon we could not have won."

—*"National School Service."*

Questions

1. In what two ways were dogs used in the dog-army of France?
2. In what way was Mignon used?
3. What did her kind master train her to do? (If you have forgotten, read the third paragraph again.)
4. What great thing did Mignon do for France?

ROSE-BUD

This is an old story that has been told many times in different forms. Read it carefully so that you can remember it. Tell it to your parents or friends. Perhaps your teacher will call on some of you to tell it to the class either just after you have read it or a week or two later.

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who had no children; and this they lamented very much. But one day as the queen was walking by the side of the river a little fish lifted its head out of the water, and said, "Your wish shall be fulfilled, and you shall soon have a daughter". What the little fish had foretold soon came to pass; and the queen had a little girl that was so very beautiful that the king could not cease looking on her for joy. He determined to hold a great feast. So he invited not only his relations, friends and neighbors, but also all the fairies, that they might be kind and good to his little daughter. Now, there were thirteen fairies in his kingdom, and he had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of, so that he was obliged to leave one of the fairies without an invitation. The rest came, and after the feast was over they gave all their best gifts to the little princess: one gave her virtue, another beauty, another riches, and so on till she had all that was excellent in the world. When eleven had done blessing her, the thirteenth, who had not been invited, and who was very angry on that account, came in and determined to take her revenge. So she cried out, "The king's daughter shall in her fifteenth year be wounded by a spindle, and fall down dead". Then the twelfth,

who had not yet given her gift, came forward and said that the bad wish must be fulfilled, but that she could soften it, and that the king's daughter should not die, but should fall asleep for a hundred years.

But the king hoped to save his dear child from the threatened evil, and ordered that all the spindles in the kingdom should be bought up and destroyed. All the fairies' gifts were in the meantime fulfilled; for the princess was so beautiful, and well-behaved, and amiable, and wise, that every one who knew her loved her. Now, it happened that on the very day she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and she was left alone in the palace. So she roved about by herself, and looked at all the rooms and chambers, till at last she came to an old tower, to which there was a narrow staircase ending with a little door. In the door there was a golden key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there sat an old lady spinning away very busily. "Why, how now, good mother?" said the princess; "what are you doing there?"

"Spinning," said the old lady, and nodded her head. "How prettily that little thing turns round!" said the princess and took the spindle and began to spin. But scarcely had she touched it before the prophecy was fulfilled, and she fell down lifeless on the ground.

However, she was not dead, but had only fallen into a deep sleep; and the king and the queen, who just then came home, and all their court, fell asleep, too; and the horses slept in the stables, and the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the house-top, and the flies on

the wall. Even the fire on the hearth left off blazing, and went to sleep; and the meat that was roasting stood still; and the cook, who was at that moment pulling the kitchen-boy by the hair to give him a box on the ear, let him go, and both fell asleep; and so everything stood still, and slept soundly.

A large hedge of thorns soon grew round the palace, and every year it became higher and thicker, till at last the whole palace was surrounded and hid, so that not even the roof or the chimneys could be seen. But there went a report through all the land of the beautiful sleeping Rose-Bud, for so was the king's daughter called; so that from time to time several kings' sons came, and tried to break through the thicket into the palace. This they could never do; for the thorns laid hold of them as if with hands, and there they stuck fast and died miserably.

After many years there came a king's son into that land, and an old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns, and how behind it stood a beautiful palace in which was a wonderful princess, called Rose-Bud, asleep with all her court. He told, too, how he had heard that many, many princes had come, and had tried to break through the thicket, but had stuck fast and died. Then the young prince said, "All this shall not frighten me; I will go and see Rose-Bud". The old man tried to dissuade him but he persisted.

Now, that very day were the hundred years completed; and as the prince came to the thicket he saw nothing but beautiful flowering shrubs, through which he passed with ease, and they closed after him as firm

as ever. Then he came at last to the palace, and there in the court lay the dogs asleep, and the horses in the stables, and on the roof sat the pigeons fast asleep with their heads under their wings; and when he came into the palace, the flies slept on the walls, and the cook in the kitchen was still holding up her hand as if she would beat the boy, and the maid sat with a black fowl in her hand ready to be plucked.

Then he went on still further, and all was so still that he could hear every breath he drew; till at last he came to the old tower and opened the door of the little room in which Rose-Bud was, and there she lay fast asleep. She looked so beautiful that he stooped down and gave her a kiss.

But the moment the prince kissed Rose-Bud she awoke and smiled upon him. Then they went out together, and presently the king and queen also awoke, and all the court, and they gazed on each other with great wonder. And the horses got up and shook themselves, and the dogs jumped about and barked; the pigeons took their heads from under their wings, and looked about and flew into the fields; the flies on the walls buzzed away; the fire in the kitchen blazed up and cooked the dinner, and the roast meat turned round again; the cook gave the boy the box on his ear so that he cried out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl. And then the wedding of the prince and Rose-Bud was celebrated, and they lived happily together all their lives.

—From "Fairy Tales of All Nations".
Courtesy of The John C. Winston Co.

CAN YOU FOLLOW DIRECTIONS?

This exercise is given to see if you can follow directions. Follow each direction as you read it. Do not wait for others to start, but begin now.

1. Arrange your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second. At the left hand side of your paper number the next ten lines from number 1 to number 10.

2. The words NAME IS A JOHN BOY'S do not make a good sentence, but if the words are arranged in order they form a good sentence, JOHN IS A BOY'S NAME. This sentence is true. In the same way, the words BOOKS MADE IRON OF ARE, arranged in the right order, form a good sentence, BOOKS ARE MADE OF IRON; but this sentence is not true.

3. Here are ten groups of words which can be rearranged into good sentences. When they are rearranged, some sentences will be true and some will be false. Look at the first set of words. Do not write the words in their right order, but see what they would say if rearranged. If what they would say is true, write the word *true* after figure 1; but if what they would say is not true, write the word *false*. Do this with each group of words. When you finish, put down your pencil and wait quietly for the others to finish.

1. iron gold are and metals valuable.
2. first Benjamin Franklin of president the United States was the.
3. New York England is of capital the.
4. the an animal camel is with wings.
5. of chairs made wood are.
6. Washington's comes in birthday February.
7. the Longfellow was by invented telephone.
8. the fly birds air in.
9. days short and winter cold are.
10. cotton grow and iron the in South.

THE THRIFTY BEAVER

The sun was slowly going down behind the trees and the day was almost over. Shadows were on the pond and the Beavers, swimming around, made long lines of silver, where the ripples caught little bits of sunlight. It was the end of the day for man, but it was really morning for the Beavers, as they sleep during the sunny hours. On a rock near their house, in the centre of the pond, sat two Beavers. One of them was very big and fine and he was Mr. Strongtooth Beaver. The other Beaver was only half the size of the big one and was his son. His name was Billy Beaver.

Billy was teasing his father not to do any work this night, but to play with him.

"Say, dad, you miss a lot of good times working all the time. Here we have this beautiful pond with a good strong dam to protect it. On the shore there is plenty of poplar wood to eat that we love. Why do you do all this working and saving?" And Billy looked up to his father for an answer.

Mr. Strongtooth looked out across the pond to the dam. He cared very much for the dam, because, without it, there would not have been any pond and then the Beavers could not have lived through one winter. Mr. Strongtooth turning to Billy said,

"Billy, my little son, you have not lived as long as I, or you would see the difference between looking ahead and saving for when you get older, and of just having a good time. When winter storms come, lazy

Beavers many times die because they have not been careful to look ahead and see that they will be protected.

"Now this pond didn't grow naturally. I and others planned it all out. We used to live down stream, but when we had cut down and eaten all the bark of the poplar trees, we came up here to find a place where we could build a dam and where there was plenty of food. This dam is over two hundred feet long and fifteen feet high, all made with sticks, stones and mud. It would take men many days with teams to haul the sticks and stones and dirt we put into that dam, and men say, when they have worked very hard, that they have 'worked like Beavers'. Now what do we get for all of our work, Billy? It is this—you have a big and pretty pond to swim in. Now all this wood we are working so hard each day to cut down and haul to the pond and sink there, means that we will save up enough during these warm days to last us through the cold winter.

"All we need do when the pond is frozen over and fierce winter storms are howling over our heads, is to dive from out of the house into the pond, take a stick of the wood we are saving now, go back into our nice warm home and eat the bark. Then we will save up these bare sticks and later put them on the dam of our stone house, so you see we waste nothing.

"Now suppose we did not do this, Billy! Suppose I just spent my time in playing as you think I ought to do. What do you suppose would happen?"

Mr. Strongtooth smiled down at the little son of

whom he thought so much, and for whose sake he worked so hard.

"Well, Billy, I'll tell you what would happen by telling you of the Bank Beaver."

"The Bank Beaver," said Billy. "What is that?"

"Bank Beavers," said his father, "to tell it in a few words, are Beavers who are too lazy to work but who want all the good things of others who work hard. Good hard-working Beavers won't help the lazy Beavers, and they say, 'If you won't work, you can't have what we work for and save'.

"So we tell the lazy Beavers they must work or go away, and this is what some of the Beavers do. They go away, and being too lazy to do all the hard work it takes to build a dam and keep it in repair, beside saving up for the winter, they just dig holes in the bank. That is why they are called Bank Beavers. Being so lazy, they cut down wood just as they need it.

"Now it often happens, Billy, that the streams freeze over so much that they can't get out for their food and so they starve to death. This is why busy Beavers are protected, because sometimes there is fifteen feet of water in the deeper places where the Beavers built the dam to hold it. In this way they can always get their food supply far below the ice on top. If they are lazy Beavers, they do not build a dam and then the stream is not over two or three feet deep. When it is as shallow as that, it freezes solid and so the lazy Beavers must starve because they cannot reach their food.

"How does all this sound to you, Billy? Do you want to grow up to be a Bank Beaver and perhaps starve?"

"Stop, Daddy, stop! I understand it all now. I'm going to start right in this minute and save up while we have something to save."

Mr. Strongtooth was smiling happily.

"That's the way to talk."

Then they raced into the cold water and swimming rapidly to the shore, they started to work.

A big poplar tree soon fell to the ground and Billy started in to cut off the smaller branches, while his father, with his strong teeth, quickly cut off the larger branches. How hard they worked! And yet they were having a good time. Once a twig cracked back in the woods and at once a Beaver who was watching out in the pond slapped his tail on the quiet water, making a sound almost like a gun. This is the Beaver's danger signal, and there was a wild scramble to get into the pond. But it was a false alarm, for, with their heads out of the water, they saw their neighbor, Mrs. Deer and her two young ones, come down to the pond and drink.

Soon the Beavers were hard at work again and they kept at it until it began to grow light, and the sun started to come up over a big mountain in the East. Billy was tired but happy.

"Why, Daddy," he said, "it gives you a wonderful feeling to work and feel you are saving up something for the future. I like the work more than play."

"It's only a new and better play, my son," said

Mr. Strongtooth. "There are a lot of people who work hard but don't save, so they do not get anything from their hard work."

"But, Daddy, you and I won't be in that class, will we?"

"No, Billy, we will not. I'm sure of that."

—*Courtesy of Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia.*

QUESTIONS

What food does the beaver eat?
Why does he build a dam?
How did the beaver on guard give the danger signal?
What sometimes happens to the lazy beavers?
Do you know any people like the Bank Beavers who forget to save?

THRIFT PROBLEMS

You have had problems like these on page 47. Answer these in the same way.

1. A certain boy in Buffalo earns at least $6.25 every week by working after school and on Saturdays. Which of the following words seems to tell you what kind of boy he is?

industrious foolish friendly happy

Write your answer on the first line and mark it number 1.

2. If this boy each week put away in bank four dollars or more, would you say that he was miserly or selfish or saving? Mark your answer number 2.

3. If, on the other hand, this boy spent most of his earnings on candy and the "movies", can you find a new word among the following that fitly describes him?

intelligent lazy wasteful spend-thrift

Write your answer on the third line.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

This poem is a series of pictures. After you have read it, close your eyes and imagine a moving picture of it. See the poet sitting in his room. See how the picture changes before the end of the poem.

Try to hear the words of the poem as you read it silently. If you cannot, read the poem aloud at home tonight.

Between the dark and the daylight,
  When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
  That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
  The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
  And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
  Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
  And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
  Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
  To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
  A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
  They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*
Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Company.

QUESTIONS

Was the poet fond of children?
Were they girls or boys, or both?
What was the difference between Alice and Allegra?
Why did the children like the poet?
Do you know the story of "the Bishop of Bingen"? If not, what do you suppose must have happened to him?

THE TWO CHARLEMAGNES

Sometimes people think that the word "great" applied to a king means only that he was strong and able to conquer his enemies. But a really great king must be much more than a powerful warrior. Of course, Charlemagne was a mighty conqueror. But he was great in other ways, too, as this story will show you.

More than a thousand years ago there reigned in the country that is now France a king so splendid and so powerful that he was called Charlemagne, a name that means Charles the Great. The story of one of the wars that he made will show how powerful he was. The King of the Lombards, a people who lived in the northern part of Italy, had offended the great king of the Franks, as the people of France were then called; and the vast realm of the Franks rang with the call to arms. Over the snowy passes of the Alps the armies of the great Charles poured down into Italy, spreading over the wide corn lands of Lombardy, while the Lombards fell back in fear and confusion.

From the top of a lofty tower the King of the Lombards and one of his officers looked out over the far-off fields where they knew that the Franks were advancing. The baggage trains first appeared out of the low haze of dust, and when the King saw how all the roads were filled with wagons and engines of war, he asked, "Is not Charles with this great host?" "No," replied his companion, who had been at the court of Charlemagne.

Then appeared the troops of spearmen and archers,

and of men armed with flails, with scythes, with clubs of gnarled oak; and the King exclaimed, "Surely the king is with this great multitude."

"No, not yet," said the courtier.

"What shall we do," cried the King, growing troubled, "if he can bring more than these against us?"

"You will soon see what manner of king this is," replied the other; "but what will happen to us I cannot tell".

Then came the mighty knights on horses; but Charles was not among them; and then followed the bishops in proud array, the priests of the chapel royal and the counts of the realm; but still Charles came not. And the King of the Lombards fell to sobbing and stammering, "Let us go down and hide ourselves in the depths of the earth".

But once more his courtier answered, "When you shall see all the fields of the harvest tossing, and the ranks of corn bending in wild gusts, and when you shall hear your rivers roaring and your bridges creaking, and the clash of arms sounding in your ears, then you may say that Charlemagne is nigh".

Scarcely were the words spoken when a stretch of black cloud rolled up in the northwest. The day grew dark; and more awful than the darkness, glimmering swords flashed out from the smoke of the cloud. Then appeared a figure of iron. It was Charlemagne. Iron was his helmet; iron sheathed his breast and broad shoulders; his gauntlets were iron; his feet were shod in iron. Of the color and of the might of iron was the horse on which he rode.

The host that rode before him, behind him, on either hand of him, were iron hearts. The land in all its ways and in all its fields was thronged with iron and with points of iron flashing dreadful lights.

"Behold at last," said the courtier to the King of Lombardy, "the man you have so long looked to see".

This was Charlemagne the warrior, the man of mighty conquests, whom his enemies feared. But there was a second Charlemagne, whom his friends loved; a big, glad-hearted man, who delighted in learning, in music, in hunting, in the services of the church, in having all his merry maidens about him, and in giving the least little maid on his knee a bite and a sip from his plain cup and trencher. Seven feet tall he stood. His flaxen hair fell on his broad shoulders, and his soul looked out from a cheerful face and swift lively eyes. He wore high-laced boots, in the Frankish fashion, and a homely tunic of linen or wool, bordered with colored silk, and maybe a coat of otter-skin in the winter; and over all he wore a white or a sapphire-blue cloak, long in the back and front, but scarcely reaching to the knees on either side. "Warm to wear and little to spoil," he said, laughing, to his courtiers, who went hunting with him once clad in all their finery and came back drenched and tattered. One priceless thing he ever carried in his belt, the sword named Joyeuse, with a hilt of gold and gems. The sword of a great king in those days always had a name of its own.

Charlemagne loved best all that was of the homely

Frankish fashion. He had all the old folk-songs and the stories of its ancient kings and heroes collected and written down. "These," he said, "are the joy and glory of a people; they should never be forgotten." So too with the old customs; when they were good and kindly he would have people keep them; like the custom which allowed the stranger travelling through the country to pluck three apples or three bunches of grapes, or to take three radishes, without any man's begrudging him.

Charlemagne would not do away with old customs even when they touched his own greatness. Riding one day along the road with his courtiers, he saw seated by the roadside a man, who neither rose nor took off his hat, but merely raised his hand to his head in salute. An officer of the palace went angrily towards him. "Who art thou," he asked, "to make so small account of King Charles?"

"Who art thou to ask?" replied the man.

Then Charlemagne drew near, and the man arose, with a smile on his ruddy brown face. "Thou dost not know me, Lord King," he said, "but it may be thou hast heard of the Barons of the Sun, who in old times owned this land when it was yet only a clearing here and there in forest and swamp. I who speak to thee am one of the last of their line. They owed nothing to any man, lord or prince or emperor. They were free. They rose at no man's coming, they bared their heads to no man. Neither do I. Little is left of the old lands or the old customs, but the Barons of the Sun were ever free men."

Charlemagne smiled, for he loved a sturdy answer and a free and manly spirit. "Wilt thou tell me where thou livest?" he asked.

"Yonder by the fir-wood," said the man.

"Wouldst thou give me welcome should I come to see thee?"

"My poor house would be thine, and thrice welcome shouldst thou be."

"Be sure then I will come, for I long to talk with thee;" and Charlemagne leaned from his horse to stretch out a hand which this old chief of the heaths and woods grasped with a proud smile.

Another story which shows the gentle spirit of this great warrior tells how once, as he hunted alone deep in the forest, darkness closed in, and he sought shelter in a little church and priest's house in the wood. The priest gave him friendly welcome, and set such things as he had to eat before him. This priest was very different from some of the priests of the time, for they wore rich silk and purple, ate rich foods, and lived in luxury. Praising the sweet brown bread and the toothsome apples and the noble cheese, Charlemagne spoke sharply of the rich tables of those abbots and bishops, who might better be thinking of barley loaves and fishes, and of feeding the poor. The simple priest shook his head and answered gently, "If we judge at all, fair lord, let it be with charity".

Charlemagne was not angry at his host for having dared to reprove the king, but smiled and said, "Forgive me, good father; I spoke with a fool's tongue, and you have done well to chide me".

"Nay, son, not to chide, but to remind you," said the priest.

Because this second Charlemagne was so gentle and generous, many great men and kings loved him as much as his enemies in war feared him. The one who sent him the richest gifts was the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid of Bagdad, the country of the Arabian Nights, from which came the stories of Aladdin and Ali Baba and Sindbad the Sailor. The Caliph sent Charlemagne perfumes and spices and silken cloaks, a mirror set in gold and enamel, and a bronze clock which was a miracle of cunning. For it had crystal windows that opened, some for the day and some for the night; it showed the time, which fleets like the wind so that none can hold it, and it dropped little brazen balls on a cymbal to count the hour. At noon twelve of the windows opened, and twelve knights in armor rode out and closed the twelve other windows which had been open since midnight.

Once Haroun sent as a gift an elephant, the like of which had never been seen in Europe before. His name was Abul-abaz, which means Father of the Stern Brows. Isaac the Jew brought him. From Africa they came to Genoa, sailing in a great sea-wagon; the winter kept them in Italy, because of the deep snows in the Alps; but at last, on a July evening, the Father of the Stern Brows stood towering in the sun before the palace gates, while a crowd of the townspeople chattered in open-mouthed wonder. When the children grew to know how friendly and gentle the elephant was, they loved to make him their play-

mate, adorning him with garlands and ribbons, riding on his back, and screaming with glee as he lumbered beneath them like a hillside in motion. But Charlemagne said as he looked at the great creature, "No wise man could possibly be a tenth part as wise as the Father of the Stern Brows looks. He is of a more ancient race than ours". For the great king loved animals, too.

But perhaps the prettiest of all the tales of Charlemagne is one that shows his kindness and justice to the poor and humble. When he was enlarging his palace, it was found that on the ground needed for the purpose a poor woman had a little hut, which she would not sell even at ten times the price given for the houses of her neighbors. "Here I was born," she said, "and here my mother died, and here my father was born, and his father before him. This is my dear home; what gold or silver can buy me another which shall be the same?"

As the officers of the palace could not persuade her, they began to threaten her with Charlemagne's displeasure. "I wonder," she said sharply, "to hear the king's servants lie so about the king. You would not dare to say these things if he could hear you." "And I too wonder," said Charlemagne, when he was told of the matter, "that, knowing me for what I am, you should act thus, thinking to please me." He rebuked the courtiers sternly, and then went himself to the woman, bidding her not to be troubled or afraid.

"I had no fear," she said. "I knew the king's justice would not let me be harmed. But I was

troubled, because of many memories. Yet, lying awake in the night, I have thought how foolish we are to cling too closely to what is ours for only a little time, even were we to live long. Besides, at any moment wind from the heavens, or fire, or weight of snow might snatch from me this house I value so highly. So I pray the king to take the poor house, if I may only have some other place to live."

"You shall not want," said the King. But he ordered that the hut should remain untouched, as a sign to all men of how king and peasant alike should hold fast to justice and mercy. So amid arcades of bright stone and marble columns and gilded carving stood the poor hut thatched with brown reeds. And there it remained until, long afterwards, when Charlemagne was dead, fierce tribes from the north invaded the land of the Franks, burned the city, and destroyed palace and hut together.

—Adapted from "A Child's Book of Warriors", by William Canton.

Questions

What does the story mean by speaking of "two Charlemagnes"?

Were there really two?

Could you say that there were two of almost anyone you know or have read about?

Which of the two Charlemagnes was greater? Why?

They say a king is democratic when he considers himself only equal with his people. Was Charlemagne democratic? If you think so, tell what makes him seem so.

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND RELATIONSHIPS

This drill will not only tell you whether you can follow printed directions, but will also test your ability to recognize quickly the relationships between words and between things, an ability very necessary for both reading and thinking.

1. Write your name on the first line of your paper, and your grade on the second at the right. Beginning with the fourth line write, one below the other in the margin, the figures 1 to 20.

2. In each group below, the two words in small capital letters bear a certain relation, or have a certain connection in meaning. When you see this relationship between the first two words, you can find among the five words in smaller type that follow, two other words that bear the same relationship. For example, in group one, the SAW is a tool used by the CARPENTER. Now, if you look among the words that follow, you will easily see that of the five words (farmer, sky, plough, trees, field), the words FARMER and PLOUGH are connected in meaning in the same way. Write these four words after figure 1 on your paper:

1. CARPENTER SAW farmer plough

3. Look at group two. HEN and CHICKS are words that have a certain relation, and similarly, of the five words that follow, CAT and KITTENS are the only two that are connected in the same way. Write these four words after figure 2 on your paper:

2. HEN CHICKS cat kittens

4. Complete the exercise by selecting the two words in each remaining group that are related in meaning in the same way that the given words are related in meaning. When you have finished, wait quietly for the others.

1. CARPENTER, SAW (farmer, plough, sky, trees, field).

2. HEN, CHICKS (corn, feed, cat, milk, kittens).
3. GRASS, GREEN (field, sky, cloud, blue, rain).
4. LONG, SHORT (high, tree, bird, fly, low).
5. SUGAR, SWEET (cane, vinegar, south, sour, molasses).
6. SUN, DAY (shine, moon, sky, bright, night).
7. SWEEP, HOUSE (clean, scrub, sweeper, wash, dishes).
8. HORSE, COLT (young, frisky, cow, sheep, calf).
9. WOOL, COAT (warm, leather, shoes, tough, heel).
10. DOG, BONE (chicken, fence, egg, corn, basket).
11. TEA, POT (crackers, sugar, frying pan, bowl, kitchen).
12. OFFICER, PRIVATE (scout master, marine, president, peasant, scout).
13. KING, QUEEN (duke, prince, husband, wife, father).
14. ELECTRICITY, LIGHT (coal, sun, explosion, darkness, heat).
15. CANOE, STREAM (boat, wagon, wheel, road, house).
16. NAIL, HAMMER (saw, screw, wood, screw driver, gimlet).
17. DOOR, ROOM (gate, ledge, cave, garden, beast).
18. FOOD, STRENGTH (drink, fuel, potatoes, muscle, heat).
19. AUTOMOBILE, WHEEL (engine, ship, smoke, water, rudder).
20. NEEDLE, SEW (cloth, scissors, thread, cut, thimble).

THE PEOPLE OF THE DESERT'S EDGE

This story tells of the life of people who are very different from us. How would you like to live in a tent all the year around, move every few weeks, grind the grain for your own bread, and drink water that had been carried in a goat's skin for hours in the hot sun?

When you have finished, you will be called upon to tell about one of the topics in the list given below. After you have recited on your topic, your classmates will tell you whether you told your story so well that they could understand it if they had not read it too.

You may suggest other topics not given in the list.

Hakim, his family, and his friend.
The soil and the climate where Hakim lived.
How each of the animals helped the Arabs.
What the Arabs ate.
How the Arab men divided their work.
Hakim's school.
How Hakim's mother made his clothes.
How she made a rug.
The crop of barley.
Making bread.

Hakim is an Arab boy. When I first saw him, he was ten years old and was riding on a camel with his mother, Suleima, and his sister, Suleika. The camel carried many bundles, too, for he is a great burden bearer, and the Arabs were moving. It was on the edge of the desert in Africa, in a country called Algeria. Perhaps your teacher will show it to you on the map. A desert is a place where there is so little rain that trees and gardens cannot grow. There is often enough rain on the edge of the desert to make some grass grow; but for many miles there may be no stream or spring.

In such places, it is often much trouble to find water to drink.

Hakim's mother was not alone. There were five camels altogether, and all were heavily loaded. They belonged to five families. Two small donkeys followed behind. They, too, had big loads, big enough to break their backs, you would think, but the donkey is a very strong little beast. Everything these people had, except their animals, was on these camels and donkeys. Hakim's father, Abdallah, was half a mile behind, driving a big flock of sheep and goats.

Presently the camels stopped. The grown-ups unloaded the bundles and commenced putting up the tents. Hakim, his little friend, Yussuf, and Suleika started out toward some bushes they saw in the distance, to find enough sticks to make a little fire.

In an hour, the tents were up and the tasty smell of broiling goat meat filled the air. By the time supper was ready, Hakim's father, Abdallah, had come up with the sheep and goats. His mother took an earthenware bowl and milked a couple of goats. For supper, they had milk and meat, and also some barley bread, heavy, and nearly as hard as stones. The only water they had was in a goat-skin water bottle which they had filled that morning at a pool they had passed.

The next morning, everybody got up early and went to work, for they had not finished making camp. They had no fences around the tents to keep out the animals. The Arabs have a saying that if a camel gets his head in a tent, he comes clear in. It is true; and a camel fills a tent very full, too, and he eats up all the flour or

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People of the Desert's Edge

meal, and some of the clothes besides. The goats are glad to help him. So the first thing the people did was to cut thorn bushes, of which there were many, and pile them around the tent so that the goats and camels could not come in.

There were five tents in the group, four close together, and one about thirty yards away by itself. That was the tent of Ismail, the head man or chief, called the *Sheik*. He was a kind of little king. If the people had any difficulties, they came to him and he told them what to do. He had his tent by itself so that the other people could not overhear the business done there.

The Arabs camped here ten days. There were five men, one of whom always stayed around the camp. Each morning one of the men went off a few miles with a camel and brought back earthen water jars and goat skins full of water. Another man went out with the flock of sheep, and another with the flock of goats. The fourth man went out with the camels and donkeys. All of these animals hunted their living in the scanty grass and coarse bushes.

Hakim and Yussuf went with the men to learn how to take care of the animals. That was Hakim's school. While the camels grazed, his father taught him to say over some of the chapters of the Koran, or Arab Bible. Abdallah could not read, but he knew many chapters of this book perfectly.

Suleima, Hakim's mother, and the other women went at their work. The girls helped them. One of the women sat down with a lap full of wool from the sheep, took a stick, which she whirled somewhat like a top,

and began to make yarn. We call this spinning. Another of the women spun goat's hair into a strong rope to tie the camel fast at night, and another one wove striped cloth of camel's hair. This was to be a tent, for all their tents were of camel's hair. After Hakim's mother had spun yarn for two weeks, she began to weave it into cloth for a long white wool robe, or *burnoose*, such as all Arab men and boys wear. This one was for Hakim. She worked hard for a week to weave it. It would last for years when it was finished, because it was so strong and firm.

When Suleima had made all the ropes, sacks, halters, and clothes that her family needed, she began to make something to sell. She had kept the wool of the white sheep separate from the wool of the black sheep. Thus she had white yarn and her black yarn. She dug up a root and boiled it in a pot. White yarn, soaked in this water, became red. Some of the yarn she soaked for three days with some sticks from a desert bush, and it became yellow. Some she dyed green with a very precious powder, for which she had paid two goats and a sheep to some Arabs she had met the year before as they returned from a distant part of the desert. She now had yarn of five colors, white, black, red, yellow, and green, and she began to weave a rug. She wove into it figures of camels and men and tents and trees. Although the rug was only seven feet long, she was six months in finishing it. When it was done, it was so valuable that she knew when she reached a town, she could sell it for much gold or goods, or she might buy a small flock of sheep or a couple of donkeys.

They did not do all of these things in one camping place. In ten days after they first made their camp, the animals had eaten all the food that could be found within five miles, so they had to move again to get food for the flocks. Again Hakim climbed up on the camel beside his mother and the tents and the bundles. Twelve miles to the north they rode until they came to some water, and again they put up their tents and cut thorn bushes and hunted fire wood.

In that country it is always warm. There is no snow, but it rains a little in the winter. This makes a little grass at that season, and there are several kinds of bushes that can live all summer in the blazing sun without a drop of rain. In the winter when it rains, some grass and water appear in places that are entirely without water in the summer. This is the edge of the desert. The Arabs camp and pasture their flocks there in the winter. Then as spring comes and the rains stop, they go north toward the Atlas Mountains and the Mediterranean Sea.

These people can never stay long in one place, because grass for the sheep and goats and donkeys and camels is so scarce that they soon eat up all there is in any one place. The people must keep moving. For this reason, we call them *nomads*.

The nomad Arabs of North Africa are called *Bedouins*. Hakim and his family were Bedouins. Their only wealth is flocks and herds and things they can carry when they move. No one ever has a piece of land of his own, except while he camps on it.

At the fourth camp, Hakim and Abdallah found the

tent of their friend Selim. They had left him there in November when they started south with the coming of the rains. You see, in most years there is enough rain in this part of Algeria to make a poor crop of barley. Barley is a kind of grain very much like wheat, except that it will not make soft, light bread, and does not need so much rain as the wheat plant. It is grown in many dry countries. Before the Arabs had gone south, they had harnessed the camels to crooked pieces of wood and scratched up the earth a little and planted some barley. Selim and his family had camped by it all winter, with two watch dogs to keep other people's sheep and goats and camels from eating up the young barley plants. The barley belonged to all six families, and the five families that went south took Selim's flocks along and cared for them.

They all came back in time to help harvest the barley. They had had no bread for two weeks before they returned; so, the first morning, Suleima and another woman went out and pulled a blanket full of barley heads, spread them out on a smooth, hard piece of ground, and beat the grain out with sticks. Within an hour, they had ground it between the two stones of the hand mill that the donkey had been carrying all winter, and they had barley loaf for supper. It was a great treat after the twigs and leaves and tip ends of thorn bushes that they lived on most of the time.

For a few days, everybody was busy harvesting and threshing the barley. Then each family had three big camel's-hair sacks full. That was more than the camels could carry along with all their other loads.

What should they do with the barley? They had no house and they had to move. The only thing they could do was to hide the barley. After drying it well by spreading it out on blankets in the sunshine for several days, Abdallah and Suleima and Hakim worked all one night hiding theirs. After dark they put two sacks of barley on the camel, led him off to a secret place, dug a deep, bottle-shaped hole, lined it with six inches of straw, put in the precious barley, covered it with straw and earth, and carefully carried away in blankets all the earth that was left, so that no one could find their store. In the morning, they were back in their tent, as though nothing had happened. The next fall as they went south again, they dug up the barley, safe and sound and dry.

After the barley was harvested, our nomad campers, now increased by Selim's family, went roving on to the northward, always seeking pasture. After a while they came to a town and a railroad that the French people had built, for the French rule Algeria. That is why it is safe to go there. Here the nomads sold some sheep and some wool, and Suleima sold her rug. They bought rifles and cartridges, knives, a tea kettle, tin dishes because they are light, beads, and many trinkets. As Hakim had been a good boy and had worked well at helping tend the sheep, his father delighted him by buying him a tin watch, before they started away again for another year of tenting in many places and living on their flocks and herds.

—*J. Russell Smith.*

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THE TWO MAIDENS, THE GAWO-TREE, AND THE LIZARD

Here is a story that can be read in five minutes. See how many can read it carefully in about that time.

There was a man called Umaru, whose wife was dead, but who had two pretty daughters, Mowa and Baura, who kept his house; but Mowa was very wilful and disobedient, and Baura was gentle and modest. Now it was Mowa who did the sweeping, and when the hut was clean, she used to carry away the sweepings some distance and throw them at the foot of a Gawo-tree. On this Gawo-tree was a lump just the shape of a man's nose; and every time Mowa came with the sweepings, she used to pinch this lump and say: "Oho! the Gawo-tree has a man's nose!"

This she did every day, morning and evening, till one day when she pinched the lump and said, "Oho! the Gawo-tree has a man's nose," the Gawo-tree pulled himself out of the ground and started running after her, shouting as he went: "Every morning it's 'Oho! the Gawo-tree with a man's nose!' and every evening it's 'Oho! Gawo-tree with a man's nose!' I won't stand it any longer!"

Then Mowa ran for her life, and the Gawo-tree followed after her, till she came to some people sowing corn, who said: "O Maiden, what is the matter?"

"Something is following me," she gasped. And they said: "Well, sit here with us, and we'll kill him with our tools."

But when they saw the Gawo-tree coming along,

shouting, "Every morning it's 'Oho! Gawo-tree with a man's nose!' and every evening it's 'Oho! Gawo-tree with a man's nose!' I won't stand it!" then they were frightened, and said to Mowa: "Maiden, run on farther. We can't help you."

So Mowa ran on till she came to some people hoeing, who said: "Maiden, what is the matter?"

She said: "Something is following me;" and they said: "Stand here. We will lift our hoes and kill him."

But when they saw the Gawo-tree coming, and heard him shouting, "Every morning it's 'Oho! Gawo-tree with the man's nose!' and every evening it's 'Oho! Gawo-tree with the man's nose!' I won't stand it!" they were frightened and said to Mowa: "Maiden, run on farther. We can't help you."

So Mowa ran till she came to some people ploughing, and they called to her: "Maiden, what is the matter?"

She replied: "Something is following me!" And they said: "Sit down here, and we will kill him for you."

But when they saw the Gawo-tree coming, and heard him shouting, "Every morning it's 'Oho! Gawo-tree with the man's nose!' and every evening it's 'Oho! Gawo-tree with the man's nose!' I won't stand it!" then they were frightened, and said: "Maiden, run on. We can't help you."

So Mowa ran farther on till she came to a Lizard, sitting weaving in the sun and singing to himself: "A cast of the shuttle to the right, and a cast of the shuttle to the left." He looked up, and said: "Maiden, where are you going that you are running so fast?"

She said: "Something is pursuing me."

And he replied: "Well, wait here till it comes."

So Mowa sat down close by the Lizard, and he went on weaving and singing, "A cast of the shuttle to the right, and a cast of the shuttle to the left," till the Gawo-tree came in sight, shouting: "Every morning she says, 'Oho! Gawo-tree with the man's nose!' and every evening she says, 'Oho! Gawo-tree with the man's nose!' I won't stand it!"

Then the Lizard stopped weaving, and said to Mowa: "If I save you will you marry me?"

And she said: "Yes."

But all the time she was thinking to herself: "I wouldn't marry a spiky Lizard!"

Up came the Gawo-tree. "Give me the maiden who is hiding behind you!" he shouted.

"You can't have her," said the Lizard.

"And who are you to say I can't have her?" said the Gawo-tree.

"Ah," said the Lizard, "I am smaller than you, but I am like red pepper. If you swallow me you will find out how hot I am."

Then the Gawo-tree was furious, and seized hold of the Lizard and swallowed him. But the spiky Lizard made a hole and came out between his eyes. The Gawo-tree, raging with pain, swallowed him again, but the spiky Lizard made a hole and came out behind his ears. The Gawo-tree snatched him up and swallowed him a third time. And this time the spiky Lizard made a hole in his breast and came out—such a big hole, that the Gawo-tree fell down and died on the spot.

Then the Lizard took the maiden home to her house, and said to her: "Go in and tell your father you are going to marry me."

And Mowa said "Yes." But when she got inside she never said a word of what had happened to anyone, but just went about as usual. And when they asked her where she had been she gave them no answer.

But her father came out, and saw the Lizard sitting near the door and said: "Greetings. Are you well? Why do you sit here?"

Then the Lizard said: "Has not the maiden told you?"

And Umaru said: "She has told us nothing."

Then the Lizard cried: "O ungrateful one!" And he told the father how he had rescued Mowa from the Gawo-tree.

Umaru went straight into the house, and said to his daughter: "Why did you say nothing of all this?"

And Mowa replied scornfully: "Surely you don't suppose I shall marry a Lizard?"

Then Umaru called his other daughter Baura, and said to her: "The Lizard saved Mowa, but Mowa says: 'Surely you don't suppose I shall marry a Lizard!' Now I wish to give you to the Lizard instead for a wife."

Baura replied: "O learned father, I am your daughter. Even if it were a wild beast, I would do as you say."

And her father replied, "Bless you!" and Baura was given to the Lizard as a wife.

But when she married him he changed from a Lizard to a handsome man, and he was a chief's son, and his father gave him ten men-slaves and ten women-slaves, and ten cattle and ten robes for himself and for his wife—ten of everything you can think of. And the two lived together and were very happy.

—From "Animal Tales from Africa", by J. E. Macnair.

I wonder if Mowa was sorry when she saw the Lizard change into a handsome young man. At any rate she did not deserve to have him. Can you name in order without looking at the story the various people who promised to protect Mowa when she was running away from the Gawo-tree and then got frightened and told her to run on?

NONSENSE TEST

You must read this test very carefully, otherwise you may make some foolish little mistake. Write your name at the top of a small piece of paper and then carry out the following directions.

If Christopher Columbus was an Indian, write the word *America* under your name; but if you think he was something else, write the numbers *1, 4, 9, 2* there. Now if that is the year of your birth, put a cross under the largest number, but if not pass on to the next paragraph.

No matter whether you think March comes after December or not, copy the following problem on your paper:

$$8 + 7 + 5 = .$$

Solve the problem, but write a wrong answer to it and be ready to turn in your paper.

A TEST OF UNDERSTANDING

Arrange your paper as you usually do with your name and grade. Arrange space for seven short answers.

1.

The King bestowed rich gifts upon the assembled princes and nobles.

Who received the gifts? Write your answer after 1 on your paper.

2.

"In the market place of Bruges
Stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,
Still it watches o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking,
On that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness,
Like the weeds of widowhood.

What season of the year is mentioned here; summer, autumn, winter, or spring? Write your answer on your paper after 2.

3.

As we reached the ridge the valley stretched before us for miles, and looked more than anything else like a patchwork quilt with its fields of green and brown and gold. Big red barns and cozy farm houses appeared to right and left. It was a rich and prosperous country.

What word describes this country? Write your answer on the third line.

fertile mountainous flat cold desert

4.

The land was almost unbearably hot, the temperature frequently rising to over one hundred degrees.

Which of the following articles of clothing would sell best in such a place? Write your answer on the fourth line.

fur coats
derby hats
white duck suits
rubber boots
woolen sweaters

5.

In the first cage were lions, in the second, giraffes; in the third, buffalo, and in the fourth the funniest group of monkeys you ever saw.

What was in the second cage? Write your answer on the fifth line.

6.

If in the following words *p* is found more frequently with *l* than with *r*, write the word *lap* on the sixth line, but if *p* is found more frequently with *r* than with *l*, write the word *pear* there.

plate prayer improve please explain

7.

I am thinking of a man. He dresses in black with a white necktie. He frequently gives little boys good advice. He is used to talking in public. He calls upon people who are in trouble. Is he a doctor, lawyer, banker, clergyman, grocer?

Write your answer on the seventh line.

WILLIAM PENN, THE GREAT QUAKER

One of the names that Americans can never forget is that of the founder of Pennsylvania, for in the colony which he founded, justice and freedom were more truly practiced than in any other colony. Besides, William Penn's city was the birthplace of the Declaration of Independence, and is the home of the Liberty Bell which all true Americans love. As you read his story, see if you do not honor William Penn for his high purposes and noble sacrifices.

On top of the great tower of the city hall in Philadelphia is a huge bronze statue. When it stood in the court-yard before being lifted to its high place on top of the tower it was seen to be as tall as a three-story house. A man could stand at its foot and see its great extended hand far above his head. Workmen could walk with ease upon the brim of the hat the statue wears. This great figure towering over the city reminds the people of the great man whom it represents. His name was William Penn and he founded the city of Philadelphia. It is of him that we are now going to learn.

Boys and girls are often what their parents make them, and so it is interesting to know something of the fathers and mothers of great men and women. William Penn's father, whose name was also William, was a British admiral. He had been a seaman all his life and had risen to the highest place in the English navy. He was rich and prosperous. The King and the Duke of York were among his friends. Penn's mother was the daughter of a Dutch merchant and was so happy and full of fun that she seemed to be

always laughing and dancing. William had a younger brother Richard and a little sister Margaret who was so much like her mother that the house was very merry all day long. Although born in London, William went to a country school in the east of England where he learned Latin and Greek. He grew to be a strong sturdy boy who played in all the boys' games and was not afraid of hard knocks and falls.

When William was twelve years of age his father was arrested for treason and shut up in the Tower of London. His family left the country and came to live near the Admiral in his trouble. After some time he was found to be innocent and was released, but he did not wish to stay in London and took his family to Ireland where he owned a large estate. Here William was taught by private teachers, called tutors. He learned his lessons so well that at sixteen he was ready to go to the great university at Oxford.

This university is really a group of separate colleges, each teaching about the same things. William Penn went to the one called Christ Church College. Most of the colleges at Oxford were very old and even in William Penn's time their stone walls were covered with ivy. The fine old trees and grassy walks, the stately buildings and shadowed arches are very beautiful. William, who was a thoughtful boy as well as a strong and active one, was impressed by the quiet beauty of the place.

One evening he went with some other students to hear a preacher named Thomas Loe. This man belonged to the Society of Friends. He preached that

each man's conscience must be his guide and that all men were equal in the sight of God. He said it was wrong for a man to take off his hat or to bow to any other man, no matter who he was, and that no one should wear any badge or dress of rank or position.

Now it happened just at this time that the authorities of the university had ordered the students to wear gowns. It had always been the custom to wear these gowns, but some years before they had been given up. Penn and some of his friends who had heard Loe decided they would not wear gowns, no matter what the authorities said. When a group of other students appeared in gowns Penn and his friends set upon them and tore the gowns off. For this offense Penn was expelled from the college.

His father, of course, was very angry. It was against the law in those days for people to worship in any way but the king's way or go to any church but one of the king's churches. Admiral Penn had plans for his son which could never be carried out if the boy insisted upon breaking the law. His first thought was, therefore, to get young William away from Thomas Loe and his teachings. So he sent him to France with a group of other young men. They had plenty of money and letters to nobles at the court of the French king. William appeared to forget about the Society of Friends. He learned to dance. He became skillful with his sword and dressed in the height of fashion.

One night as he was passing along a dark street he was stopped by a man who said Penn had insulted him. A crowd gathered and William was forced to draw his

sword and fight. It soon became clear that Penn was the better swordsman. With a skillful twist of his wrist he sent his opponent's sword flying from his hand. All thought he would then kill him. Instead of this Penn picked up his enemy's sword and handed it to him with a polite bow. This ended the quarrel and Penn was much praised for his gallant conduct.

War now broke out between England and Holland. Admiral Penn had to take command of the fleet and so he sent for William to come home and care for the family. While he was living with his mother in London, the plague, a terrible disease, swept over the city, killing hundreds of people. It was perhaps worst in the neighborhood where the Admiral's house stood. People died by the score and there were few with courage enough to nurse the sick. William Penn did not hesitate to go from house to house helping where he could. He was made very sad and serious by this awful calamity. He remembered the teachings of Thomas Loe and began to dress in plain clothes.

This alarmed his father, who had now returned from the war, and he determined to try once more to make his son forget the solemn preacher. This time he sent him to Ireland, where he was to care for his father's estate and was given several important positions as well. His father had many good friends among th ruling men of Ireland and Penn soon became popular with them. On one occasion a mutiny broke out in the garrison of Carrickfergus. Lord Arran was given the task of suppressing it. Penn asked to be permitted to serve with him and conducted himself so well that

he was said to be the coolest of the cool and the bravest of the brave. The mutiny was put down and Penn was congratulated by Lord Arran. Proud of his success, he decided to have his portrait painted in full armor. This is the only portrait for which he ever sat. It is interesting that the man who devoted his life to the cause of peace should be best known in the armor of a soldier. Yet many who love the memory of William Penn are proud that he was not afraid to fight for a cause he believed to be right.

Just when it seemed likely that Penn would become a soldier he again heard Thomas Loe preach in the city of Cork in Ireland. That very night William Penn became a Quaker. He gave up his gay life and himself preached to the people. He was arrested for this and his father was told of his conduct. He had to return to London. When William refused to remove his hat in his father's presence it made the Admiral very angry. Penn was asked if he would take off his hat in the presence of the King or the Duke of York. After some thought he replied that he would not. His father, more angry than ever, ordered him out of the house.

William now openly associated with the Quakers. He became a preacher of the Society of Friends. He was wealthy and well educated, had many friends at court, had studied law and could help the Friends when they were in trouble. These people were mild and gentle and never did any harm. They did, however, think it wrong to take an oath and because Penn refused to swear allegiance to the king he was placed

in prison. While in prison he wrote a number of books in which he described the teachings of the new sect. Admiral Penn, who was a close friend of the King and the Duke of York, had enemies who were jealous of his good fortune. These men were only too glad to make things uncomfortable for the Admiral's son.

In time Penn was released from prison. Although he continued to remain a Quaker, his father, who loved him very dearly, received him back into his home. While William was still a young man his father died and, as the eldest son, he received most of his father's fortune. Part of this fortune was a debt of £16,000 which the king owed to the Admiral. As King Charles was in debt to many people there seemed very little hope of Penn's ever receiving the money which was owing to him. To be sure he had plenty of money without this sum and probably would have thought little about it if he had not had a plan in his mind. For years he had tried to win for the Friends the right to live in England and worship as they pleased. He had many times served terms in prison and had seen other Quakers suffer even worse hardships. At last he gave up hope of justice in England. He thought fondly of the new country across the Atlantic of which there were many reports and to which many Englishmen had already gone. There, indeed, he might establish a government of his own where every man would be free to think as he pleased and where all who behaved themselves could have justice and live in peace. Virginia was already settled and so was Massachusetts, but Penn knew of

a tract of land between the Connecticut and the Delaware Rivers which had been given to the Duke of York and in which there was very little settlement. He asked the king to give him some of this land in payment of the debt which he owed his father. The King hesitated for a time, but finally consented. He was glad to be so easily rid of a troublesome and long-standing debt.

The new colony was to extend along the west bank of the Delaware River about one hundred fifty miles and back into the country three hundred. It is now the State of Pennsylvania. Later Penn secured from the Duke of York the grant of the land on the west bank of the Delaware River down to its mouth. This land is now the State of Delaware. In the beginning and for many years afterward it was part of Pennsylvania and shared in the wise laws of Penn's happy province. It was necessary that Penn have this ground, for, if it fell into the hands of an enemy, his province could have been shut out from the sea.

The king signed the grant of land in February, 1681, and the next month Penn sent his cousin, Colonel William Markham, to select a site for a city and to tell the people who were already settled there of the good wishes of their new governor, who was called the proprietor. Penn told Markham to treat the Indians kindly and to buy from them any land which they held and which he might need. He also sent a message to the Dutch and Swedish people who had already settled along the Delaware. In it he said the people of his colony were to make their own laws and

were to lay their own taxes. This was good news indeed and Penn had no trouble with his foreign citizens when he set up the government of Pennsylvania.

It is interesting to know how Pennsylvania got its name. Penn wished his province called New Wales, because he said it was hilly like the country of Wales in Great Britain. The secretary, who was a Welshman, objected to this name, and Penn then suggested Sylvania which means "woodland". The king insisted that it be called Pennsylvania. This was partly to compliment old Admiral Penn and partly because the word Pen means "highland", for the new country was high, rolling land just as we see it to-day. William Penn was afraid people would say he was vain if he allowed the province to bear his name in this way. He went to the secretary and offered him twenty guineas, about one hundred dollars, to omit the "Penn" from the name. Fortunately the secretary refused, and the name became Pennsylvania. This is the only state that bears the name of its founder.

In the autumn of 1681 several vessels sailed from England for Penn's new colony. While two of these ships were going down the Thames River the King's barge passed by. The King was told these ships were the first Quakers going to America. Rowing close to the vessels the King raised his hand and, while the voyagers stood with bowed heads, he gave them his blessing.

It was December before they reached the Delaware. Sailing up the river, they came to a little settlement of Swedes at Upland, which is now Chester. There

they stopped for the night. In the morning they awoke to find the river frozen and the ships fast in the ice. The hospitable Swedes gave them what shelter they had, but many of the Quakers were forced to build mud huts or dig caves for themselves near the river bank. In this very hard and uncomfortable way they lived until the Spring.

All this time William Penn had remained in England looking after the affairs of his colony and anxious for the time when he himself might cross the Atlantic. At last, in the autumn of 1682, nearly a year after the first colonists had left, the "Welcome", the stately ship that was to bear the proprietor of Pennsylvania to his new home, lay ready to hoist her anchor and sail to the westward. About one hundred others were to go with Penn on this voyage. The ship was well provisioned with sheep and hogs, fish and fowl, flour and fruit, the best to eat and the best to drink, for the voyage would be a long one. There was also on board the carved doors and window-frames, the carpets and furniture, for the Proprietor's house at Pennsbury. This was a fine estate which Colonel Markham had bought of the Indians and which lay along the river bank some miles above the city. Mrs. Penn and her children were to remain in England for the present, until the house could be made ready for them.

At last all was ready and the ship set sail. Before they had been long at sea it was found that one of the passengers was sick with the small-pox. This terrible disease is dreadful at best, but in the crowded quarters of an old-time ship it was sure to spread. Nearly

everyone on the vessel was sick. For two weeks someone died almost every day. During this terrible time Penn nursed the sick without thought of the danger to himself. He used up his store of medicines and supplies. Night and day he sat with the suffering and dying, comforting them with his wise and gentle religion.

It was late in October when the sad voyage was over. On the twenty-seventh the "Welcome" anchored off the town of Newcastle. The Dutch and Swedes and English who made up the little town crowded to the landing place to see the new governor. On the next day Penn called the people together and made a speech to them. He told them how he had long dreamed of founding a free country where the people might rule themselves. At last that dream had come true and they were about to share in the advantages of such a land. The people, who were mostly simple farmers, were delighted with these words. They asked only that Penn would remain with them and rule over them himself.

Soon Penn moved on up the river to the site for the new city, to be built on land which Colonel Markham had purchased from the Indians. Penn felt that the time had come for a better understanding between the white settlers and the natives. One of his first acts was to invite the chiefs to a Council.

The place selected for the great Council was the spot where Markham had first met the Indians. It was on the banks of the Delaware, north of the then little city of Philadelphia, and was called Shacka-

maxon, which meant the place of kings. It had been used for many years by the Indians as a meeting place of the tribes. On this field stood an aged elm tree, at least one hundred and fifty years old, a rarely beautiful tree, a king itself among the monarchs of the woods. It was no wonder this place should be selected for solemn council.

William Penn with his followers was the first to arrive. Behind him were the leaders of the little colony, Dutch and German emigrants, Quakers in their plain costumes, Swedish soldiers in armor and uniform. Then came the Indians, bright in their feathered head-dresses and the yellow, red and blue paint on their bodies. Other braves followed. Penn received them graciously. Many of the Indians already knew him and there was a spirit of friendship in the air. Everyone then sat down. After a few moments of silence Penn arose and made a speech to the Indians. He was still a young man, slender and graceful, with a frank, handsome face which made all who saw him like him.

Penn told the Indians that the Great Spirit, who knew every secret thought that was in the heart of white man or red man, wished them to live in peace together. If ill were done to one, all would suffer; if good were done to any, all would gain. Each should help the other in time of danger and neither should believe any evil of the other till it were proved true. Justice would be done to all who were accused of crime. Both white men and red men were to tell their children of the league and chain of friendship that it might keep clean and

bright and free from rust while the sun and the moon and the stars endured. This treaty was not sworn to by solemn oaths but was simply stated in honest friendship and was kept by both sides for seventy years.

You will remember that the "Welcome" carried doors, window-frames, and other things for the building of a country home at Pennsbury, the site selected for the governor's residence by Colonel Markham. Pennsbury was on the Delaware about four miles above Bristol. No trace of this house and estate remains to-day, but we know that it must have been very fine, for travelers came from other colonies to see this "palace" as they called it. The Indians named it the "Big Wigwam". Of course, it did not look anything like a wigwam but that was their way of saying how large and handsome they thought it was. There were eight thousand acres in the estate. The river in its turnings flowed on three of its sides. The house itself, which was very large, was made of brick. Its ample rooms were handsomely furnished in oak and leather. On some of the floors were carpets, which in those days were used only in kings' palaces. Silverware, fine china and the best of linen were used on the table, and plenty of servants kept the household affairs running smoothly.

Behind the house were the servants' quarters and the stables. Penn was very fond of fine horses and had brought a number of rare animals with him from England. When any of the family wished to go to town they had several ways of going. They might ride

on horse-back or in the big coach. There was also the sedan chair in which Mrs. Penn and her daughter, Letitia, did their shopping. This was a chair carried by men with poles passed through rings on each side. But the way Penn himself preferred to travel was by water in his famous barge. This was a boat rowed by six oarsmen who wore a uniform and were paid regular wages. They were always ready to take the proprietor up or down the broad Delaware.

William Penn was not able to enjoy his new home very long. The Duke of York, who had been his good friend, was heir to the throne of England; but in many ways he had angered the people of England, and they tried to prevent him from obtaining the throne. When the news came to Pennsylvania that his friend was in trouble, Penn decided that he must return to England to protect the interests of his colony. The following year the Duke of York became king as James the Second; but after three years his enemies raised an army and drove him from the country. Because Penn had been a friend of King James, the new king, William, did not trust him. For a time his province was taken away from him and he was arrested for treason. King William was a just man, however, and it was not long before Penn was released and Pennsylvania given back to him.

In 1699, fifteen years after he had sailed away, William Penn returned to Philadelphia. By this time the city had grown to be a big town. When not living at Pennsbury, the proprietor used "The Slate Roof House", a fine big residence at the corner of Second

Street and Norris Alley. This was then the largest house in the city and in it John Penn was born, the only son of William Penn to be born in America.

The people of Pennsylvania were not as loyal to the Proprietor as they might have been and Penn was much saddened because they would not grant his requests. In the midst of his trouble with the Assembly, Penn had again to return to England. His enemies at court were doing all in their power to rob him of his colony and he had to go back to defend himself. Although he did not know it, he was never to see Pennsylvania again. When the Indians heard that he was going away they came in numbers to bid him farewell. He had been their friend; one of the few white men whom they could trust. They feared he might never return and sadly took the gifts he gave to them. Long years afterward it was found that the "Good Onas" was still remembered with love and respect by the Indians of Pennsylvania.

Penn sent his oldest son William to take his place as governor of the colony. But he was not a man like his father. He drank, gambled and kept bad company. It was not long before he even gave up pretending to be a Quaker. Everyone was disgusted with him and after he had done all the harm he could in Pennsylvania he returned to England. He did not care to be with his father and, crossing over to France, he died there in poverty and disgrace, an unworthy son of a noble father.

Penn's last years were sad ones. Accused of having debts which he did not owe, he was thrown into prison.

His friends succeeded in having him released, but his health had been broken. A few years later he had a stroke of paralysis and his mind was never again clear. He died in England, with his wife and daughter and two of his sons at his bedside. He had founded a great state and had unselfishly given his time, his money, and his thought to its people. There is no man who deserves so high a place in the affection and respect of the people, not only of Pennsylvania, but of the whole United States, of whose original thirteen states Pennsylvania was the "Keystone".

—From "Heroes of Early American History", by Albert Lindsay Rowland.
Courtesy of The Franklin Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

When we have long lessons to read over and we find that there is too much to remember, an outline often makes it much easier. The outline shows us each part of the lesson in a very brief way. This is a long story about William Penn, but see how this outline helps us recall it.

William Penn, the Great Quaker

1. The son of Admiral Penn.
2. His boyhood.
3. His college life.
4. His travels.
5. His decision to become a Quaker.
6. His imprisonment.
7. The death of his father.
8. The King's payment of a debt.
9. The new colony.

This does not finish the story of William Penn. It does not mention anything that happened in the new colony. What topics would you add to complete the outline?

LONGER LISTS

This drill is given to see how well you can follow printed directions, and how well you understand the way the words are grouped at the bottom of the page.

1. Arrange your paper with your name on the first line to the right, and your grade below it on the second line.

2. Do not write anything on the third line, but beginning on the fourth line number the lines in the margin from 1 to 12.

3. The first group of words at the bottom of the page is a list of farm products. You can easily name other words that might be added to this list, such as:

beans rye oats

Write two of these new words after figure 1 on your paper.

4. There are eleven other lists of words, and each list names a group of things all of one kind. After figure 2 on your paper, write two other words that could properly be added to the second group of words.

5. In the same way, write two more words that could rightly belong to each of the other ten groups of words. When you finish, wait quietly for the others.

1. corn, potatoes, wheat, peas.
2. maple, cherry, walnut, elm.
3. green, purple, violet, yellow.
4. settee, bureau, table, bookcase.
5. farmer, baker, ship-builder, printer.
6. beefsteak, pie, candy, oysters.
7. saw, plane, chisel, hatchet.
8. apple, citron, pear, plum.
9. Marmon, Buick, Maxwell, Peerless.
10. Ohio, Arizona, Michigan, Vermont.
11. sergeant, private, colonel, general.
12. river, lake, strait, ocean.

OUR COUNTRY'S FIRE LOSS

Were you ever in a burning house? Can you possibly forget it? Even though the fire may have been put out before it did much damage, you remember the excitement and fear. If you were old enough to realize the danger, you will never again care to pass through such a terrible experience.

You never have been in a burning house, do you say? That is fortunate, but at least you have seen fires and can plainly recall the clouds of smoke and the fierce crackle of the flames, as they spread and destroyed everything within reach. You may have noticed the people who escaped; do you remember their grief as they saw their home and comforts, their clothing, furniture, pictures, books, and the treasures that they had been gathering for so many years, suddenly swept away?

It is to be hoped that you have never seen a fire in which people have lost their lives, or have been badly injured—but these, too, often occur. They happen without warning, at points where they are least expected. People who have been going about their daily tasks without a thought of danger may suddenly find their escape cut off by flames that have been caused by somebody's carelessness. In order that such a terrible thing may never happen through our carelessness, let us try to learn some things about fire, and especially about the ways in which it may be kept from becoming dangerous.

Here is a good way to begin: Stand in front of a

clock and watch the long hand creep steadily from minute to minute. Every time it passes a minute mark, say to yourself: "Another fire has broken out; perhaps somebody's dearly-loved home is being destroyed, or some child is being terribly burned—" then add, "*It could have been prevented*".

Watch that clock hand for ten minutes or more—"another fire"—"another"—"somebody's home"—"some boy or girl"—"some hotel, with the people struggling to escape"—"some factory, with dozens of hands thrown out of work"—"another"—"another".

That is the way it goes, minute by minute, night and day, throughout the year. When you wake up in the morning, you may be sure that there will be hundreds of fires throughout the country before night; when you go to sleep at night, it is pretty certain that there will be hundreds of fires somewhere in the United States before morning. If some minutes go by without a fire, others may have two or three, for there are 1440 minutes in twenty-four hours, and each day has an average of more than 1500 fires.

There will be 1500 more fires to-morrow, another 1500 day after to-morrow, and so on, sometimes a few more and sometimes a few less, but *averaging* pretty close to 1500 for each day. Think of it—these fires haven't yet occurred, *and they wouldn't occur* if people only would be careful.

—*National Board of Fire Underwriters*
for the United States Bureau of Education.

Arrange your paper exactly as the one following is arranged and answer these questions. If you don't know or

have forgotten the answer, try to find it in the reading, but do not read the whole story over again; that would be a waste of time.

John Doe	Oct. 7
NAME	DATE
5 Grade	Miss Smith
GRADE	TEACHER

Our Country's Fire Loss

1. Why are fires dangerous?
2. How does the clock help us to know how great and terrible is our country's fire loss?
3. Could most of these fires which the clock ticks off for us be prevented?
4. Name five ways in which fires could be prevented.

ANOTHER NONSENSE TEST

No matter whether 2 + 3 equals 6 or equals something else, write your name at the bottom of your paper and try to find wise answers to these foolish directions.

Notice these two words—seventeen, fifty. Now if the sun rises in the west, write the longer word at the top of your paper, but if not, skip to the next paragraph without stopping to write the shorter word.

If Christmas comes in August, make a cross on the line above your name, but if not, then make a circle or a square there. Now print any letter except *d* at the top of your paper and then write *no* if four times three are twelve.

FINDING OPPOSITES

This exercise is to help you in giving exact meanings to words. It is frequently not easy to know just what a word means and it is only by comparing it with other words that the true meaning can be found. If you are to do this exercise correctly you must follow all the directions very carefully.

1. Arrange your paper with your name on the first line to the left and your grade on the first line to the right. On the second line place the date to the left and your room number or teacher's name to the right. The third line should be left blank. Beginning with the fourth line, number the lines from 1 to 10 in the margin.

2. Below are ten sets of words. In each set the first word in small capitals is followed by four other words. One of these four words is just opposite in meaning to the first word. Look at the first set. HIGH is the first word. Now read the four words that follow it (sky, low, above, deep). We know, of course, that LOW rather than any of the other words is the opposite of HIGH. Write LOW on the line after 1.

3. In the same way select in each of the other sets the word that is opposite in meaning to the first word and write this word on the proper line. When you have finished, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher and wait for the others.

1. HIGH (sky, low, above, deep).
2. DAY (morning, night, darkness, stars).
3. KIND (cruel, wicked, old, helpless).
4. LIFE (struggle, happiness, death, destruction).
5. WAR (famine, death, peace, joy).
6. FAIR (green, bright, black, foul).
7. LAUGH (sing, dance, pray, weep).
8. SILENCE (haste, peace, noise, crowd).
9. FORWARD (on, back, return, last).
10. INTELLIGENT (ignorant, clumsy, common, refined).

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out—o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
Back—to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As the wild-rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing,
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,—
Oh, to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart,
I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

—Reprinted with permission by Frederick A. Stokes Company from "Rings and Love-Knots" by Samuel Minturn Peck.

QUESTIONS

How old do you think the person is who is supposed to be speaking? What line tells you so?

Do you think he is richer or poorer than he was when a boy? Where do you find your answer?

Where did he live when he was a boy? How do you know? Where does he live now?

WHY THE SPIDER SPINS

Do you remember a story in this book about a maiden who was turned into a butterfly? It is on page 112; but do not turn back to it unless you have forgotten. Here is a story very much like that one. Notice as you read:

1. How the goddess Minerva is like the goddess Venus.
2. Whether Arachne deserved her punishment better than Aster did.
3. How their punishments were alike.
4. How their punishments were different.

In the days when people believed that there were a great many gods and goddesses, instead of only one God, they numbered among them one called Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. Whenever men needed great wisdom or skill or knowledge or good judgment, they prayed to Minerva. In those old days the greatest skill that a woman could possess was skill with her needle or with her loom, where beautiful embroideries and tapestries were stitched and woven. Minerva was said to be an exceedingly clever needlewoman and spinner, and it was her delight to encourage and help all women who plied the art of the needle or the loom.

Now of all the women on earth the one who had the most skillful fingers at weaving was Arachne. So fine and beautiful were the pictures which she made that Minerva herself, having heard of Arachne's fame, came down to see her work, and to praise and reward her. But Arachne, who was very proud of her accomplishments, was so overcome at this honor that she completely lost her head. She forgot that it was a

goddess to whom she was talking, and rashly dared to challenge Minerva to a contest, to see which of them could weave the most beautiful tapestry, or picture woven out of colored silken thread.

Minerva was very angry at the impertinence of a mortal maiden in daring to compare herself with a goddess; but she agreed to the contest, intending thus to bring down the pride of Arachne and afterwards to punish her. So the two sat down, each at her loom. Arachne chose to make a picture of the magic bull carrying off the little Europa through the sea. She wove a very beautiful and lifelike picture, full of bright colors, and all around it she wove a garland of flowers. It was a tapestry fit for a king's palace, as even Minerva had to admit; for though she was jealous of her skill, she tried always to be just and fair.

The goddess, meanwhile, was weaving a picture of a debate among the gods in heaven. The twelve greatest gods were sitting on their thrones, and herself and Neptune, the god of the sea, were standing in the middle to have their quarrel decided. The picture showed how Minerva and Neptune were striving for the possession of Athens, the capital city of Greece. The one who offered Athens the most useful gift was to have the city. Neptune was pictured as offering a war horse, and Minerva as bringing out of the ground an olive tree. This, the gods decided, entitled her to the prize. All around the picture the goddess wove a wreath of olive leaves and berries, among which was fluttering a most lifelike butterfly with glorious colors and silken wings.

When Arachne saw the wonderful workmanship of Minerva, she had to admit, in ashamed silence, angry and envious, that however beautiful her own work might be, that of the goddess surpassed it. By her silence she acknowledged herself beaten. Then Minerva, to teach a lesson to other mortal maidens not to be so proud as to think their skill greater than it was, worked a magic miracle. The beautiful face and figure of Arachne began to shrink and shrivel; her limbs became crooked, her arms lengthened, and her whole appearance hateful and ugly. No one could see any longer a beautiful maiden weaving a tapestry, but only a spider spinning a web.

So, when you see a spider spinning away in the sunshine, remember that that is Arachne; and that the spider spins because Arachne was so skillful a spinner. And remember that the reason there is such a thing as a spider is because Arachne was so proud of her skill that she dared to attempt more than she had a right to try. But after all, even the beautiful tapestry that Minerva wove could not have been more lovely than the filmy cobweb glimmering and sparkling with dewdrops in the sun.

—*Mabel Dodge Holmes.*

What picture would you make, if you were an artist, to illustrate this story? What would you put in the picture?

Can you tell in a sentence why the spider spins?

CAN YOU ACT?

Here are twelve more scenes to be acted as you did those on page 130. Remember no one but yourself is to know what part you take. Do not fail in your acting to do all that the scene calls for. The more completely you act your part the better it will be.

1. Helen sat thoughtfully sucking the end of her pencil and looking at the ceiling for inspiration. Suddenly it came to her and she began eagerly to write as fast as her pencil could travel across the paper.

2. The King sat calmly on his throne but as the herald read the insulting message the King's face became dark with anger. At length, unable to control his wrath, he arose crying, "Hold, I will hear no more".

3. With head held high and steady eyes he faced the firing squad. No sign of fear was on his face and as the rifles flamed he sank into a heap on the ground.

4. Cinderella sat sadly by the kitchen fire. Slowly she began to realize that she was not alone, and looking up was astonished to see a fairy in dazzling garments and carrying a shining wand. As Cinderella looked about the room she saw the pumpkin change into a handsome coach and the mice into six white horses. Her own ragged clothes became a beautiful ball dress and her shoes were replaced by tiny glass slippers.

5. The brakeman waved his lantern and swung to the rear platform of the rapidly moving train.

6. The room was perfectly dark and Tom moved with the utmost care to avoid making a noise. Unfortunately his outstretched hands came in contact with

an ornament on the table and it crashed to the floor with a sound that froze Tom with terror.

7. Pulling a revolver from his hip pocket, Officer Riley sprang into the room shouting "Hands up!"

8. With skillful fingers the sculptor shaped the clay image until, satisfied with his work, he stepped back from the statue and gazed upon it with a smile.

9. As she sewed the chevrons to his uniform she had often to stop to wipe away the tears that came continually to her eyes.

10. Mary was left in charge while mother went to the city to shop. She had to get little George ready for his hour of play in the cool brisk air. First his rubbers must be put on; then his leggings; then his little brown sweater that fit him so tightly it was always a struggle to get it on; and finally his woolen cap that came down over his ears.

11. The Indians seemed to have gone, but Tom was afraid to go back along the road. Instead he took a very narrow footpath that wound along the edge of the woods. Creeping slowly along, carefully planting each foot lest he snap a dry stick or rustle the autumn leaves, Tom at last reached the clearing around the blockhouse. Then in the shelter of the trees he waited for the night to come.

12. Without waiting to wash her hands, Betty dropped flower-pot and trowel and skipped down the garden path to meet them. As she opened the gate and waited, she saw the apple blossoms overhead and reaching up, broke off a spray of the pinkest for her mother.

WHY THE SQUIRREL SAVED FOR THE FUTURE

Summer had slipped away and little Sammy Squirrel noticed the change, for the mornings were cool and crisp. Jack Frost had made more than one visit to the woods, leaving colors of red and gold on the leaves as he passed.

The long glad summer days Sammy had spent in happy play in the tree tops where, swayed by gentle breezes, he watched the fleecy clouds go sailing by. Now the mornings were so cool that the little Squirrel shivered. His mother saw this and said,

"You are getting to be a big Squirrel now, Sammy, and you must help gather nuts for the winter; the work will keep you nice and warm."

But Sammy did not see the need of all this.

"Say, mother, what's the use of all this work, saving up, when the grounds in the woods are covered with nuts? All you have to do when hungry is to eat all you want and spend the rest of the time in play. It's a lot of work to fill that old store house."

"Yes, I understand the way you look at it; you had an Uncle Jim who thought as you do; and you had an Uncle Bill, too, who thought the same."

"Uncle Jim and Uncle Bill," said Sammy. "I never knew I had an Uncle Jim or Uncle Bill."

"No," his mother answered, "it was all very sad and we had no reason to be proud of them".

"What did they do, mother?" asked the curious little Squirrel.

"Well, Sammy, I'll tell you the story. It's not very long. Your uncles felt as you do, that it was silly to work, and your grandfather told them if they did not work they could not have anything to eat out of the store house when winter came. So Jim and Bill left home and said, 'We are going to enjoy life; we are not going to waste our time in work!'

"Winter came early that year, with deep snows, and the trees covered with ice, so that any Squirrel who had not saved any nuts for the winter soon starved. The nuts were buried deep beneath the snow.

"We all went looking for your uncles, carrying food, but we could not find any sign of them, until we asked a Blue Jay, a long, long way from our house.

" 'Yes,' the Blue Jay said, in answer to our questions. 'They used to live over in that big oak, but I have not seen them for some time. They were always digging in the snow, but I never saw them find anything.'

"We thanked Mr. Jay and went to the oak. We found your Uncle Jim and your Uncle Bill, Sammy, but they had died of starvation, because they were too lazy to save any food when they had the chance. Do you think they got more fun out of life than we do? While we work hard now gathering nuts to fill up our store house, when the storms of winter come we do not have to chase through the big woods looking for food. No, we can stay nice and warm with plenty to eat, only going out on warm days. Now, Sammy, do you want to help mother fill this basket with nuts?"

"You bet I do. That story opened my eyes, mother."

So they tramped through the beautiful woods to fill their basket. When they came to a nut tree Sammy would climb up and pick off the nuts that the frost had not touched hard enough. He would throw them down into the basket which his mother was holding up to him; and in a very little while they had filled the basket and the bag which they had brought, and carried them into their store house for the winter.

Day after day they worked until every bin was full and Sammy kept saying:

"Why, mother, this is more sport to work and save than it is to play. I love to see the bins fill up."

So Sammy learned his lesson from the story of his uncles, and it all came back to him, when one morning the little Squirrel looked out on a fierce blizzard. The snow was whirling and sweeping through the woods, the great trees were groaning and bending before the fury of the storm.

"Well," said the little Squirrel, "I can see where I would go hungry if I had to find my dinner out in all that storm. It certainly pays to save."

—Courtesy of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia.

Questions

The squirrel saved nuts for they were his food. Human beings use money with which they buy food, clothing and other things they need. Can you name some ways in which boys and girls can save money? Can you think of any other ways in which we can be thrifty besides saving money?

HOW GLADSTONE OBEYED HIS FATHER

One of the greatest statesmen whom Great Britain has to be proud of was William E. Gladstone, who for many years was Prime Minister under Queen Victoria. Sometimes it is hard to remember, when we read of the accomplishments of good and great men, that every single one of them has had to be a little boy like the rest of us. But Mr. Gladstone did not forget the episodes of his boyhood, and liked to tell about them, just as your fathers and grandfathers tell you of their boyish doings.

When William E. Gladstone was a little boy about six years old, he was sent by his father one day to dine with a nobleman who had taken a fancy to the child. The story of what happened at dinner was told by Mr. Gladstone, many years later, to a little boy who came to visit him. Said he:

"My father, as he parted with me when I set out, said, 'Now, William, when at his Lordship's board be sure you do exactly as he does.'

"Well, I went to the good man's house, and sat down at the table and anxiously watched my host while he served the guests, bent of course on following my father's orders to do exactly as his lordship. When his guests had been served his lordship looked up from his plate and soon sneezed several times. I watched him and soon I sneezed the same number of times I had noted he had done. Nothing was said; the meal continued without interruption for a few more minutes. Then his Lordship exclaimed: 'A beastly draught,' and wheeling around in his chair called to his valet to close a door that had been left open.

"Again I watched him, then repeating the exclamation he had uttered, I wheeled around in my chair and gave a similar command to the valet.

"There was a silence, his Lordship's brow netted, his lips closed, and he gave me such a hard and inquiring look that I trembled from head to foot.

"At last he spoke, his voice not harsh, but determined.

" 'See here, William, are you imitating me?' he asked.

" 'Oh, no, your Lordship,' I stammered out.

" 'Well, what does this mean?'

" 'Only, your Lordship, that I am doing what father told me. He said I was to watch you at the table and do exactly as you did.'

"His Lordship laughed merrily, then turning to his guests said: 'I am taught a lesson. I must not do that which I would not have others do.' "

The little Gladstone was evidently a boy who took what was said to him in a very matter-of-fact way, besides being very obedient. He once said, in writing about his own childhood, that he was a meek little boy, also. In some way or other, when he was about seven years old, he had saved up fourteen shillings in silver—about three dollars and a half. His three older brothers, boys of eleven to fourteen, decided that they would take William's money and divide it evenly among the four boys. Of course you expect to hear that William objected. But he did not! He let them spend his money for four pocket knives; and then, so that the little boy might not cut his fingers, they broke off the tips of the blades of his knife. Was Mr. Gladstone right in calling himself meek?

THE CHECKER BOARD DRESS

Do you like to hear true stories about the authors of books that you have enjoyed reading? Here is a delightful one about Lewis Carroll, whose real name was Mr. Dodgson, whom you have to thank for one of the books that will never grow old, "Alice in Wonderland". Of course, such a book as that shows that its author understood children, and you can imagine how children must have loved him, since he did the kind of thing that this story tells. Any little girl will sympathize with Alice in this story. By the way, do you suppose she can have been the Alice who went to Wonderland?

The winter that Alice was ten years old she was made very unhappy by having to wear a dress she did not like, a wool of a large checked pattern, with squares of light blue and light drab.

One day, when she was going with her father to pay a visit to Mr. Dodgson, she was put into the hated dress, in spite of protests and tears. When she got to her friend's house, her eyes were still red; and it was not long before she had opened her full heart.

"But it seems a nice, warm dress, Alice," Mr. Dodgson said.

"It is warm," she admitted, with overflowing eyes.

Then, seeing her grief, Mr. Dodgson drew her kindly to him, and told her a lovely story of the sheep and the fleece; the washing of the wool; the carding and the spinning; the shuttle, and the click, click, click of the looms; the thickening of the cloth; and then how it was packed for the shops and sold.

"I shall like it better now, and I won't be silly any more," she said bravely, when the story was finished.

"And not only is it useful; it is very amusing—at least, you might make it so."

"How?" she cried. "Tell me, please."

"You shall see," Mr. Dodgson said, laughing, as he brought out from a drawer a box of checkers and a square drawing board, which he told her to put under the skirt of her dress. Then Alice and he played a most novel game of checkers on the large blue and drab squares of her dress.

She forgot all her troubles; and often afterward Mr. Dodgson would say: "Put on the blue and gray frock, Alice, when you come for a game of checkers."

WHY HE WAS CALLED "LEWIS CARROLL"

Do you wonder why Charles Ludwig Dodgson didn't use his own name on the title page of "Alice in Wonderland"? The reason was this. He was an Oxford professor, and a writer of the heaviest, most learned kind of books on mathematics. But he loved fun, too; and one day, just for fun, he began to put into a book the nonsense stories that he had told to the little girl of the story you have just read. But it didn't seem just suitable for the name of a learned mathematics professor to be attached to a book of nonsense. So he took the Latin form of his middle name, Ludovicus, and turned it back into English as Lewis; and the Latin form of his first name, Carolus, and turned it back into English as Carroll. That made "Lewis Carroll", his "pen-name", or "pseudonym"—a hard word which means a name which a writer pretends is his own.

GERRY OF THE SIGNAL CORPS

Did it ever occur to you boys that girls can as often as not do things just as well as boys. Here is a story of a girl who saved two boys from missing a good time by doing something that only boys usually do.

As you read see if you can think of some other occasion when Gerry might use her skill to be of help to somebody.

Gerry always wanted to join Bob and Chub when they started off to fish; she longed to be twelve and a boy, instead of nine and a girl. But they always laughed and said, "No girls allowed," when she begged to go along.

They said it for the hundreth time one warm, pleasant day when it was too beautiful to stay at home. With fishing rods over their shoulders and lunches in their knapsacks the two boys set off happy as larks. They were going to Stuart's Landing, a point on the other side of the little bay; they promised Gerry a fine dish of perch for supper.

But Gerry was cross as two sticks. "I don't want your old fish," she said. "And anyway, maybe something pleasant will happen while you're gone, and you'll wish you'd stayed at home and kept me company. There!"

After that speech she did not feel any more comfortable. She lay down in the hammock and before she even knew she was drowsy, sleep had overtaken her.

After a while, far away in a dream, she heard the tramp, tramp of big feet. The tramping came nearer and nearer. Gerry sat up yawning, and peered over the railing. "It's Cousin Ned!" she cried.

It was Cousin Ned, sure enough, big and brown in his navy clothes.

"I thought you were on the other side of the world," said Gerry.

"Well, I'm about to start for that point in two hours," said Cousin Ned, "but I thought I'd take a look at my relations before I go. Who wants to make me some iced lemonade?"

Gerry flew to call her mother. It was very exciting to have a sailor cousin from a destroyer appear suddenly and ask for lemonade. As Gerry cracked ice and squeezed lemons she tried to remember how many times it was that his boat had crossed the ocean among the swarming submarines.

"He'll tell us all about it, I know," she said.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before she remembered the boys. They would not miss their cousin's visit for all the fish in the bay. A swift little thought ran through her mind, "Serves them right for leaving me behind!"

But the next minute she was ashamed of herself. She knew just how the sunburned faces would look when the boys trudged in after dark and found out what they had missed.

She glanced at the clock. By that time they were at Stuart's Landing, and they would be there until sundown. As she carried the frosty pitcher out on the front porch she kept wishing there were some way to get hold of them. An hour afterwards, when her cousin spoke of two ships talking to each other, she thought of a way.

"They tap off signals, don't they?" she asked eagerly. "The boys showed me how to talk that way. I know most of the code."

Cousin Ned told her that the ships have various ways of talking with one another. "At night they talk by the means of lights, or blinkers," he said; "little lights that flash the ships' codes in the dark."

It was then that an idea popped into Gerry's head. The boys were too far away to hear signals by tapping, or even to see flash signals or wigwagging, but why should she not try to use the blinker system to make them know they were wanted at home? It was daylight, to be sure, but Gerry remembered how often Bob and Chub had startled her by flashing a mirror at her on a bright day, and she felt sure she could make use of the old trick. The boys would understand the signals if she used flashes instead of taps.

She jumped up and went flying to the attic, stopping on the way to get a small mirror that hung over a table in her room. A small barred window in the rear of the attic looked toward Stuart's Landing, which was just across the little bay. Gerry could tell the point by the tall sycamore tree that gave it its name. The boy's fishing place was a little to the left of the sycamore. She had been there once, and she knew it was not a quarter of a mile, by a bee line, from the back door. If only they would notice her signal, everything would be all right. She pulled out of her pocket the list of signals, which she had been studying only that morning, pinned it on the wall, and knelt in front of the window. Pushing the mirror through

the bars she twisted it in such a way that it caught the rays of the sun. Then, directing the flashes toward the landing, she began to spell out a message slowly.

A few minutes before she took her place at the attic window, Bob and Chub, having eaten all their lunch, had thrown themselves down to rest. Chub fell asleep instantly, and Bob was growing drowsy when all at once he began to notice a queer flashing in his eyes. He pulled his cap down lower over his face; but still the flashes bothered him.

Presently he jerked the cap off, sat up and gazed across the bay.

"It's near the cottage," he said to himself. "Gerry and mother must be throwing pie pans round in the sun to make all that flashing."

The silly thought struck him as very funny. He prodded Chub.

"Hey, Chub, wake up! What do you suppose they're doing at home?"

Chub sat up and blinked.

Flash, flash, flash, flash—pause; then more flashes and more pauses. The boys watched silently for a few moments; then Chub said, "Looks to me like signaling."

Bob sat up straight. "I do believe it is," he said. "There! Wasn't that 'M'?"

"It certainly was!" answered Chub excitedly. The flashes paused. "Pshaw!" he groaned. "They're going to stop. I do believe."

But after a short interval they began again: long

flash, short flash, long flash, short flash; three long flashes; two long flashes; short flash.

There was a moment's pause. Bob and Chub waited and watched without a word.

Four short flashes; three long flashes; two long flashes; short flash.

Then the signals stopped. The boys looked at each other.

"Come," began Bob.

"Home," finished Chub. "That's what I make it."

"That's what it was," Bob agreed.

"But who's doing it?"

"Gerry, of course. She knows the code. It's clever of her to think of using light instead of sounds."

Bob lay down again. "She's playing a joke on us," he said.

But Chub kept on watching, and presently the flashing started afresh. He scrambled to his feet. "I'm not going to take any chances," he declared.

Bob laughed. "Gerry'll have a good joke on us if we come home," he said. "I suppose she's trying to pay us back for leaving her behind."

But they ended by picking up their canteen and knapsacks and taking the home trail.

They reached the house at three o'clock. Gerry saw them first and came flying down to meet them. "Hurry up! Cousin Ned is here. Did you get my signal?"

"Cousin Ned! Whoop!" cried the boys. They started on the run for the house, but Bob called back as he ran, "Thank you, Gerry! You're a brick!"

When they told Cousin Ned about it, he said that Gerry had qualified for the Signal Corps.

—Eleanor Fairchild Pease.
Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion".

It would be fun to make up another story about Gerry and her two brothers. Can you imagine another incident in which Gerry's ability to send or to receive messages helped someone out of difficulty or real danger?

MIXED SENTENCES

Here are some badly mixed sentences. Arrange your papers as you usually do with the lines numbered from one to ten. These ten groups of words do not make sense as they are now arranged but if the words were differently placed each group would be a sentence. Some of the sentences are true and some are false. Without writing the words in their right order, decide for yourself what the right order would be. Then decide if the sentence thus made is true or false. If true write the word *true* beside the proper number. If false write the word *false* there. When you have finished, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher and wait quitely for the others.

1. made are glass of tables.
2. River flows Mississippi the north.
3. fly fish in air the.
4. longest year in the month the February is.
5. long summer are warm the days and in.
6. California grow in oranges.
7. is capital Boston the Pennsylvania of.
8. cars steel of made are railroad.
9. highly savages the Central Africa of civilized are.
10. was Samuel F. B. Morse invented telegraph the by.

THE FOX AND THE COCK

Here is a barnyard story that is too good to miss. Of course you will enjoy reading it.

Once there was a barnyard close to a wood, in a little valley. Here dwelt a cock, Chanticleer by name. His comb was redder than coral, his feathers were like burnished gold, and his voice was wonderful to hear. Before dawn each morning his crowing sounded over the valley, and his seven wives listened in admiration.

One night as he sat on the perch by the side of Dame Partlet, his most loved mate, he began to make a curious noise in his throat.

"What is it, my dear?" said Dame Partlet. "You sound frightened."

"Oh!" said Chanticleer, "I had the most horrible dream. I thought that as I roamed down by the wood a beast like a dog sprang out and seized me. His color was red, his nose was small, and his eyes were like coals of fire. Ugh! It was fearful!"

"Tut, tut! are you a coward to be frightened by a dream? You've been eating more than was good for you. I wish my husband to be wise and brave!" Dame Partlet clucked, as she smoothed her feathers, and slowly closed her scarlet eyes.

"Of course you are right, my love, yet I have heard of many dreams which came true. I am sure I shall meet with some misfortune, but we will not talk of it now. I am quite happy to be here by your side. You are very beautiful, my dear!"

Dame Partlet unclosed one eye slowly and made a pleased sound, deep in her throat.

The next morning, Chanticleer flew down from the perch and called his hens about him for their breakfast. He walked about boldly, calling, "Chuck! chuck!" at each grain of corn which he found. He felt very proud as they all looked at him so admiringly. He strutted about in the sunlight, flapping his wings to show off his feathers. His dream was forgotten.

Now all this time, Reynard, the fox, was lying hidden in the bushes on the edge of the wood bordering the barnyard. Chanticleer walked nearer and nearer his hiding place. Suddenly he saw a butterfly in the grass, and as he stooped toward it, he spied the fox.

"Cok! cok!" he cried in terror, and turned to flee.

"Dear friend, why do you go?" said Reynard in his gentlest voice. "I only crept down here to hear you sing. Your voice is like an angel's. Do you remember your father's singing? I can see him now as he stood on tiptoe, stretching out his long slender neck, sending out his glorious voice. He always flapped his wings and closed his eyes before he sang. Won't you sing just once and let me hear you? I am so anxious to know if you really sing better than your father."

Chanticleer was so pleased with this flattery that he flapped his wings, stood up on tiptoe, shut his eyes, and crowed as loudly as he could.

No sooner had he begun than Reynard sprang forward, caught him by the throat, threw him over his shoulder, and made off toward his den in the woods.

The hens made a loud outcry when they saw Chanticleer being carried off, so that the people in the cottage

The Fox and the Cock

near by heard and ran out after the fox. The dog heard and ran yelping after him. The cow ran, the calf ran, the pigs began to squeal and run too. The ducks and geese quacked in terror and flew up into the tree tops. Never was there heard such an uproar. Reynard began to feel a bit frightened himself.

"How swiftly you do run!" said Chanticleer from his back. "If I were you I should have some sport out of those slow coaches who are trying to catch you. Call out to them and say, "Why do you creep along like snails? Look! I am far ahead of you and shall soon be feasting on this cock in spite of all of you!"

Reynard was pleased at this and opened his mouth to call to his pursuers; but as soon as he did so, the cock flew away from him and perched up in a tree.

The fox saw he had lost his prey and began his old tricks again. "I was only proving to you how important you are in the barnyard. I did not mean to frighten you. Come down and we will go along to my home. I have something interesting to show you."

"No, no," said Chanticleer. "You do not catch me again. A man who shuts his eyes when he ought to be looking deserves to lose his sight entirely."

By this time, Chanticleer's friends were drawing near, so Reynard turned to flee. "The man who talks when he should be silent deserves to lose what he has gained," he said as he sped away through the wood.

—From "Stories for Children and How to Tell Them".
Courtesy of J. Berg Esenwein.

What mistake did Chanticleer make? What mistake did Reynard make? Which of the two was the more clever?

HOW WELL CAN YOU THINK?

Arrange your papers with your name and the date on the first line, and your grade and room or teacher's name on the second line; leave the third line vacant, and beginning with the fourth line number the lines from 1 to 5. See that you understand all the directions in each problem before you try to follow them. But work as quickly as you can.

1. I am a strong man. My arms are bare and show powerful muscles. I wear a leather apron and my hands are grimy as they grasp the heavy sledge I often use. What is my occupation? Write your answer on the first line.

2. If there are more people in Pittsburgh than in New York City, write the word *people* on the second line of your paper. If not, write the word *city* there.

3. A certain dentist has his offices on the eighth floor of an office building. He does not live in the building, nor does he eat his luncheon there. How many times a day must he pass the fifth floor? Write your answer on the third line.

4. A runner who can run one hundred yards in ten seconds is very fleet footed. At a certain athletic meet one of the athletes can run this distance in $9\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. If you think he would be likely to win the race, draw a line on the fourth line; if not draw a circle there.

5. In a certain large house, one-half of the coal in the coal bin is needed for one furnace, and two-thirds of what is left for the second furnace, and the remainder for the kitchen range. Which fire consumes the least coal?

A STRANGE TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEM

The telegraphic system in our bodies resembles one worked by wires and not a Marconi wireless one. Its chief office is the brain from which messages are sent to branch offices all over the body by means of nerves. They are the wires along which messages come and go.

The brain and the nerves make up what we call the nervous system. Without the brain and nerves we should be just like vegetables, for even very simple animals have some kind of nervous system—even a sea anemone or a worm. Without it we could neither see, hear, feel, taste, smell, nor think.

Sometimes when people have been giving their brains and nerves too much to do and bear, the doctor says, "Your nervous system is out of order," and he prescribes rest or change. That shows how necessary it is that we should understand how this part of us works, in order to keep it in good condition.

Someone hands you a very hot plate at breakfast, and you touch it with your right forefinger. What happens? The skin comes in contact with the hot plate, and immediately a nerve end at a small branch office at the tip of the finger sends the message, "The plate is hot," along the nerve up the arm to the spinal cord, and the spinal cord sends it from a junction there on to the brain. The brain decides what to do, and immediately sends back a message along a reply or *motor* nerve to the muscles of the finger, "Take the finger off the plate," and you quickly withdraw it. The nerve of feeling, or *sensory* nerve, that took

the message is not unlike a silver white thread in appearance, but in structure reminds us of a telegraphic cable rather than a telegraphic wire, for it is made of a number of strands called nerve fibres, each with an inner tube and two coats, the whole enclosed in a thin sheath; so that a nerve, though appearing simple to the naked eye, is really complicated. It takes a short time for the message to pass up the sensory nerve in the spinal cord to the brain. There it may be decided to send messages down the motor nerve in the spinal cord to set in motion muscles in different parts of the body. For instance, when you touch the hot plate, one message might be sent off to the voice-box and tongue, "Say the plate is too hot"; another to the muscles of the hand, "Protect your hand with the napkin"; another to the muscles of the face, "Make a grimace"; another to the lips, "Suck the burnt finger".

Just now the brain was referred to as commanding all the telegraphic nerve system. It does that all right so long as the nerves are in sound condition, and the electric current is running; but if the nerve cells have too much to do, or are not properly nourished by the blood, the brain cannot make them work well. Then there is risk of a breakdown on the line.

Fortunately, the nerves hoist danger signals. If the eye nerve is being used to read long in a bad light, it says, "Eye, be red and aching, and feel irritable"; and if the fibres in the sensory nerves of the right arm get squeezed and flattened when you lie upon them, they say, "Arm, lose all feeling". Then we shut our

eyes, or look away from the book; and free the arm and rub it to get the nerves to work again. But of all the danger signals, Pain is the most effectual.

The lungs, heart and stomach are so important to the well-being of the body, and perform such severe labor for it, that they have a lesser nerve system of their own, consisting of nerve knots arranged somewhat like a chain down each side of the spine and about the lungs, heart, and digestive apparatus.

The ends of the little nerves in the skin are sensitive, not only to heat and cold, but to touch. They generally become very alert in blind people, who possess such wonderful touch that they not only read books in raised type, but sometimes distinguish colors by the feel of the material.

Altogether it has been estimated that, with their branches, the nerves of the telegraphic system number about 10,000,000. There are none in the outer skin, the hairs or the nails, mercifully, for how dreadful it would be if we felt the cutting of our nails and hair, and smarted when we touched things!

—From "Talks With Children About Themselves", by Amy B. Barnard.

1. Write a correct list under each of these titles:

(*a*) Ten parts of the body that have nerve connections with the brain.

(*b*) Three parts of the body that do not.

(*c*) Three danger signals that show exhausted nerves.

Draw a diagram showing the sending of a nervous message when you touch a hot plate.

THE PILGRIM AND THE HYENA

Do you like animal tales? Here is a new one from far-off Africa that you will like.

There was once a pilgrim named Malami, who set out on a journey to Mecca, mounted on a thin old horse, the only horse he had. Now, when he had ridden a long way into the forest, he met with Kura the Hyena, a wicked and cunning creature. The horse was very tired, because it was thin and old; and Kura the Hyena looked at it, and said to the pilgrim: "Malami, where are you going?"

"I am going to Mecca, O Kura," said the pilgrim.

"Then why do you go so slowly?" asked the Hyena.

"Because my horse is old and tired, O Kura."

Then the Hyena said: "You will never reach Mecca on that old horse. Get off it, and I will carry you the rest of the way."

Then the pilgrim was glad, for his horse was tired, while the Hyena was very strong. But he said: "Are you speaking the truth? Do not deceive me. Will you really carry me all the way to Mecca?"

And the Hyena said: "Yes, indeed I will. The only reason I spoke to you was because I saw your horse was too old and tired ever to reach Mecca. I spoke from kindness. If you get off your horse and mount on me, this instant I will set off with you."

Then Malami believed her, and got off his horse. But the moment he was off, the Hyena sprang at the horse and killed it, and tore it in pieces, and picked up the meat and carried it off to her home.

Then Malami ran after her, crying: "O Kura, what have you done? You promised to carry me yourself to Mecca, and now you have killed my horse."

Then the Hyena said: "Yes, I will carry you. Wait there, and I will soon come back. What use was an old tired horse? When I have eaten it, I shall be so strong that I can easily carry you to Mecca."

But Kura took the meat home to her children, and they ate it all up. And when it was finished she stayed there, and did not come back to the pilgrim at all.

Now Malami waited patiently a long time, and the Hyena did not come, and he got tired of waiting. But as he sat there, Karen-Buki the Jackal came along, and Malami called to him: "O Karen-Buki, have you seen Kura the Hyena?"

Then Karen-Buki said: "What do you want Kura for? She is a rascal; she is no good to anyone."

Then Malami wept, and said: "Kura promised to carry me to Mecca, and Kura has killed my horse and carried it away home, and has not come back. As for me, I shall never reach Mecca at all. My horse is dead, and now Kura will not keep her promise."

Then Karen-Buki was sorry for the pilgrim, and he said: "Just wait here, and I will bring Kura. She shall keep her promise and carry you to Mecca."

He took the saddle and the bridle and spurs that had belonged to the dead horse, and he took a great piece of meat. But as he went, first he dropped the spurs and the bit, and a little further on he dropped the bridle; and close to the Hyena's house he laid down the saddle.

Then he came to the door of the Hyena's house, and called: "O Kura, are you in your house?"

But the Hyena had told her children: "If anyone comes looking for me, say I am not here."

And the children of the Hyena all answered: "Kura is not here, O Karen-Buki. There is no one here but us children."

Then the Jackal said: "Well, that is a pity. I am sorry for Kura. She has no luck. I found a dead cow, a very fat one, and I came to tell her to come and share it with me. And you say she is not here. Well, it can't be helped. I must eat it alone."

Then the greedy Hyena heard about the cow, and she called out: "Who is that looking for me?"

And the Jackal answered: "It is I, Karen-Buki the Jackal. I found a dead cow, a very fat one, and I came to tell you. Look, I have cut off a big piece of meat for you. But your children said you were not in the house."

Then the Hyena got up, and said: "My children are a worthless lot! Why did they say I was not here? I was asleep, or I would have answered you myself."

So Kura came out, and as soon as she appeared the Jackal threw her the piece of meat, and said: "Taste it, is it not good?"

And Kura swallowed it greedily, and said: "Let us be off quickly, or perhaps some one else will find the cow and eat it." And she set off very quickly; but the Jackal came very slowly a long way behind, saying: "I cannot go quickly, I am tired."

Then Kura said: "Get on my back and I will carry you quickly along, and you must point out the way."

So Karen-Buki the Jackal got on her back, and very soon they came to where the saddle was. And the Jackal said: "Let me put this thing on your back, because the hair on your back is getting ruffled."

And Kura said: "Very well. Only be quick, and let us get on."

So Karen-Buki fastened on the saddle. They went on, and twice Karen-Buki pretended to fall off. Kura got angry, and said: "Cannot you hold better?"

And by this time they had come to where the bridle was lying. And Karen-Buki said: "Let me lift this thing and put it in your mouth, and perhaps it will help me to hold on."

And Kura said: "Very well. Only be quick, and let us get on."

So the Jackal put the bit in the Hyena's mouth, and they rode to where the spurs were lying. And then the Jackal got down and said: "Wait a moment, there is a thorn in my foot." And he got down, and pretended to look at his foot and pull out the thorn. But really he put on the spurs.

And Kura said: "Be quick, and let us get on."

Then Karen-Buki took the Hyena into the forest, near to where the pilgrim was. And the Hyena did not want to go that way, and said: "No, no; I cannot go that way."

But the Jackal turned the bit to where Malami was sitting, and struck Kura with the spurs and forced her to go right up to the pilgrim. And Kura kept

crying, "Ow! ow!" because she was forced to go to Malami, and because she was struck with the spurs.

Then Karen-Buki the Jackal stopped in front of Malami and dismounted, and said: "Malami, here is the Hyena. Get on her back, and do not get off until you reach Mecca; and if she will not go, pull her bridle and strike her with the spurs. And when you dismount do not let her be taken to the stream to drink, or you will never see her again."

Then Malami thanked Karen-Buki with all his heart, and promised to do as he said; and he got on Kura's back and rode all the way to Mecca without getting off. And however unwilling she was, Kura had to keep her promise. But when he got to Mecca, he gave her to some boys to hold, and told them not to mount on her and not to take her to the stream. But when he was not looking, two of the boys got on Kura's back and took her to the stream.

And when they got there, Kura began to gallop, and tossed them both into the water and ran off. And when Malami came up, the boys were scrambling out of the water, and Kura the Hyena was nowhere to be seen. Nor did she ever come near Malami again.

—From "Animal Tales from Africa", by J. E. Macnair.

Can you act this story from the memory of one reading? If you can it will be a test of your ability to read, to understand, and to remember. Your teacher will select one of your number to be Malami the pilgrim; another to be Kura the Hyena; and another to be Karen-Buki the Jackal. Your classmates will decide whether or not you have acted well.

THE TWO DOLLS

When you see or hear something unpleasant about someone, do you keep it to yourself or do you tell it? When someone repeats to you an unkind speech of someone about you, do you believe it and become angry? When someone trusts you with a secret, do you tell it to your best friend? If you do none of these things, you are as wise as one of the people in this story.

An Indian Prince had a daughter.

"None but a wise man shall wed my lass," said the prince. "He may be rich, he may be grand, he may be brave, he may be comely—all this is good; but I say that first of all he must be wise. He must be a man of sense."

Yes, but how was he to make sure that a man had sense?

The prince had two large dolls made, as large as a man. They were both alike. Their dress was alike, their faces alike; their size alike; their shape alike; their everything alike. They were like as two peas.

The dolls were set up at the door of his royal hall.

A crier went out in the highway and cried:

"Be it known to you all, that he who can tell in what way the two dolls at the palace are not the same shall wed the princess and be heir to the throne."

Also the message was sent far and wide to towns and states. All the ladies, believing that the princess would soon be married, got ready the most beautiful new gowns; the palace bakers prepared the things necessary for the baking of an elaborate wedding-cake; and the princess trembled between hope and fear, wonder-

ing who would meet the test and be chosen as her husband.

Nobles, princes, and kings came to see the dolls, and they looked them up and down, and round and round, and front and back, and top and bottom. Nobles, princes and kings peeped, stared, gazed, examined, inspected, quizzed, and viewed; but all in vain. None could tell the difference.

"There is no difference," they growled.

So the ladies throughout the kingdom began to fear that their gowns would go out of style; the bakers did not bake the cake for the wedding; and the poor princess no longer feared anything except the fate of not being married at all.

At last came a youth who had a quiet way, a steady eye, a brain that could brood over puzzles till the answer was found. He had heard the words of the king's message, and he entered the courtyard and stood still before the two dolls.

A very long time he stood. Not the smallest difference could he see. The eyes of one were copies of the other's eyes—so with the hands, the arms, the legs, the feet, the costumes, the everything!

He walked up and down; he rubbed his forehead; he frowned; he folded his arms; he shut his eyes; he bent his head.

Then he seemed to wake up. Going close up to the two puppets, he looked very closely into their ears; then at their lips.

With eyes on the ground, he searched till he found a piece of straw.

He Pushed the Straw into the Ear.

Taking the straw in his right hand, he returned to the images. He pushed the straw into the ear of one of the dolls. Whatever was he at? Surely he did not want to tickle a doll's ear.

The next moment, as he kept pushing the straw, one end of it came out of the doll's mouth, and presently the straw fell to the floor. The young man picked it up, and stepped to the other puppet.

Pushing the straw into the ear, he watched the mouth. Nothing came out. He pushed further. The straw had gone altogether. It must have fallen into the hollow inside of the doll. There was no way out of the mouth. He called a servant.

"Tell his Highness I should like to see him about the dolls. I know the secret."

"Speak, young man," said the prince.

"Sir, one doll is better than the other; for he never lets out at the mouth what comes in at the ear, whereas the other one lets fall from the lips whatever enters his ear. One does not repeat all he sees and hears. The other gossips and spreads tales."

"It is time to prepare the marriage feast," said the prince. "This wise young man will be my daughter's bridegroom."

So now it was the bakers' turn to be busy, and the dressmakers', and all the rest. And there was a very pretty wedding.

—*From "Conduct Stories", by F. J. Gould.*

Why did the prince choose this young man for the bridegroom? Which was the wiser, the prince or the young man?

DISTRIBUTING WORDS

Arrange your paper with your name and grade at the top. Divide the rest of your paper into four parts and head the columns in this way:

PLUMBER	BARBER	POLICEMAN	POSTMAN

Below is a long list of words that should be distributed into the four columns of your paper. Every word that has to do with a PLUMBER or his work should be written in the first column. Every word that has to do with a POLICEMAN or his work should be written in the third column. The other words should be distributed in the same way among the other columns under BARBER and POSTMAN.

When you have finished, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher and wait quietly until all have finished.

scissors	prisoner	letter
revolver	overalls	magistrate
parcel	money order	address
lead	beat	bag
comb	spigot	pipe
towel	joint	washer
handcuffs	whistle	brush
stamp	jail	thief
route	package	soap
bay rum	chisel	club
wrench	razor	collection
chair	letter box	talcum powder
court	clippers	nut

THE KING AND THE HEARTSEASE

One beautiful June morning the king went out into his garden to visit the flowers. If he had not been a king he would certainly have been a gardener, for he loved every little growing thing, and knew just what was needed to make each plant bloom its very best. The flowers and shrubs and trees and vines all loved him, too, and stood up straight and strong when he came into the garden, nodding their pretty heads and waving their graceful branches to give him greeting. But this lovely morning, when he expected to find everything at its fairest, something seemed to have gone wrong, for everything was withering and drooping, so that the garden was a doleful place indeed.

Near the gate stood a great oak, whose leaves looked as shrivelled and brown as if it were October instead of June. "What is the matter, old friend?" asked the good king.

"I am sick of my life," said the oak, "and determined to die. There is no use in living while my limbs are so gnarled and knotted, instead of being straight and tall like the pine which points to heaven. Besides, I bear as fruit only these wretched little acorns, and see what fine big cones the pine bears."

So the king turned to the pine-tree. Its needles were drooping to the ground in a shower with every little breeze. "What is the matter, oh evergreen pine?" asked the king.

"I am tired of this dress of needles which I must wear, instead of leaves like the other trees. Then,

too, they can change their dress to red or yellow, while I am always green. But worst of all, I would like to bear grapes, like the vine, and I have only these hard, spiky cones."

Then the king passed on to the grapevine. "Why do you look so drooping?" he asked.

"I want to be beautiful as well as useful," said the vine. "The apple tree and the peach tree and the cherry tree all bear fruit, like me; but first they are decked with beautiful pink or white blossoms. I do not care to live if I cannot have blossoms, too."

But when the king turned to the cherry tree he found it was no happier than the vine. "My blossoms only last a few days," it murmured. "I should like to have blossoms all the time, like the rose."

But the rose was sad because it had a thorny stem, instead of a smooth one like the daisy. And the daisy was discontented because it had no perfume like the lily. All through the garden the king walked, and everywhere he saw nothing but sad and drooping flowers.

At last, however, away off in a far corner he found a little flower standing as straight and holding its tiny head as proudly as ever. It was the heartsease, or, as you would call it, the pansy. So little and humble was it that the king had to stoop far over to hear its voice, as it said a cheerful good morning.

"Well," said the king, "I am glad to find one brave little flower in the midst of this unhappy garden. You don't seem discouraged or discontented like the rest."

"No, your Majesty," said the little flower. "I

know I'm not as important or as beautiful as some of the others. But I concluded that the reason why you planted me here was because you wanted a heartsease. If you had wanted an oak, or a pine, or a grapevine, or a rose, or a lily, you would have planted one. So, since you want a heartsease, I am bound to be the best heartsease that ever I can."

Then the king smiled. "You are a wise little flower," he said.

—*Mabel Dodge Holmes.*

Invent an ending for the story, telling how the other plants and flowers felt when they heard the pansy's words, and what they all did next.

Can you think of three more flowers or trees that may have been in the garden? If you can, tell what they were discontented about.

Can you tell about a boy or girl who was ever unhappy for the same reason that these flowers were?

YES OR NO?

1. Brazil has good soil and a very warm climate. Coffee is a product of a tropical climate. Do you think coffee would be one of the products of Brazil?

2. All but four of the boys in the Fifth Grade have school garden plots. Robert is in the Fifth Grade. Are you sure that Robert has a school garden plot?

3. I have twenty-four walnuts. If I give each of my three brothers seven walnuts, shall I have seven left for myself?

THE BOY ROOSEVELT

When you think of Theodore Roosevelt, there comes to your mind the picture of a strong, active, energetic man, fond of out-of-door life, of animals, and of athletic sports, a good soldier, and an untiring explorer and hunter in distant and dangerous places. It seems as though such a man must always have been well and strong. But the story of Colonel Roosevelt's boyhood gives us a very different idea of him.

As you read the following account of Theodore Roosevelt's life as a boy, find answers to these questions:

1. Why is it remarkable that Colonel Roosevelt was such a strong, well man?
2. What did he do as a boy to make himself a strong man?

Theodore Roosevelt was one of a family of four children, Anna, Theodore, Elliott, and Corinne. Two boys and two girls of course could have a very good time together, especially as two cousins lived next door to them in their New York City home. During the summer the family always went to the country, where the children had all kinds of pets—cats, ducks, rabbits, a raccoon, and a Shetland pony named General Grant. In the city the houses of Theodore's father and his uncle had wide back porches on which the children played. Theodore liked to go to his uncle's house, because he could usually see there a parrot or a cockatoo or some other strange bird with bright plumage; and once a monkey was a member of the family.

As a little boy Theodore was very delicate and often ill, especially with attacks of asthma. For years he could not sleep except sitting up against his pillows. His later robust health was due partly to the loving

care of his father and mother, and partly to his own determination to become strong. "One of my early memories," he says, "is of my father walking up and down the room with me in his arms at night when I was a very small person, and of sitting up in bed gasping, with my father and mother trying to help me." Often his father, in summer, would take him driving through the countryside in the darkness of night. Theodore recorded at one time in his diary, "I was sick of the asthma last night. I sat up four successive hours and Papa made me smoke a cigar." The statement that he was "sick of the asthma last night" occurs frequently in this childish diary.

It is interesting to read what his youngest sister, Corinne, writes about her brother as a little lad. She says that he was a rather small, patient, suffering little child, who, in spite of his suffering was always the leader among the group of children. They followed him lovingly in every game he invented, and listened eagerly to the stories he made up, usually about animals who talked like real people.

"I remember well," this sister writes, "that my father had the third room of the second floor turned into an outdoor piazza gymnasium, with see-saws, horizontal and vertical bars, swings, etc., and my brother always told me of the deep impression it produced upon him when my father took him for the first time to this outdoor gymnasium, and said: 'Theodore, you have the brains, but brains are of little use without the body; you have got to make your body, and it lies with you to make it, and it's dull, hard

work, but you can do it,' and from that day this little boy of about nine years old started to make his body, and he never ceased in making that body until the day of his death. But in those early years it was a difficult task. I can see him now faithfully going through various exercises, at different times of the day, to broaden the chest narrowed by this terrible shortness of breath, to make the limbs and back strong and able to bear the weight of what was coming to him later in life."

Theodore was too delicate a boy to be sent away to boarding school, and was taught for the most part by tutors. When he was fourteen years old his father moved to Oyster Bay. There Theodore had a chance to learn to love the water. He liked rowing better than sailing, because it was harder work. He liked to row in a tiny boat for miles, shooting ducks, taking long and dangerous trips when the water in the Sound was rough. All this time he was becoming a much stronger and hardier boy. He rode horseback, too, and roamed about in the beautiful country collecting birds and animals, studying their habits, and skinning and stuffing them himself. This healthful outdoor life, together with boxing lessons, running contests, and gymnastic exercises, made Theodore Roosevelt at eighteen able to enter college a strong, perfectly healthy young man.

—Adapted from "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt", by William Draper Lewis. Courtesy of the John C. Winston Company

THE HUT IN THE FOREST

This Russian tale has all the flavor of a story from the "Arabian Nights", and shows how closely the Russian is related to the people of Bagdad and the East.

Your teacher may use this story in any way she pleases. A good average reader can read it in about fifteen minutes. It will also lend itself easily to acting. A very good way to make sure the story was understood is to build an outline after the story has been read, a sentence for each paragraph or division of the story and then to re-tell it part by part.

Outside in the forest there was deep snow. The white snow had crusted the branches of the pine trees, and piled itself up on them till they bent under its weight. Now and then a snow-laden branch would bend too far, and huge lumps of snow fell crashing to the ground under the trees. Then the branch would swing up, and the snow covered it again with a cold white burden. Sitting in the hut you could hear the crashing again and again out in the forest, as the tired branches flung down their loads of snow. Yes, and now and then there was the howling of wolves far away.

Little Maroosia heard them, and thought of them out there in the dark as they galloped over the snow. She sat closer to Vanya, her brother, and they were both as near as they could get to the door of the stove where they could see the red fire burning busily, keeping the whole hut warm. The stove filled a quarter of the hut, but that was because it was a bed as well. There were blankets on it, and in those blankets Vanya and Maroosia rolled up and went to sleep at night, as warm as little baking cakes.

The hut was made of pine logs cut from the forest. You could see the marks of the axe. Old Peter was the grandfather of Maroosia and Vanya. He lived alone with them in the hut in the forest, because their father and mother were both dead. Maroosia and Vanya could hardly remember them, and they were very happy with old Peter, who was very kind to them and did all he could to keep them warm and well fed. He let them help him in everything, even in stuffing the windows with moss to keep the cold out when winter began. The moss kept the light out too, but that did not matter. It would be all the jollier in the spring when the sun came pouring in.

Besides old Peter and Maroosia and Vanya there were Vladimir and Bayan. Vladimir was a cat, a big black cat, as stately as an emperor, and just now he was lying in Vanya's arms fast asleep. Bayan was a dog, a tall gray wolf-dog. He could jump over the table with a single bound. When he was in the hut he usually lay underneath the table, because that was the only place where he could lie without being in the way. And, of course, at meal times he was in the way even there. Just now he was out with old Peter.

"I wonder what story it will be to-night?" said Maroosia.

"So do I," said Vanya. "I wish they'd be quick and come back."

Vladimir stirred suddenly in Vanya's lap, and a minute later they heard the scrunch of boots in the snow, and the stamping of old Peter's feet trying to get the snow off his boots. Then the door opened,

and Bayan pushed his way in and shook himself, and licked Maroosia and Vanya and startled Vladimir, and lay down under the table and came out again, because he was so pleased to be home. And old Peter came in after him, with his gun on his back and a hare in his hand. He shook himself just like Bayan, and the snow flew off like spray. He hung up his gun, flung the hare into a corner of the hut, and laughed.

"You are snug in here, little pigeons," he said.

Vanya and Maroosia had jumped up to welcome him, and when he opened his big sheepskin coat, they tumbled into it together and clung to his belt. Then he closed the big woolly coat over the top of them and they squealed; and he opened it a little way and looked down at them over his beard, and then closed it again for a moment before letting them out. He did this every night, and Bayan always barked when they were shut up inside.

Then old Peter took his big coat off and lifted down the samovar from the shelf. The samovar is like a big tea-urn, with a red-hot fire in the middle of it keeping the water boiling. It hums like a bee on the tea-table, and the steam rises in a little jet from a tiny hole in the top. The boiling water comes out of a tap at the bottom. Old Peter threw in the lighted sticks and charcoal, and made a draught to draw the heat, and then set the samovar on the table with the little fire crackling in its inside. Then he cut some big lumps of black bread. Then he took a great saucepan full of soup, that was simmering on the stove, and emptied it into a big wooden bowl.

Then he went to the wall where, on three nails, hung three wooden spoons, deep like ladles. There were one big spoon, for old Peter; and two little spoons, one for Vanya and one for Maroosia.

And all the time that old Peter was getting supper ready he was answering questions and making jokes—old ones, of course, that he made every day—about how plump the children were, and how fat was better to eat than butter, and what the Man in the Moon said when he fell out, and what the wolf said who caught his own tail and ate himself up.

Then they had supper, all three dipping their wooden spoons in the big bowl together, and eating a tremendous lot of black bread. And, of course, there were scraps for Vladimir and a bone for Bayan.

After that they had tea with sugar but no milk, because they were Russians and liked it that way.

Then came the stories. Old Peter made another glass of tea for himself, not for the children. His throat was old, he said, and took a lot of keeping wet; and they were young, and would not sleep if they drank tea too near bedtime. Then he threw a log of wood into the stove. Then he lit a short little pipe, full of very strong tobacco. And he puffed, and the smoke got in his eyes, and he wiped them with the back of his big hand.

All the time he was doing this Vanya and Maroosia were snuggling together close by the stove, thinking what story they would ask for, and listening to the crashing of the snow as it fell from the trees outside. Now that old Peter was at home, the noise made them

feel comfortable and warm. Before, perhaps, it made them feel a little frightened.

"Well, little pigeons, little hawks, little bear cubs, what is it to be?" said old Peter.

"We don't know," said Maroosia.

"Long hair, short sense, little she-pigeon," said old Peter. "All this time and not thought of a story? Would you like the tale of the little Snow Girl who was not loved so much as a hen?"

"Not to-night, grandfather," said Vanya.

"We'd like that tale when the snow melts," said Maroosia.

"To-night we'd like a story we've never heard before," said Vanya.

"Well, well," said old Peter, combing his great gray beard with his fingers, and looking out at them with twinkling eyes from under his big bushy eyebrows. "Have I ever told you the story of 'The Silver Saucer and the Transparent Apple'?"

"No, no, never," cried Vanya and Maroosia.

Old Peter took a last pull at his pipe, and Vanya and Maroosia wriggled with excitement. Then he drank a sip of tea. Then he began the story called—

Little Master Misery

Once upon a time there were two brothers, peasants, and one was kind and the other was cunning. And the cunning one made money and became rich—very rich—so rich that he thought himself far too good for the village. He went off to the town, and dressed in fine furs, and clothed his wife in rich bro-

cades, and made friends among the merchants, and began to live as merchants live, eating all day long, no longer like a simple peasant who eats kasha one day, kasha the next day, and for a change kasha on the third day also. And always he grew richer and richer.

It was very different with the kind one. He lent money to a neighbor, and the neighbor never paid it back. He sowed before the last frost, and lost all his crops. His horse went lame. His cow gave no milk. If his hens laid eggs, they were stolen; and if he set a night-line in the river, someone else always pulled it out and stole the fish and the hooks. Everything went wrong with him, and each day saw him poorer than the day before. At last there came a time when he had not a crumb of bread in the house. He and his wife were thin as sticks because they had nothing to eat, and the children were crying all day long because of their little empty stomachs. From morning till night he dug and worked, a struggling against poverty like a fish against the ice; but it was no good. Things went from bad to worse.

At last his wife said to him: "You must go to the town and see that rich brother of yours. He will surely not refuse to give you a little help."

And he said: "Truly, wife, there is nothing else to be done. I will go to the town, and perhaps my rich brother will help me. I am sure he would not let my children starve. After all, he is their uncle."

So he took his stick and tramped off to the town.

He came to the house of his rich brother. A fine

house it was, with painted eaves and a door-way carved by a master. Many servants were there and food in plenty, and people coming and going. He went in and found his brother, and said,—

"Dear brother of mine, I beg you help me, even if only a little. My wife and children are without bread. All day long they sit hungry and waiting, and I have no food to give them."

The rich brother looks at him, and hums and strokes his beard. Then says he: "I will help you. But, of course, you must do something in return. Stay here and work for me, and at the end of a week you shall have the help you have earned."

The poor brother thanked him, and bowed and kissed his hand, and praised God for his brother's kindness, and set instantly to work. For a whole week he slaved. He cleaned out the stables and cut the wood, swept the yard, drew water from the well, and ran errands for the cook. At the end of the week his brother called him, and gave him a loaf of bread.

"You must not forget," said the rich brother, "that I have fed you all the week you have been here, and all that food counts in the payment".

The poor brother thanked him, and was setting off to carry the loaf to his wife and children when the rich brother called him back.

"Stop a minute," said he; "I would like you to know that I am well disposed towards you. To-morrow is my name-day. Come to the feast, and bring your wife with you."

"How can I do that, brother? Your friends are

merchants, with fine clothes, and boots on their feet. And I have nothing but my old coat, and my legs are bound in rags and my feet shuffle along in straw slippers. I do not want to shame you before your guests."

"Never mind about that," says the rich brother; "we will find a place for you".

"Very good, brother, and thank you kindly. God be praised for having given you a tender heart."

And the poor brother, though he was tired out after all the work he had done, set off home as fast as he could to take the bread to his wife and children and to tell them of his brother's kindness.

"He might have given you more than that," said his wife.

"But listen," said he; "what do you think of this? To-morrow we are invited, you and I, as guests, to go to a great feast."

"What do you mean? A feast? Who has invited us?"

"My brother has invited us. To-morrow is his name-day. I always told you he had a kind heart. We shall be well fed, and I dare say we shall be able to bring back something for the children."

"A pleasure like that does not often come our way," said his wife.

So early in the morning they got up, and walked all the way to the town, so as not to shame the rich brother by putting up their old cart in the yard beside the merchants' fine carriages. They came to the rich brother's house, and found the guests all

assembled and making merry; rich merchants and their plump wives, all eating and laughing and drinking and talking.

They wished a long life to the rich brother, and the poor brother wanted to make a speech, congratulating him on his name-day. But the rich brother scarcely thanked him, because he was so busy entertaining the rich merchants and their plump, laughing wives. He was pressing food to his guests, now this, now that, and calling to the servants to keep their glasses filled and their plates full of all the tastiest kinds of food. As for the poor brother and his wife, the rich one forgot all about them, and they got nothing to eat and never a drop to drink. They just sat there with empty plates and empty glasses, watching how the others ate and drank. The poor brother laughed with the rest, because he did not wish to show that he had been forgotten.

The dinner came to an end. One by one the guests went up to the giver of the feast to thank him for his good cheer. And the poor brother too got up from the bench, and bowed low before his brother and thanked him.

The guests went home, drunken and joyful. A fine noise they made, as people do on these occasions, shouting jokes to each other and singing songs at the top of their voices.

The poor brother and his wife went home empty and sad. All that long way they had walked, and now they had to walk it again, and the feast was over.

and never a bite had they in their mouths, nor a drop in their gullets.

"Come, wife," says the poor brother as he trudged along, "let us sing a song like the others".

"What a fool you are!" says his wife. Hungry and cross she was, as even Maroosia would be after a day like that watching other people stuff themselves. "What a fool you are!" says she. "People may very well sing when they have eaten tasty dishes and drunk good wine. But what reason have you got for making a merry noise in the night?"

"Why, my dear," says he, "we have been at my brother's name-day feast. I am ashamed to go home without a song. I'll sing. I'll sing so that everyone shall think he loaded us with good things like the rest."

"Well, sing if you like; but you'll sing by yourself," she answered crossly.

So the peasant, the poor brother, started singing a song with his dry throat. He lifted his voice and sang like the rest, while his wife trudged silently beside him.

But as he sang it seemed to the peasant that he heard two voices singing—his own and another's. He stopped, and asked his wife:

"Is that you joining in my song with a little thin voice?"

"What's the matter with you? I never thought of singing with you. I never opened my mouth."

"Who is it then?"

"No one except yourself. Any one would say you had a drink of wine after all."

"But I heard some one . . . a little weak voice . . . a little sad voice . . . joining with mine."

"I heard nothing," said his wife; "but sing again, and I'll listen".

The poor man sang again. He sang alone. His wife listened, and it was clear that there were two voices singing—the dry voice of the poor man, and a little miserable voice that came from the shadows under the trees. The poor man stopped, and asked out loud:

"Who are you who are singing with me?"

And a little voice answered out of the shadows by the roadside, under the trees:

"I am Misery."

"So it was you, Misery, who were helping me?"

"Yes, master, I was helping you."

"Well, little Master Misery, come along with us and keep us company."

"I'll do that willingly," says little Master Misery, "and I'll never, never leave you at all—no, not if you have no other friend in the world".

And a wretched little man, with a miserable face and little thin legs and arms, came out of the shadows and went home with the peasant and his wife.

It was late when they got home, but little Master Misery asked the peasant to take him to the tavern. "After such a day as this has been," says he, "there's nothing else to be done".

"But I have no money," says the peasant.

"What of that?" says little Master Misery. "Spring has begun, and you have a winter jacket on. It will

soon be summer, and whether you have it or not you won't wear it. Bring it along to the tavern, and change it for a drink."

The poor man went to the tavern with little Master Misery, and they sat there and drank the vodka that the tavern-keeper gave them in exchange for the coat.

Next day, early in the morning, little Master Misery began complaining. His head ached and he could not open his eyes, and he did not like the weather, and the children were crying, and there was no food in the house. He asked the peasant to come with him to the tavern again and forget all this wretchedness in a drink.

"But I've got no money," says the peasant.

"Rubbish!" says little Master Misery; "you have a sledge and a cart".

They took the cart and the sledge to the tavern, and stayed there drinking until the tavern-keeper said they had had all that the cart and the sledge were worth. Then the tavern-keeper took them and threw them out of doors into the night, and they picked themselves up and crawled home.

Next day Misery complained worse than before, and begged the peasant to come with him to the tavern. There was no getting rid of him, no keeping him quiet. The peasant sold his harrow and plough, so that he could no longer work his land. He went to the tavern with little Master Misery.

A month went by like that, and at the end of it the peasant had nothing left at all. He had even pledged the hut he lived in to a neighbor, and taken the money

to the tavern. And every day little Master Misery begged him to come. "There I am not wretched any longer," says Misery. "There I sing, and even dance, hitting the floor with my heels and making a merry noise."

"But now I have no money at all, and nothing left to sell," says the poor peasant. "I'd be willing enough to go with you, but I can't, and here is an end of it."

"Rubbish!" says Misery; "your wife has two dresses. Leave her one; she can't wear both at once. Leave her one, and buy a drink with the other. They are both ragged, but take the better of the two. The tavern-keeper is a just man, and will give us more drink for the better one."

The peasant took the dress and sold it; and Misery laughed and danced, while the peasant thought to himself, "Well, this is the end. I've nothing left to sell, and my wife has nothing either. We've the clothes on our backs, and nothing else in the world."

In the morning little Master Misery woke with a headache as usual, and a mouthful of groans and complaints. But he saw that the peasant had nothing left to sell, and he called out, —

"Listen to me, master of the house."

"What is it, Misery?" says the peasant, who was master of nothing in the world.

"Go you to a neighbor and beg the loan of a cart and a pair of good oxen."

The poor peasant had no will of his own left. He did exactly as he was told by his companion Misery.

He went to his neighbor and begged the loan of the oxen and cart.

"But how will you repay me?" says the neighbor.

"I will do a week's work for you for nothing."

"Very well," says the neighbor; "take the oxen and cart, but be careful not to give them too heavy a load".

"Indeed I won't," says the peasant, thinking to himself that he had nothing to load them with. "And thank you very much," says he; and he goes back to Misery, taking with him the oxen and cart.

Misery looked at him and grumbled in his wretched little voice, "They are hardly strong enough".

"They are the best I could borrow," says the peasant; "and you and I have starved too long to be heavy".

And the peasant and little Master Misery sat together in the cart and drove off together, Misery holding his head in both hands and groaning at the jolt of the cart.

As soon as they left the village, Misery sat up and asked the peasant:

"Do you know the big stone that stands alone in the middle of a field not far from here?"

"Of course I know it," says the peasant.

"Drive straight to it," says Misery, and went on rocking himself to and fro, and groaning and complaining in his wretched little voice.

They came to the stone, and got down from the cart and looked at the stone. It was very big and heavy, and was fixed in the ground.

"Heave it up," says Misery

The poor peasant set to work to heave it up, and Misery helped him, groaning, and complaining that the peasant was nothing of a fellow because he could not do his work by himself. Well, they heaved it up, and there below it was a deep hole, and the hole was filled with gold pieces to the very top; more gold pieces than ever you will see copper ones if you live to be a hundred and ten.

"Well, what are you staring at?" says Misery. "Stir yourself, and be quick about it, and load all this gold into the cart".

The peasant set to work, and piled all the gold into the cart down to the very last gold piece; while Misery sat on the stone and watched, groaning and chuckling in his weak, wretched little voice.

"Be quick," says Misery; "and then we can get back to the tavern".

The peasant looked into the pit to see that there was nothing left there, and then says he:

"Just take a look, little Master Misery, and see that we have left nothing behind. You are smaller than I, and can get right down into the pit . . ."

Misery slipped down from the stone, grumbling at the peasant, and bent over the pit.

"You've taken the lot," says he; "there's nothing to be seen".

"But what is that," says the peasant—"there, shining in the corner?"

"I don't see it."

"Jump down into the pit and you'll see it. It would be a pity to waste a gold piece."

Misery jumped down into the pit, and instantly the peasant rolled the stone over the hole and shut him in.

"Things will be better so," says the peasant. "If I were to let you out of that, sooner or later you would drink up all this money, just as you drank up everything I had."

Then the peasant drove home and hid the gold in the cellar; took the oxen and cart back to his neighbor, thanked him kindly, and began to think what he would do, now that Misery was his master no longer, and he with plenty of money.

"But he had to work for a week to pay for the loan of the oxen and cart," said Vanya.

"Well, during the week, while he was working, he was thinking all the time, in his head," said old Peter, a little grumpily. Then he went on with his tale.

As soon as the week was over, he bought a forest and built himself a fine house, and began to live twice as richly as his brother in the town. And his wife had two new dresses, perhaps more; with a lot of gold and silver braid, and necklaces of big yellow stones, and bracelets and sparkling rings. His children were well fed every day—rivers of milk between banks of kisel jelly, and mushrooms with sauce, and soup, and cakes with little balls of egg and meat hidden in the middle. And they had toys that squeaked, a little boy feeding a goose that poked its head into a dish, and a painted hen with a lot of chickens that all squeaked together.

Time went on, and when his name-day drew near

he thought of his brother, the merchant, and drove off to the town to invite him to take part in the feast.

"I have not forgotten, brother, that you invited me to yours."

"What a fellow you are!" says his brother; "you have nothing to eat yourself, and here you are inviting other people for your name-day".

"Yes," said the peasant, "once upon a time, it is true, I had nothing to eat; but now, praise be to God, I am no poorer than yourself. Come to my name-day feast and you will see."

"Very well," says his brother, "I'll come; but don't think you can play any jokes on me".

On the morning of the peasant's name-day his brother, the merchant in the town, put on his best clothes, and his plump wife dressed in all her richest, and they got into their cart—a fine cart it was too, painted in the brightest colors—and off they drove together to the house of the brother who had once been poor. They took a basket of food with them, in case he had only been joking when he invited them to his name-day feast.

They drove to the village, and asked for him at the hut where he used to be.

An old man hobbling along the road answered them:

"Oh, you mean our Ivan Ilyitch. Well, he does not live here any longer. Where have you been that you have not heard? His is the big new house on the hill. You can see it through the trees over there, where all these people are walking. He has a kind

heart, he has, and riches have not spoiled it. He has invited the whole village to feast with him, because to-day is his name-day."

"Riches!" thought the merchant; "a new house!" He was very much surprised, but as he drove along the road he was more surprised still. For he passed all the villagers on their way to the feast; and every one was talking of his brother, and how kind he was and how generous, and what a feast there was going to be, and how many barrels of mead and wine had been taken up to the house. All the folk were hurrying along the road licking their lips, each one going faster than the other so as to be sure not to miss any of the good things.

The rich brother from the town drove with his wife into the courtyard of the fine new house. And there on the steps was the peasant brother, Ivan Ilyitch, and his wife, receiving their guests. And if the rich brother was well dressed, the peasant was better dressed; and if the rich brother's wife was in her fine clothes, the peasant's wife fairly glittered—what with the gold braid on her bosom and the shining silver in her hair.

And the peasant brother kissed his brother from the town on both cheeks, and gave him and his wife the best places at the table. He fed them—ah, how he fed them!—with little red slips of smoked salmon, and beetroot soup with cream, and slabs of sturgeon, and meats of three or four kinds, and game and sweetmeats of the best. There never was such a feast—no, not even at the wedding of a Tzar. And everywhere

the peasant went about among his guests, filling glasses and seeing that their plates were kept piled with the foods each one liked best.

And the rich brother wondered and wondered, and at last he could wait no longer, and he took his brother aside and said:

"I am delighted to see you so rich. But tell me, I beg you, how it was that all this good fortune came to you."

The poor brother, never thinking, told him all—the whole truth about little Master Misery and the pit full of gold, and how Misery was shut in there under the big stone.

The merchant brother listened, and did not forget a word. He could hardly bear himself for envy, and as for his wife, she was worse. She looked at the peasant's wife with her beautiful head-dress, and she bit her lips till they bled.

As soon as they could, they said good-bye and drove off home.

The merchant brother could not bear the thought that his brother was richer than he. He said to himself, "I will go to the field, and move the stone, and let Master Misery out. Then he will go and tear my brother to pieces for shutting him in; and his riches will not be of much use to him then, even if Misery does not give them to me as a token of gratitude. Think of my brother daring to show off his riches to me!"

So he drove off to the field, and came at last to the big stone. He moved the stone to one side as fast as

he could, and then bent eagerly over the pit to see what was in it.

He had scarcely put his head over the edge before Misery sprang up out of the pit, seated himself firmly on his shoulders, squeezed his neck between his little wiry legs, and pulled out handfuls of his hair.

"Scream away!" cried little Master Misery. "You tried to kill me, shutting me up in there, while you went off and bought fine clothes. You tried to kill me, and came to feast your eyes on my corpse. Now, whatever happens, I'll never leave you again."

"Listen, Misery!" screamed the merchant. "Ai, ai! stop pulling my hair. You are choking me. Ai! Listen. It was not I who shut you in under the stone. . . ."

"Who was it, if it was not you?" asked Misery, tugging out his hair, and digging his knees into the merchant's throat.

"It was my brother. I came here on purpose to let you out. I came out of pity."

Misery tugged the merchant's hair, and twisted the merchant's ears till they nearly came off.

"Liar, liar!" he shouted in his little, wretched, angry voice. "You tricked me once. Do you think you'll get the better of me again by a clumsy lie of that kind? Now then. Gee up! Home we go."

And so the rich brother went trotting home, crying with pain; while little Master Misery sat firmly on his shoulders, pulling at his hair.

Instantly Misery was at his old tricks.

"You seem to have bought a good deal with the

gold," he said, looking at the merchant's house. "We'll see how far it will go." And every day he rode the rich merchant to the tavern, and made him drink up all his money, and his house, his clothes, his horses and carts and sledges—everything he had—until he was as poor as ever his brother had been.

The merchant thought and thought, and puzzled his brain to find a way to get rid of him. And at last one night, when Misery had groaned himself to sleep, the merchant went out into the yard and took a big cart wheel and made two stout wedges of wood, just big enough to fit into the hub of the wheel. He drove one wedge firmly in at one end of the hub, and left the wheel in the yard with the other wedge, and a big hammer lying handy close to it.

In the morning Misery wakes as usual, and cries to be taken to the tavern.

"We've sold everything I've got," says the merchant

"Well, what are you going to do to amuse me?" says Misery.

"Let's play hide-and-seek in the yard," says the merchant.

"Right," says Misery; "but you'll never find me, for I can make myself so small I can hide in a mouse-hole in the floor."

"We'll see," says the merchant.

The merchant hid first, and Misery found him at once.

"Now it's my turn," says Misery; "but what's the good? You'll never find me. Why, I could get inside the hub of that wheel if I had a mind to."

"What a liar you are!" says the merchant; "you never could get into that little hole".

"Look," says Misery, and he made himself little, little, little, and sat on the hub of the wheel.

"Look," says he, making himself smaller again; and then, pouf! in he pops into the hole of the hub.

Instantly the merchant took the other wedge and the hammer, and drove the wedge into the hole. The first wedge had closed up the other end, and so there was Misery shut up inside the hub of the cart wheel.

The merchant set the wheel on his shoulders, and took it to the river and threw it out as far as he could, and it went floating away down to the sea.

Then he went home and set to work to make money again, and earn his daily bread; for Misery had made him so poor that he had nothing left, and had to hire himself out to make a living, just as his peasant brother used to do.

But what happened to Misery when he went floating away?

He floated away down the river, shut up in the hub of the wheel. He ought to have starved there. But I am afraid some silly, greedy fellow thought to get a new wheel for nothing, and pulled the wedges out and let him go; for, by all I hear, Misery is still wandering about the world and making people wretched—bad luck to him!

—From "Old Peter's Russian Tales", by Arthur Ransome.

THE BABY WHO WAS FOUND IN A RIVER

Do you remember the story of Joseph, the beloved son of Jacob, who was sold by his brothers into Egypt? and how he was able to save the land from starvation during the years of famine? and how afterwards all his family came to Egypt to live? They did not go home again, but their children and grandchildren and all their descendants for four hundred years lived on in Egypt. That is a hundred years longer than white men have lived in the United States. The story that follows comes next in the history of the people of Israel.

As long as Joseph lived, and for some time after, the people of Israel were treated kindly by the Egyptians, out of their love for Joseph, who had saved Egypt from suffering by famine. But, after a long time another king began to rule over Egypt, who cared nothing for Joseph or Joseph's people. He saw that the Israelites (as the children of Israel were called) were very many; and he feared lest they would soon become greater in number and in power than the Egyptians.

He said to his people, "Let us rule these Israelites more strictly. They are growing too strong."

Then they set harsh rulers over the Israelites, who laid heavy burdens on them. They made the Israelites work hard for the Egyptians, and build cities for them, and give to the Egyptians a large part of the crops from their fields. They set them at work in making brick, and in building store-houses. They were so afraid that the Israelites would grow in number, that they gave orders to kill all the little boys that were born to the Israelites; though little girls were allowed to live.

At this time, when the wrongs of the Israelites were

the greatest, and when their little children were being killed, one little boy was born. He was such a lovely child that his mother kept him hid, so that the enemies did not find him. When she could no longer hide him, she found a plan to save his life, believing that God would help her and save her beautiful little boy. She made a little box like a boat, and covered it with something that would not let the water into it. Such a boat as this, covered over, was called "an ark". She knew that at certain times the daughter of King Pharaoh,—all the kings of Egypt were called Pharaoh, —would come down to the river for a bath. She placed her baby boy in the ark, and let it float down the river where the princess, Pharaoh's daughter, would see it. And she sent her own daughter, a little girl named Miriam, twelve years old, to watch close at hand. How anxious the mother and the sister were as they saw the little ark floating away from them.

Pharaoh's daughter, with her maids, came down to the river; and they saw the ark floating on the water, among the reeds. She sent one of her maids to bring it to her. They opened it, and there was a beautiful little baby, who began to cry to be taken up.

The princess felt kind toward the little one, and loved it at once. She said: "This is one of the Hebrews' children". Pharaoh's daughter thought that it would be cruel to let such a lovely baby as this die out on the water. And just then a little girl came running up to her, as if by accident, and she looked at the baby also, and said:

"Shall I go and find some woman of the Hebrews

to be a nurse to the child for you, and take care of it?"

"Yes," said the princess, "go and find a nurse".

The little girl,—who was Miriam, the baby's sister, —ran as quickly as she could, and brought the baby's own mother to the princess. Miriam showed in this act that she was a wise and thoughtful little girl. The princess said to the little baby's mother:

"Take this child to your home and nurse it for me, and I will pay you wages for it."

How glad the Hebrew mother was to take her child home! No one could harm her boy now, for he was protected by the princess of Egypt.

When the child was large enough to leave his mother, Pharaoh's daughter took him into her own home in the palace. She named him "Moses", a word that means "Drawn out", because he was drawn out of the water.

So Moses, the Hebrew boy, lived in the palace among the nobles of the land, as the son of the princess. There he learned much more than he could have learned among his own people; for there were very wise teachers among the Egyptians. Moses gained all the knowledge that the Egyptians had to give. There in the court of the cruel king who had made slaves of the Israelites, was growing up an Israelite boy who should set his people free.

The first part of this story might be called the Introduction. See if you can tell with what sentence the Introduction ends. Then divide the rest of the story into four parts, giving each a title. Write the titles in a column on your paper. When you have done this you will have an outline of the story.

THE VOICE FROM THE BURNING BUSH

Here is the next part of the story of Moses. As you read, notice carefully what are the important points in the story, so that when you finish you will be able to divide it and make an outline.

Although Moses grew up among the Egyptians, and gained their learning, he loved his own people. They were poor and hated, and were slaves, but he loved them. When he became a man he went among his own people, leaving the riches and ease that he might have enjoyed in Pharaoh's palace. But his people were not willing to let him help or lead them. At this time Moses did something that offended the king; so he went away from Egypt into the desert country of Midian, in Arabia. There he became a shepherd, and worked for a man named Jethro.

It must have been a great change in the life of Moses, after he had spent forty years in the palace as a prince, to go out into the wilderness of Midian, and live there as a shepherd. He saw no more the crowded cities, the pyramids, the temples of Egypt, and the great river Nile. For forty years Moses wandered about the land of Midian with his flocks, living alone, often sleeping at night on the ground, and looking up by day to the great mountains.

He wore the rough skin mantle of a shepherd; and in his hand was the long shepherd's staff. On his feet were sandals which he wore instead of shoes. But when he stood before an altar to worship God he took off his sandals. For when we take off our hats, as in church or a place where God is worshipped, the

people of those lands take off their shoes, as a sign of reverence in a sacred place.

One day, Moses was feeding his flock on a mountain, called Mount Horeb. This mountain was also called Mount Sinai, and is spoken of by both names in the Bible. On the mountain Moses saw a bush which seemed to be on fire. He watched to see it burn up, but it was not destroyed, though it kept burning on and on. And Moses said to himself:

"I will go and look at this strange thing, a bush on fire, yet not burning up."

As Moses was going toward the bush, he heard a voice coming out of the bush, calling him by name, "Moses, Moses!" He listened, and said, "Here I am".

The voice said, "Moses, do not come near; but take off your shoes from your feet, for you are standing on holy ground".

So Moses took off his shoes, and came near to the burning bush. And the voice came from the bush, saying:

"I am the God of your father, the God of Abraham and of Isaac, and of Jacob. I have seen the wrongs and the cruelty that my people have suffered in Egypt, and I have heard their cry on account of their task-masters. And I am coming to set them free from the land of the Egyptians, and to bring them up to their own land, the land of Canaan, a good land, and large. Come, now, and I will send you to Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, and you shall lead out my people from Egypt."

Moses knew what a great work this would be, to

lead the Israelites out of Egypt, from the power of its king. He dreaded to take up such a task; and he said to the Lord:

"O Lord, who am I, a shepherd here in the wilderness, to do this great work, to go to Pharaoh, and to bring the people out of Egypt? It is too great a work for me."

And God said to Moses:

"Surely I will be with you, and will help you to do this great work."

But Moses wished some sign, which he could give to his people, and to the Egyptians, to show them that God had sent him. He asked God to give him some sign. And God said to him:

"What is that which you have in your hand?" Moses said, "It is a rod, my shepherd's staff, which I use to guide the sheep".

And God said, "Throw it on the ground". Then Moses threw it down, and instantly it was turned into a snake. Moses was afraid of it, and began to run.

And God said, "Do not fear it, but take hold of it". Moses did so, and at once it became a rod again.

And God said again to Moses, "Put your hand into your bosom, and take it out again".

Then Moses put his hand under his garment, and when he took it out it had changed, and was now as white as snow, and covered with a scaly crust, like the hand of a leper. He looked at it with fear and horror. But God said to him again:

"Put your hand into your bosom once more." Moses did so, and when he took it out, his hand was

like the other, with a pure skin, no longer like a leper's.

And God said to Moses, "When you go to speak my words, if they will not believe you, show them the first sign, and let your rod become a snake, and then a rod again. And if they still refuse to believe your words, show them the second sign; turn your hand into a leper's hand, and then bring it back as it was before. And if they still will not believe, then take some water from the river, and it shall turn to blood. Fear not, go and speak my words to your own people and to the Egyptians."

But Moses was still unwilling to go, not because he was afraid, but because he did not feel himself to be fit for such a great task. And he said to the Lord:

"O Lord, thou knowest that I am not a good speaker; I am slow of speech, and cannot talk before men."

And God said, "Am not I the Lord, who made man's mouth? Go, and I will be with your lips and will teach you what to say."

But Moses still hesitated, and he said, "O Lord, choose some other man for this great work; I am not able to do it".

And God said, "You have a brother, whose name is Aaron. He can speak well. Even now he is coming to see you in the wilderness. Let him help you, and speak for you. Let him do the speaking, and do you show the signs which I have given you."

At last Moses yielded to God's call. He went from Mount Sinai with his flocks, and took them home to Jethro his father-in-law; and then he went toward Egypt.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT

After Moses and Aaron had spoken to the people of Israel the words which God had given them, they went to meet Pharaoh the king of Egypt. You remember that all the kings of Egypt bore the name of Pharaoh. Moses and Aaron did not at first ask Pharaoh to let the people go out of Egypt, never to return, but they said:

"Our God, the Lord God of Israel, has bidden us to go out, with all our people, a journey of three days into the wilderness, and there to worship him. And God speaks to you through us, saying, 'Let my people go, that they may serve me'."

But Pharaoh was very angry. He said, "What are you doing, you Moses and Aaron, to call your people away from their work? Go back to your tasks and leave your people alone. I know why the Israelites are talking about going out into the wilderness. It is because they have not work enough to keep them busy. I will give them more work to do."

The work of the Israelites, at that time, was mostly in making brick, and putting up the walls of buildings for the rulers of Egypt. In mixing the clay for the brick they used straw, chopped up fine, to hold the clay together. Pharaoh said:

"Let them make as many bricks as before; but give them no straw. Let the Israelites find their own straw for the brick-making."

Of course this made their task all the harder, for it took much time to find the straw; and the Israelites

were scattered all through the land finding straw and stubble, for use in making the brick; and yet they were called upon to bring as many brick each day as before. And when they could not do all their task they were cruelly beaten by the Egyptians. Many of the Israelites now became angry with Moses and Aaron, who, they thought, had brought more burden and trouble upon them. They said:

"May the Lord God judge you, and punish you! You promised to lead us out, and set us free; but you have only made our suffering the greater!"

Then Moses cried to the Lord, and the Lord said to him:

"Take Aaron, your brother, and go again to Pharaoh; and show him the signs that I gave you."

So they went in to Pharaoh, and again asked him in the Lord's name, to let the people go. And Pharaoh said:

"Who is the Lord? Why should I obey his commands? What sign can you show that God has sent you?"

Then Aaron threw down his rod, and it was turned into a snake. But there were wise men in Egypt who had heard of this; and they made ready a trick. They threw down their rods, and their rods became snakes, or seemed to. They may have been tame snakes, which they had hidden under their long garments, and then brought out, as if they had been rods.

But Aaron's rod, in the form of a snake, ran after them, and swallowed them all; and then it became a

rod again in Aaron's hand. But King Pharaoh refused to obey God's voice.

Then Moses spoke to Aaron, by God's command: "Take your rod and wave it over the waters of Egypt, over the river Nile, and the canals, and the lakes."

Then Aaron did so. He lifted up the rod, and struck the water, in the sight of Pharaoh. And in a moment all the water turned to blood, and the fish in the river all died. And the people were in danger of dying. But in the land of Goshen, where the Israelites were, the water remained as it had been, and was not turned to blood.

The people of Egypt dug wells, to find water; and the wise men of Egypt brought some water to Pharaoh, and made it look as though they had turned it to blood. And Pharaoh would not listen, nor let the people go.

After seven days Moses took away the plague of blood, but he warned Pharaoh that another plague was coming, if he refused to obey. And as Pharaoh still would not obey, Aaron stretched forth his rod again, and then all the land was covered with frogs. Like a great army they ran over all the fields, and they even filled the houses. Pharaoh said:

"Pray to your God for me; ask him to take the frogs away, and I will let the people go."

Then Moses prayed; and God took away the frogs. They died everywhere; and the Egyptians heaped them up and buried them. But Pharaoh broke his promise, and would not let the people go.

Then, at God's command by Moses, Aaron lifted his rod again, and struck the dust; and everywhere

the dust became alive with lice and fleas. But still Pharaoh would not hear, and God sent great swarms and clouds of flies all over the land, so that their houses were filled with them, and the sky was covered. But where the Israelites lived there were no lice, nor fleas, nor flies.

Then Pharaoh began to yield a little. He said:

"Why must you go out of the land to worship God? Worship him here in this land."

But Moses said, "When we worship the Lord, we must make an offering: and our offerings are of animals which the people of Egypt worship, oxen and sheep. It would make the Egyptians angry to see us offering a sacrifice of animals which they call gods."

"Well," said Pharaoh, "you may go; but do not go far away, and come back". But when Moses and Aaron had taken away the plague, Pharaoh broke his promise again, and still held the people as slaves.

Then another plague came. A terrible disease struck all the animals in Egypt, the horses and asses, the camels, the sheep, and the oxen; and they died by the thousand in a day, all over the land. But no plague came upon the flocks and herds of the Israelites.

But Pharaoh was still stubborn. He would not obey God's voice. Then Moses and Aaron gathered up in their hands ashes from the furnace, and threw it up like a cloud into the air. And instantly boils began to break out on men and on beasts all through the land.

Still Pharaoh refused to obey; and then Moses stretched out his rod toward the sky. At once a

terrible storm burst forth upon the land; all the more terrible because in that land rain scarcely ever falls. Sometimes there will not be even a shower of rain for years at a time. But now the black clouds rolled, the thunder sounded, the lightning flashed, and the rain poured down, and with the rain came hail, something that the Egyptians had never seen before. It struck all the crops growing in the fields, and the fruits on the trees, and destroyed them.

Then again Pharaoh was frightened, and promised to let the people go; and again when God took away the hail at Moses' prayer, he broke his word, and would not let the Israelites leave the land.

Then after the hail came great clouds of locusts, which ate up every green thing that the hail had spared. And after the locusts came the plague of darkness. For three days there was thick darkness, no sun shining, nor moon, nor stars. But still Pharaoh would not let the people go. Pharaoh said to Moses:

"Get out of my sight. Let me never see your face again. If you come into my presence you shall be killed."

And Moses said, "It shall be as you say, I will see your face no more".

And God said to Moses, "There shall be one plague more, and then Pharaoh will be glad to let the people go. He will drive you out of the land. Make your people ready to go out of Egypt; your time here will soon be ended."

While these nine terrible plagues were falling upon the land of Egypt, no trouble came upon the Israelites.

They were untouched by the plagues. At last Moses said to them:

"In a few days you are to go out of Egypt, so gather together, get yourselves in order by your families, and your twelve tribes: and be ready to march out of Egypt."

And the people of Israel did as Moses bade them. Then said Moses:

"God will bring one plague more upon the Egyptians, and then they will let you go. And you must take care, and obey God's command exactly, or the terrible plague will come upon your houses with the Egyptian houses. At midnight, the angel of the Lord will go through the land, and the oldest child in every house shall die. Pharaoh's son shall die, and every rich man's son, and every poor man's son, even the son of the beggar that has no home. But your families shall be safe if you do exactly as I command you.

Then Moses told them what to do. Every family was bidden to find a lamb and to kill it. They were to take some of the blood of the lamb and sprinkle it at the entrance of the house, on the door-frame overhead, and on each side. Then they were to roast the lamb, and with it to cook some vegetables, and to eat it standing around the table, with all their garments on, ready to march away as soon as the meal should be ended. And no one was to go out of his house that night, for God's angel would be abroad, and he might be killed if the angel should meet him.

The children of Israel did as Moses commanded them. They killed the lamb, and sprinkled the blood,

and ate the supper in the night. And this supper was called "the Pass-over Supper", because when the angel saw the doors sprinkled with blood, he *passed over* those houses, and did not enter them. And in memory of this great night, when God kept his people from death, the Israelites were commanded to eat just such a supper on that same night every year. This became a great feast of the Israelites, and was called "The Passover".

And that night a great cry went up from all the land of Egypt. In every house there was one, and that one the oldest son, who died. And Pharaoh the king of Egypt saw his own son lie dead, and knew that it was the hand of God. And all the people of Egypt were filled with terror, as they saw their children lying dead in their houses.

The king now sent a messenger to Moses and Aaron, saying:

"Make haste; get out of the land; take everything that you have; leave nothing. And pray to your God to have mercy upon us, and to do us no more harm."

So suddenly at the last, early in the morning, the Israelites, after four hundred years in Egypt, went out of the land. They went out in order, like a great army, family by family, and tribe by tribe. They went out in such haste, that they had no time to bake bread to eat on the journey. They left the dough in the pans, all ready mixed for baking, but not yet risen as bread is before it is baked: and they set the bread-pans on their heads, as people do in that

land when they carry loads. And as a memory of that day, when they took the bread without waiting for it to rise, the rule was made that for one week in every year, and that same time in the year when they went out of Egypt, all the people of Israel should eat bread that is "unleavened", that is, bread made without yeast, and unrisen. And this rule is kept to this day by the Jews, who belong to the Israelite family.

And the Lord God went before the host of Israel, as they marched out of Egypt. In the day time there was a great cloud, like a pillar, in front; and at night it became a pillar of fire. So both by day and night, as they saw the cloudy and fiery pillar going before, they could say, "Our Lord, the God of heaven and earth, goes before us".

When the pillar of cloud stopped, they knew that was a sign that they were to pause in their journey and rest. So they set up their tents, and waited until the cloud should rise up and go forward. When they looked, and saw that the pillar of cloud was higher up in the air, and as though moving forward, they took down their tents, and formed in order for the march. Thus the pillar was like a guide by day and a guard by night.

Write in a column the names of the ten plagues. What was the origin of the feast of the Passover, and why was it called by that name?

THE PATH THROUGH THE SEA AND THE BREAD FROM THE SKY

A great many wonderful things happened to the children of Israel, as they journeyed under the leadership of Moses to Canaan, the Promised Land from which their forefathers had come four hundred years before. Only a few of these wonders can be told in this book. Maybe you know, or could find out at home, some other stories about Moses which your teacher would let you tell your classmates.

Across the way which the Israelites had to travel lay the waters of one arm of the Red Sea. In a few days they came to the sea, with the water before them, and high mountains on each side.

As soon as the Israelites had left their homes, and were on the march, King Pharaoh was sorry that he had let them go; for now they would no more be his servants and do his work. Word came to Pharaoh that the Israelites were lost among the mountains, and held fast by the sea in front of them. Pharaoh called out his army, his chariots, and his horsemen, and followed the Israelites, intending either to kill them, or to bring them back. Very soon the army of Egypt was close behind the host of Israel, and the hearts of the people were filled with fear. They cried to Moses, saying:

"Why did you bring us out into this terrible place, shut in by the mountains and the sea, and with our enemies close behind us? It would be better to serve the Egyptians, than to die here in the wilderness!"

"Fear not," answered Moses. "Stand still, and see how God will save you."

And all that night there blew over the sea a mighty east wind, so that the water was blown away, and when the morning came there was a ridge of dry land between water on one side and water on the other, making a road across the sea to the land beyond, and on each side of the road the water lay in great lakes, as if to keep their enemies away from them.

Then Moses told the people to go forward, and the pillar of cloud again went before them; and the people followed, a great army. They walked across the Red Sea as on dry land, and passed safely over into the wilderness on the other side.

When the Egyptians saw them marching into the sea, they followed, with their chariots and their horses. But the sand was no longer hard; it had become soft, and their chariot-wheels were fastened in it, and many of them broke off from the chariots. And the horses became mired, and fell down, so that the army was in confusion; and all were frightened. The soldiers cried out:

"Let us fly from the face of the Israelites! The Lord is fighting for them, and against us!"

By this time, all the Israelites had passed through the Red Sea, and were standing on the high ground beyond it, looking at their enemies slowly struggling through the sand, all in one heaped up mass of men, and horses, and chariots. Then suddenly a great tide of water swept up from the sea on the south; the road over which the Israelites had walked in safety was covered with water; and the host of Pharaoh, with all his chariots and his horses and their riders were

drowned in the sea, before the eyes of the people of Israel.

And now the people of Israel were no longer in a level land, with fields of grain, and abundance of food, and streams of water. They were in the great desert, with a rocky path under them, and mountains of rock rising all around, with only a few springs of water, and these far apart. Such a host of men, and women and children, with their flocks, would need much water and they found very little. Another great trouble was that there was no food for such an army of people.

Then Moses called upon God, and the Lord said, "I will rain bread from heaven upon you; and you shall go out and gather it every day".

The next morning when the people looked out of their tents, they saw all around the camp, on the sand, little white flakes, like snow or frost. They had never seen anything like it before, and they said, just as anybody would say, "What is it?" In the language of the Israelites, the Hebrew language, "What is it?" is the word "Manhu". So the people said to one another "Manhu? Manhu?" And this gave a name afterward to what they saw, the name *Manna*.

And Moses said to them, "This is the bread which the Lord has given you to eat. Go out and gather it, as much as you need."

THE MOUNTAIN THAT SMOKED

This old, old story is an account, written thousands of years ago, of an event on which all civilization ever since has been based. It is the story of the proclaiming of the first moral code, or laws of right and wrong.

While the Israelites were journeying through the desert they had great trouble from want of water. Their sheep and men suffered from thirst, and the little children were crying for water. The people came to Moses, and said in great anger:

"Give us water, or we shall die. Why have you brought us up from Egypt to kill us here in the desert?"

Then Moses brought the people together before a great rock, and with his rod he struck the rock. Then out of the rock came forth a stream of water, which ran like a little river through the camp, and gave them plenty of water for themselves and for their flocks.

While they were in camp around this rock at Rephidim the wild people who had their homes in the desert made sudden war on the Israelites. They came down upon them from the mountains and killed some of the Israelites. Then Moses called out those of the people who were fit for war, and made a young man named Joshua their leader; and they fought a battle.

While they were fighting, Moses stood on a rock, where all could see him, and prayed the Lord God to help his people. His hands were stretched out toward heaven; and while Moses' hands were reaching upward the Israelites were strong, and drove back the enemy. But when Moses' arms fell down, then the enemy drove back the men of Israel.

So Aaron, Moses' brother, and Hur (who is thought to have been Moses' brother-in-law, the husband of his sister Miriam), stood beside Moses, and held up his hands until the Israelites won the victory.

In the third month after the Israelites had left the land of Egypt they came to a great mountain which rises straight up from the plain, so straight that one can walk up to it and touch it with his hand. This was Mount Sinai.

The Israelites made their camp in front of Mount Sinai, and stayed there for many days. And God said to Moses:

"Let none of the people go up on the mount, or come near to touch it. If even one of your cattle or sheep shall touch the mountain it must be killed. This is a holy place, where God will show his glory."

And a few days after this, the people heard the voice as of many trumpets sounding on the top of the mountain. They looked, and saw that the mountain was covered with clouds and smoke, and lightnings were flashing from it, while the thunder rolled and crashed. And the mountain shook and trembled, as though an earthquake were tearing it in pieces.

The people were filled with alarm. They came out of their tents, and ran back from the foot of the mountain, and stood far off, trembling with fear. Then God spoke in the hearing of all the people, as with a voice of thunder, and said:

"I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."

And then God spoke to all the people the words of

the Ten Commandments, to which you have listened many times.

And all the people heard these words spoken by the Lord God; and they saw the mountain smoking, and the lightning flashing, and they were frightened. They said to Moses:

"Let not God speak to us any more; for the sound of his voice will take away our lives. Let God speak to you, Moses, and do you speak to us God's words."

"Fear not," said Moses, "for God has come to you, to speak with you, that you may fear him, and do his will".

And Moses drew near to the mountain, where the clouds and darkness and lightnings were. Then God called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up, and with him was his helper, the young man Joshua. Joshua stayed on the side of the mountain, but Moses went up alone to the top, among the clouds.

And there Moses stayed upon the mountain, alone with God, for forty days, talking with God, and listening to the words which God spoke to him, the laws for the people of Israel to obey. And God gave to Moses two flat tablets of stone, upon which God had written with his own hand the Ten Commandments.

The story, in speaking of the Ten Commandments, says that you must often have listened to them. Do you perhaps know any of them by heart? Maybe you and your classmates together can think of all ten, one boy saying the first, one girl the second, and so on.

THE FIRST FIRE USERS

Once upon a time a Persian chief, with a number of followers, was climbing the side of a mountain, when a shout of horror was heard. The men in advance were pointing to a dark monster, like a dragon, which rose from behind some rocks, its eyes blood-red, its mouth belching forth clouds of black smoke.

The chief, whose name was Husheng, picked up a great stone, and threw it with all his might at the dragon. The piece of rock did not hit the monster, but it clashed against another rock, and the force of the blow made sparks fly in a shower. Some of the sparks fell upon the dry grass and kindled it into flame, which spread roaring over the hillside and licked up the dragon itself, until soon only the ashes of the beast were left.

"This glorious light," cried Husheng to his people, "comes from Heaven. Bow before it and render worship to the God who sent it for the joy of mankind."

Husheng had noticed how the sparks flew from the rock and how they kindled the fire, and he was clever enough to make use of what he noticed. So that night a great bonfire blazed in the chieftain's camp, and he made a big feast for all his tribe. The food was cooked in the fire. Never before had men eaten roasted meat. All their food had, up to that day, been raw.

The chief, Husheng, was a man of art and wit, and many fine gifts he gave to men. He taught the way to make iron soft at the blacksmith's forge, so that it might be beaten into tools and weapons. He taught

how a channel might be dug from a river, to carry the water to a village or town or field at a distance from the stream. He taught how to hunt the sable, the squirrel, and the ermine, and to use the fur of these little animals for beautiful robes and hats. He taught how to bake bread. And because he was so wise he ruled over Persia for forty years.

The tale of Husheng is, of course, but a legend; that is a story whose actual incidents never happened, but which contains an idea that is true. Often a legend is the attempt of an early, untaught people to explain something that they saw or knew but found hard to understand. So this old Persian legend, repeated from father to son for hundreds of years, merely suggests the truth that at some time or other, far back in the dim past, men had to find out that they could kindle and could use fire. Before food could be cooked, before people could keep warm in winter, somebody had to learn how to create fire by beating stones over dry leaves in order to kindle them by sparks, or by rubbing certain kinds of sticks together. Some man had to find out the secret first; just as some quick-witted man first made canals, first used the fur of beasts for clothing, and first softened iron for the making of blades or daggers or rails or chains. The Persians called this man Husheng, and remembered him with gratitude.

The Greeks called the fire-maker Prometheus. They believed the good Prometheus loved mankind, and, taking pity when he saw men shivering with cold, he stole fire from heaven, where the sources of fire, the

stars and the sun, were kept selfishly by the gods. Prometheus, says the Greek myth, gave the shining gift to poor mortals on earth. The same generous hero taught men how to use the juices, leaves, stems, and fruit of plants for food and for the healing of wounds and diseases. He taught how to make animals tame. He taught how to count, to add together, to subtract, beginning, as children do, with the fingers. He taught how to observe the sun, moon, stars, and planets, so as to know the times of the year, and to reckon when spring was due, and when the longest day was coming, or the shortest, or the time for seed-sowing, or the month when the rivers usually rose in flood.

No such person as Husheng or Prometheus ever actually lived. They are only names representing the men of the long ago past who were the first to do the useful things that we consider as natural as breathing. For every single thing you do or know had to be done or found out by someone for the first time. And the man who discovered fire or who invented a way to use it was as great a discoverer as Franklin and as great an inventor as Edison.

—Adapted from "Conduct Stories", by F. J. Gould.

Find in the story a definition of a legend.

How did men first learn that fire could be kindled? What difference did this discovery make in their lives; that is, what things could they have and do that were not possible before?

Can you think of other simple, everyday things that people had to learn to do for the first time?

THE PETS OF AURORE DUPIN

This is a story of a little French girl of more than a hundred years ago. She afterwards grew to be a famous writer, whom you will hear of by the name of George Sand; but that is another story. Notice that children nowadays have changed very little, as to the things they like, from those of long ago.

More than a hundred years ago, in the grounds of her grandmother's chateau or country mansion in the very center of France, a little girl named Aurore Dupin ran and played at her own sweet will. Her father was a soldier, and was away at the wars with Napoleon; but her mother was the daughter of a bird-seller, and that is probably the reason why Aurore was so fond of birds. They loved her, too, and would sit on her shoulders or perch on her hands as she walked with her mother in the garden. Best of all the tiny birds she liked the warblers, and she brought up two baby ones by hand.

One warbler, with a yellow breast, Aurore named Jonquil; the other, who had a grey waistcoat, was called Agatha. Jonquil was as much as a fortnight older than Agatha. She was a slim, gentle young creature, with scarcely enough feathers to cover her skin, and was not yet able to fly with certainty from one branch to another. Aurore blamed herself for this for if Jonquil had remained at home in the nest she would have learned to fly and to feed herself far earlier. Bird-mothers are often better teachers than our mothers, though they seem less kind, for they insist that their children shall learn how to shift for themselves as soon as possible.

Agatha was a most tiresome child. She would never be quiet for a moment, but was always hopping about, chirping, and tormenting Jonquil, who liked to sit thinking, with one claw drawn up under her wing, her eyes half shut, and her head sunk between her shoulders. Agatha would peck at Jonquil's legs and wings to attract her attention, unless Aurora happened to be in the room and to glance at her. Then Agatha would dance up and down, uttering plaintive cries till some bread or biscuit was given her. For Agatha was always hungry, or always greedy, it was hard to tell which.

One morning Aurore was busy writing a letter, and her two little friends were perched on a green branch some distance away. It was rather cold, and Agatha, whose feathers still only half covered her, was cuddling for warmth against Jonquil. They had actually been quiet for half an hour, but at length they made up their minds it must be time for dinner, and if Aurore did not know it, she must be told. So Jonquil hopped onto the back of a chair and from that to the table, and finally planted her claws upon the writing paper, making a great mess of the words; while Agatha, who was afraid to leave the branch by herself, flapped her wings and opened her beak, screaming with hunger.

Aurore was very much provoked. She pointed out to Jonquil that she was really old enough to feed herself, and that close by there was a delicious tart in a saucer, only the little bird was too lazy to eat it. Jonquil had seldom been scolded and to show she did not like it she hopped sulkily back to her branch. Agatha,

however, had no mind to go without her dinner, and loudly insisted that Jonquil should return at once and bring her some of that delicious dish. Jonquil appeared to pay no attention.

Of course, Aurore pretended to see nothing of all this, though really she was watching eagerly from the corner of her eyes to see how it would end. Suddenly there was a flutter in the air, and Jonquil stood on the edge of the saucer. She opened her mouth and chirped, as if expecting the food to fly into her beak; but as it did nothing of the sort, she stooped down and pecked off a bit of the crust. To the surprise of her mistress, instead of swallowing the morsel herself, Jonquil flew back with it and gave it to Agatha.

From that day Jonquil took as much care of Agatha as if she had been the older little bird's own child. She saw that her feathers were kept in order, taught her very soon to feed herself, and steadied her in her first flights. In a month's time Agatha and Jonquil had made a home for themselves among the big trees of the garden, from which they would often fly down to see their old friends at dinner in the arbor, and to share their dessert.

When Aurore grew a little older, she built herself a secret temple in a woodsy place in the corner of the garden, sacred to a kind of fairy god whom she invented in her imagination. She made a circle of colored pebbles, fresh moss, and other pretty things around a round green space at the foot of a large maple. In the middle she built up a little altar of stones, and from

the boughs of the tree she hung wreaths of pink and white shells. Trails of ivy reached from one tree to another to form an arcade, made beautiful each day with garlands of fresh flowers. The temple seemed to Aurore so beautiful that sometimes she could not sleep at night for thinking of it; but she never let any of the grown-ups know that it was there.

Now she must find something to bring as an offering to her fairy god. It had to be something alive. So she persuaded a boy who worked for her grandmother to catch all the birds and butterflies and insects he could find in the fields. Daily he brought her captive swallows, robins, finches, moths, and dragon-flies; and daily Aurore carried them tenderly to the temple in the wood and there above the altar set them free to fly away into the blue sky.

All through her life Aurore and the birds were close friends. They would come when she called them, recognizing her voice. In later years she had a splendid hawk whom everyone else was afraid of. His mistress would trust him to perch on her baby's crib, and snap gently at any flies which settled on the child's face, never waking him. Unluckily the hawk was not polite to people whom he did not like, so at last he had to be placed in a strong cage, from which he escaped the very next day after breaking the bars.

—Adapted from "The Strange Story Book", by Andrew Lang.

QUESTIONS

1. How long did it take you to read this story?
2. Name those particular birds which were pets of Aurore Dupin.

A TEST OF GOOD THINKING

Here are some problems similar to the tests given the men in the national army during the Great War. If you can solve them well it will show that you have a good mind capable of concentration and accurate thinking.

1. Draw circles just like these on your paper.

If there are on the line above less than six circles place a 6 in the last circle you have drawn on your paper, but if there are not more than three, place a cross in the second circle you have drawn.

2. Draw blocks like these upon your paper.

Draw a line from the second block to the fifth block passing below the third block and above the fourth block.

3. Here are some numbers—96, 51, 43, 78, 98, 65, 32, 29, 46, 84, 22, 67, 81, 59, 77, 35.

Copy on your paper all the numbers between 60 and 80.

4. Write on your paper the third number after 67 and follow it with the second letter of the alphabet after *r*.

5. Draw two squares on your paper like this. If you go to high school after you go to college, make a cross in the second square on your paper, but if high school comes first, place a letter *h* there.

6. All men in uniform are soldiers. Street car conductors wear uniforms; therefore street car conductors are soldiers.

If this is a true statement write the word soldier on your paper; if it is a false statement write the word uniform.

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